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THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

VOL. X

The Earl of Southampton in the Tower of London.
From the Painting at Welbeck Abbey:
By kind Permission of the Duke of Portland, K.G.

THE WORKS

OF

THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. X

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PERICLES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*
PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*
HELICANUS, } *two lords of Tyre.*
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*
CLEON, *governor of Tarsus.*
LYSIMACHUS, *governor of Mytilene.*
CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus.*
THALIARD, *a lord of Antioch.*
PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon.*
LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza.*
Marshal.
A Pander.
BOULT, *his servant.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon.*
THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*
MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina.*
A Bawd.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates,
Fishermen, *and* Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, *as* Chorus.

SCENE—*Dispersedly in various countries.*

PERICLES.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the palace of Antioch.

Gow. To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius. 10
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit 's more ripe, accept my rimes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria,—
I tell you what mine authors say: 20
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:—

Bad child; worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin. 30
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,—
To keep her still, and men in awe,—
That whoso askt her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify. 40
What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Antioch. A room in the palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Followers.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.
Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.
Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit, 10
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter ANTIOCHUS' Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king

Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast 20
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be toucht;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view 30
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist. 40

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life 's but breath, to trust it error.
I'll make my will, then; and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you 50

And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;—
But my unspotted fire of love to you.
[*To the* Daughter *of* ANTIOCHUS.
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice,—read the conclusion, then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!
Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness! 60

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage. [*Reads the riddle.*

"I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:
He 's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two, 70
As you will live, resolve it you."

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?—
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
[*Takes hold of the hand of the* Princess.
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you,—now my thoughts revolt;
For he 's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate. 80
You are a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expired:
Either expound now, or receive your sentence. 90

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts 100
Copt hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law 's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning:
But I will gloze with him.—Young prince of Tyre, 110
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth. 120

[*Exeunt all but* PERICLES.

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,

When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son
By your untimely claspings with your child,—
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh 130
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame: 140
Then, lest my life be cropt to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner;
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.—
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call? 150
Ant. Thaliard,
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes

Her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.
Ant. Enough. 160

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after; and, like an arrow shot
From a well-experienced archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."
Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit* THAL.] Till Pericles be dead 170
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Tyre. A room in the palace.*

Enter PERICLES.

Per. [*to* Lords *without*] Let none disturb us.—Why should this charge of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so-used a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,

And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. 10
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me:—the great Antiochus—
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can make his will his act—
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him, 20
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with th' ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquisht ere they do resist,
And subjects punisht that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who am no more but as the tops of trees, 30
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS *and other* Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!
Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark, 40
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.
Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt* Lords.] Helicanus, thou 50
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?
Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.
Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.
Hel. [*kneeling*] I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.
Per. Rise, prithee, rise.
Sit down: thou art no flatterer: 60
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults chid!
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?
Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch, 70
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, 80
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt it,—as no doubt he doth,—
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms, 90
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all,—of which thyself art one,
Who now reprovest me for 't,—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them, 100
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.

Your rule direct to any; if to me, 110
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.
Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?
Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.
Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it. 120
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he 's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush! here comes the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES, *with other* Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, 10
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he 's gone to travel.

Thal. [*aside*] How! the king gone!
Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch,—
Thal. [*aside*] What from Antioch?
Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—
Took some displeasure at him,—at least he judged so; 20
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'ld correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
Thal. [*aside*] Well, I perceive I shall not be hang'd now, although I would; but since he 's gone, the king's seas must please,—he scaped the land, to perish at the sea. I'll present myself.—Peace to the lords of Tyre!
Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
Thal. From him I come 30
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tarsus. A room in the* Governor's *house.*

Enter CLEON *the Governor of Tarsus, with his Wife* DIONYZA, *and others.*

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?
Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire

Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they are but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topt, they higher rise.
Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till tongues
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll, then, discourse our woes, felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.
Dio. I'll do my best, sir.
Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom Plenty held full hand,
For Riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kist the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.
Dio. O, 'tis too true.
Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths who but of late earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:

Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,
Thought naught too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true? 50

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore, 60
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuft these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome. 70

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.

But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground's the lowest, and we are half-way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes, 80
And what he craves.
Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*
Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES *with* Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be, like a beacon fired, t' amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, 90
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuft within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.
All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.
Per. Arise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men. 100
Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen,—
Your Grace is welcome to our town and us.
Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath past necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation—
To whom I give my benison— 10
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

DUMB-SHOW.

Enter, at one door, PERICLES, *talking with* CLEON; *all the* Train *with them. Enter, at another door, a* Gentleman, *with a letter to* PERICLES; PERICLES *shows the letter to* CLEON; *gives the* Messenger *a reward, and knights him. Exit* PERICLES *at one door, and* CLEON *at another.*

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive; 20
And to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And hid intent to murder him;

And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there 's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below, 30
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wrackt and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text. [*Exit.* 40

SCENE I. *Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.*

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Washt me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave, 10
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch!
Sec. Fish. Ha, come and bring away the nets!
First Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say!
Third Fish. What say you, master?

First Fish. Look how thou stirr'st now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.

Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half-fish, half-flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washt. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land,—the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' th' land, who never leave gaping till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*aside*] A pretty moral.

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*aside*] Simonides!

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball 60
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practised it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't. 70

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid 't! And I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt 80 go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend,—you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipt, then? 90

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipt, I would wish no better office than to be beadle.—But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exit with Third* Fisherman.

Per. [*aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

First Fish. Hark you, sir,—do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is call'd Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides. 100

Per. The good Simonides, do you call him?

First Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be call'd for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love. 110

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Enter Second and Third Fishermen, *drawing up a net.*

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here 's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.— 120
Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all thy crosses,
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;
And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,

Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
"Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death;"—and pointed to this brace;—
"For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—may defend
thee."
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it; 130
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again:
I thank thee for 't; my shipwrack now 's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

First Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you'ld guide me to your sovereign's court, 140
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do 'e take it, and the gods give thee good on 't!

Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain 150 vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe 't, I will.
By your furtherance I am clothed in steel;
And, spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his building on my arm:
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—

Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided 160
Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair: and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but egal to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the* KING, PRINCESS, Lords, *&c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

First Lord. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a* Lord.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit 's less.

Sim. It 's fit it should be so; for princes are 10
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renown if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

The First Knight *passes by, and his* Squire *presents his shield to the* PRINCESS.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun; 20
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.
[*The* Second Knight *passes.*
Who is the second that presents himself?
Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus in Spanish, *Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.* [*The* Third Knight *passes.*
Sim. And what's the third?
Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.* 30
[*The* Fourth Knight *passes.*
Sim. What is the fourth?
Thai. A burning torch that's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*
Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.
[*The* Fifth Knight *passes.*
Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*
[*The* Sixth Knight *passes.*
Sim. And what's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself 40
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?
Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*
Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.
First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For, by his rusty outside, he appears 50
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.
Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*
[*Great shouts, and all cry* "The mean knight!"

SCENE III. *The same. A hall of state; a banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Ladies, Lords, *and* Knights, *from tilting.*

Sim. Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.
Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give, 10
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you are her labour'd scholar.—Come, queen o' th' feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.
Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides. 20

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.
Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.
Per. Some other is more fit.
First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.
Per. You are right courteous knights.
Sim. Sit, sir, sit.—
By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.
Thai. [*aside*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage, 30
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat.—Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.
Sim. He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.
Thai. [*aside*] To me he seems like diamond to glass.
Per. [*aside*] Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence; 40
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
Sim. What, are you merry, knights?
First Knight. Who can be other in this royal presence?
Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,— 50
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.
Knights. We thank your Grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile:
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?
Thai. What is it
To me, my father?
Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes 60
To honour them:
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entertain more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.
Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
Sim. How! 70
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
Thai. [*aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.
Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage. 80
Per. A gentleman of Tyre,—my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;—
Who, looking for adventures in the world,

Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwrack, driven upon this shore.
Thai. He thanks your Grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.
Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune, 90
And will awake him from his melancholy.—
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are addrest,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.
[*The* Knights *dance.*
So, this was well askt, 'twas so well perform'd.—
Come, sir; 100
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord.
Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy. [*The* Knights *and* Ladies *dance.*
Unclasp, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
[*To* PERICLES] But you the best.—Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings!—[*To* PERICLES] Yours, sir, 110
We have given order to be next our own.
Per. I am at your Grace's pleasure.
Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love;
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tyre. A room in the* Governor's *house.*

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk, 10
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
Esca. 'Twas very strange.
Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.
Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.
Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
Third Lord. And curst be he that will not second it. 20
First Lord. Follow me, then.—Lord Helicane, a word.
Hel. With me? and welcome:—happy day, my lords.
First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.
Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not the prince you love.
First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;

If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there; 30
And be resolved he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give 's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election.

Sec. Lord. Whose death 's indeed the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—
Like goodly buildings left without a roof,
Soon fall to ruin,—your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane! 40

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expired, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, 50
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield;
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Pentapolis. A room in the palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, *reading of a letter, at one door: the* Knights *meet him.*

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,

That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.
Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?
Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
Tied her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery; 10
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.
Third Knight. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.
[*Exeunt* Knights.
Sim. So,
They are well dispatcht; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in 't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no! 20
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.—
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your Grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master. 30
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask you one thing:
What do you think of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer,—wondrous fair.
Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.
Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster. 40
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. [*aside*] What 's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
Sim. Thou hast bewitcht my daughter, and thou art
A villain. 50
Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor.
Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. [*aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relisht of a base descent. 60
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.
Sim. No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,

Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you. 70
Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
[*aside*] I am glad on't with all my heart.—
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger?—[*aside*] who, for aught I know,
May be—nor can I think the contrary—
As great in blood as I myself.— 80
Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,
Either be ruled by me, or I'll make you—
Man and wife:
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too;
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleased?
Thai. Yes,—if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.
Sim. What, are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, if't please your majesty. 90
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then with what haste you can get you to bed.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;

And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
Aye the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead, 10
A babe is moulded.—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
What 's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

DUMB-SHOW.

Enter PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES, *at one door, with* Attendants; *a* Messenger *meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a letter:* PERICLES *shows it* SIMONIDES; *the* Lords *kneel to* PERICLES. *Then enter* THAISA *with child, with* LYCHORIDA, *a nurse: the* KING *shows her the letter; she rejoices: she and* PERICLES *take leave of her father, and depart with* LYCHORIDA *and their* Attendants. *Then exeunt* SIMONIDES *and the rest.*

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense 20
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre—
Fame answering the most strange inquire—
To th' court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:—
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles 30
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,

Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
"Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dreamt, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire— 40
Which who shall cross?—along to go:—
Omit we all their dole and woe:—
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grisled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives: 50
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near,
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.* 60

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, *a-shipboard.*

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench

Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!

Enter LYCHORIDA, *with an Infant.*

Now, Lychorida!

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here 's all that is left living of your queen,—
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blusterous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,

With all thou canst find here.—Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't !

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love 40
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,
I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there!—Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That 's your superstition. 50

First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: th' unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze; 60
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells.—O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* LYCHORIDA.

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, 70
caulkt and bitumed ready.
Per. I thank thee.—Mariner, say what coast is this?
Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.
Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?
Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.
Per. O, make for Tarsus!—
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner: 80
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Ephesus. A room in* CERIMON's *house.*

Enter CERIMON, *a* Servant, *and some* Persons *who have been shipwrackt.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.
Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endured.
Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There 's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him.—[*to* PHILEMON] Give this to the pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*Exeunt all but* CERIMON.

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow. 10
Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
First Gent. Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well. 20

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain.
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former, 30
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have—
Together with my practice—made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, 40
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:

And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter two or three Servants *with a chest.*

First Serv. So; lift there.
Cer. What is that?
First Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest: 50
'Tis of some wrack.
Cer. Set 't down, let 's look upon 't.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.
Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.
Cer. How close 'tis caulkt and bitumed!—
Did the sea cast it up?
First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As tost it upon shore.
Cer. Wrench it open;
Soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense. 60
Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.
Cer. As ever hit my nostril.—So, up with it.—
O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!
First Gent. Most strange!
Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasured with full bags of spices! A passport too!
—Apollo, perfect me in the characters!
[*Reads from a scroll.*

"Here I give to understand,—
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,—
I, King Pericles, have lost 70
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!"

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanced to-night.
Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.
Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks!—They were too rough
That threw her in the sea.—Make a fire within: 80
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.—
[*Exit a* Servant.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erprest spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter a Servant, *with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.—
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more:—how thou stirr'st, thou block!— 90
The music there!—I pray you, give her air.—
Gentlemen, this queen will live: nature awakes;
A warmth breathes out of her: she hath not been
Entranced above five hours: see how she gins
To blow into life's flower again!
First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.
Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold; the diamonds 100
Of a most praised water do appear,
To make the world twice rich.—Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*
Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where 's my lord? What world is this?

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?
First Gent. Most rare.
Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be lookt to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us! 110
[*Exeunt, carrying out* THAISA.

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in the* Governor's *house.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* LYCHORIDA *with* MARINA *in her arms.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!
Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.
Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict Fates had pleased you had brought her hither,
To have blest mine eyes with her!
Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar 10
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina,—whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so,—here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.
Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,—
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,—
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection 20

Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows.—Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave. 30
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your Grace e'en to the edge o' th' shore,
Then give you up to the meek'st Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace 40
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A room in* CERIMON'S *house.*

Enter CERIMON *and* THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipt at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,

My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to, 10
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that 's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there 's a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place 10
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be: 20
Be 't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;

Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to th' lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill 30
With absolute Marina: so
With th' dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter. 40
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rime;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.— 50
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,

To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her.—
Here
She comes weeping for her only nurse's death.—
Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter MARINA, *with a basket of flowers.*

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers; the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last.—Ay me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour 's changed
With this unprofitable woe! Come,
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.—Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve 40
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come,
I know 'tis good for you.—
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while:
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.— 50
[*Exit* DIONYZA.

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried "Good seamen!" to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent; 60
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious, for
The gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn 70
To do my work with haste.
Mar. Why will you kill me?
Leon. To satisfy my lady.
Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm once 'gainst my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended, 80
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?
Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.
Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between, 90
And save poor me, the weaker.
Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch.

Enter Pirates.

First Pirate. Hold, villain! [LEONINE *runs away.*
Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!
Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let 's have her aboard suddenly.
[*Exeunt* Pirates *with* MARINA.

Enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further: 100
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravisht must by me be slain. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Mytilene. A room in a brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Boult,—

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we 10 pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven,—

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. —But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true: they're too unwholesome, 20 o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly poopt him; she made him roast-meat for worms.—But I'll go search the market. [*Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatcht. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling.—But here comes Boult.

Enter BOULT, *with the* Pirates *and* MARINA.

Boult. [*to* MARINA] Come your ways.—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently.—Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [*Exeunt* Pander *and* Pirates.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her,—the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get 60 this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates—
Not enough barbarous—had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not. 70

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault
To scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears? 80

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bow'd as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men 90 must stir you up.—Boult 's return'd.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listen'd to me as they would have hearken'd to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went to bed to her very description. 100

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' th' hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay, he: he offer'd to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come 110 in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. [*to* MARINA] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit. 120

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i'faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit. 130

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it?—Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so 140 awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in the* Governor's *house.*

Enter CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er lookt upon!

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'ld give it to undo the deed.—O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' th' earth
I' th' justice of compare!—O villain Leonine!

And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finisht, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to th' gods that winter kills the flies: 50
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the monument of* MARINA *at Tarsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't;
Making—to take your imagination—
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' th' gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles 60
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Helicanus goes along: behind
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus—think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on— 70
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

SCENE IV. *Mytilene. A street before the brothel.*

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preacht there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses:—shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

First Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A room in the brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she 's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravisht, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her. 10

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there 's no way to be rid on 't but by the way to the pox.—Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive. 60

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she 's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage.—Come, we will leave his honour and her together.—Go thy ways.

[*Exeunt* Bawd, Pander, *and* BOULT.

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it. 70

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to 't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place. 80

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon

thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come. 90

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgement good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—
O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird 100
That flies i' th' purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dreamt thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and 110
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—
Hold, here's more gold for thee.—
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned doorkeeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abhominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be plough'd.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors!—Marry, hang you!—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command. 160
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belcht on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end 170 to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear.—O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!—
Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me, 180
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I 190 can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain 10
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *On board* PERICLES' *ship, off Mytilene. A pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it;* PERICLES *within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, *one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them* HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. [*to the* Sailor *of Mytilene*] Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. O, here he is.—Sir, there is a barge put off from Mytilene, and in it is Lysimachus the governor, who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard: I pray, greet him fairly. 10

[*The* Gentlemen *and the two* Sailors *descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS *and* Lords, *with the* Gentlemen *and the two* Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir, this is the man that can, in aught you would, resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor
Of this place you lie before. 20

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.
Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?
Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
Lys. May we not see him? 30
Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight,—he will not speak
To any.
Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.
Hel. Behold him. [*Draws the curtain, and discovers* PERICLES.] This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.
Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!
Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
First Lord. Sir, 40
We have a maid in Mytilen, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopt:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side. [*Whispers First* Lord; *who goes off in the barge of* LYSIMACHUS. 50
Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretcht thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,

Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.
Lys. O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause 60
Of your king's sorrow.
Hel. Sit, sir; I will recount it to you:—
But, see, I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, First Lord, *with* MARINA *and a young* Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for.—Welcome, fair one!—
Is 't not a goodly presence?
Hel. She 's a gallant lady.
Lys. She 's such a one, that, were I well assured
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I'ld wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.—
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat 70
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.
Lys. Come, let's leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous! [MARINA *sings.*
Lys. Markt he your music?
Mar. No, nor lookt on us.
Lys. See, she will speak to him. 80
Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha!
Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings: 90
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—[*aside*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak."
Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?
Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.
Per. I do think so.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me. 100
You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?
Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno; 110
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?
Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
Per. Where were you bred?

And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?
Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.
Per. Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace 120
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,—
Which was when I perceived thee,—that thou camest
From good descending?
Mar. So indeed I did.
Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been tost from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine, 130
If both were open'd.
Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.
Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me. 140
Mar. My name is Marina.
Per. O, I am mockt,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.
Per. Nay, I'll be patient.

Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power,—
My father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?
Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace, 15
I will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion!—Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.
Per. At sea! what mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O, stop there a little!—
[*aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep 16
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter's buried.—Well:—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to th' bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
Mar. You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.
Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife, 17
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;

Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be.
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.
Per. Ho, Helicanus!
Hel. Calls my lord? 180
Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?
Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.
Lys. She never would tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.
Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain; 190
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness.—O, come hither,
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough, 200
Though doubts did ever sleep.
Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?
Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect:
Be heir of kingdoms, and another life
To Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end 210
The minute I began.
Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.—
Give me fresh garments.—Mine own, Helicanus,—
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?
Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you. 220
Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes.—I am wild in my beholding.—
O heavens bless my girl!—But, hark, what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But, what music?
Hel. My lord, I hear none.
Per. None!
The music of the spheres!—List, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way. 230
Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?
Lys. My lord, I hear. [*Music.*
Per. Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*
Lys. A pillow for his head:—
So, leave him all.—Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you. [*Exeunt all but* PERICLES.

DIANA *appears.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice. 240
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.
Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee.—Helicanus!

Enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, MARINA, *&c.*

Hel. Sir? 250

Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—
[*to* LYSIMACHUS] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir,
With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail, 260
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,—
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din, 270
The regent made in Mytilin,

To greet the king. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see, 280
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies' thankful doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus;* THAISA *standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of* Virgins *on each side;* CERIMON *and other* Inhabitants *of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES, *with his* Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a* Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nurst with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore 10
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.
Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*Faints.*
Per. What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.
Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.
Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.
Per. 'Tis most certain. 20
Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but overjoy'd.—
Early one blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.
Per. May we see them?
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you.—Look, Thaisa is
Recover'd.
Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear, 30
But curb it, spite of seeing.—O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.
Per. Immortal Dian!
Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring. [*Shows a ring.*
Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness 40
Makes my past miseries sport: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen.—O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.
Mar. My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to* THAISA.
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.
Thai. Blest, and mine own!
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thai. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft.
Thai. 'Twas Helicanus, then.
Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this is the man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power, that can
From first to last resolve you.
Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?
Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee.—Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis.—And now,

This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor toucht,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father 's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.—
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead 's the way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish them,—although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
[*Exit.*

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton,
and Baron of Titchfield.

Right Honourable, I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your Honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honour'd you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deform'd, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather: and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your Honour to your heart's content which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

William Shakespeare.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheekt Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laught to scorn:
  Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
  And like a bold-faced suitor gins to woo him.

"Thrice-fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
  Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
  Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
  Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
  And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
  A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
  Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
  Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
  Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blusht and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
  She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
  He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens :—O, how quick is love!—
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
  Backward she pusht him, as she would be thrust,
  And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
  And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
  "If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
  He saith she is immodest, blames her miss;
  What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuft, or prey be gone;
  Even so she kist his brow, his cheek, his chin,
  And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
  Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
  So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
  Rain added to a river that is rank
  Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
And to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale;
  Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
  Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
  Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
  And one sweet kiss shall pay this comptless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being lookt on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
  But when her lips were ready for his pay,
  He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
  "O, pity," gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy!
  'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

"I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
  Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
  And begg'd for that which thou unaskt shalt have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learnt to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
  Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
  Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overruled I overswayed,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obeyed,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
  O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
  For mast'ring her that foil'd the god of fight!

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,—
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy head:
  Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
  Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

"Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
  These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
  Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
  Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
  Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtured, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
  Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
  But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are gray, and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou should think it heavy unto thee?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot; to get it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
  Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
  So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy sprite,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,—
  Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love!
  The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

"Ay me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses makest thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
  I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
  If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

"The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
  And were I not immortal, life were done
  Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
  O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
  She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

"What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
  Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
  And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
  Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
  For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
  And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
  And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometime she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometime her arms infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
  And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
  She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
  Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
  Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
  Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
  No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
  Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
  Why, there Love lived, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
  Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
  To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
  "Pity," she cries, "some favour, some remorse!"
  Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
  The strong-neckt steed, being tied unto a tree,
  Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
  The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
  Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prickt; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compast crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;
  His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
  Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, "Lo, thus my strength is tried;
  And this I do to captivate the eye
  Of the fair breeder that is standing by."

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "Holla" or his "Stand, I say"?
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?
  He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
  For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
  So did this horse excel a common one
  In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hooft, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
  Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
  Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whe'r he run or fly they know not whether;
  For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
  Fanning the hairs, who wave like feath'red wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
  Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
  Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
  His love, perceiving how he is enraged,
  Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unbackt breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boist'rous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopt, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flasht forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-faln snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
And all this dumb-play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alablaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
"O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

"Give me my hand," saith he; "why dost thou feel it?"
"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

"For shame," he cries, "let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
  Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
  Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

"Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
  Who is so faint, that dares not be so bold
  To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
  O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
  And once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
  For I have heard it is a life in death,
  That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinisht?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminisht,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
  The colt that 's backt and burden'd being young
  Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
  Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flatt'ry;
  For where a heart is hard they make no batt'ry."

"What! canst thou talk?" quoth she, "hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now prest with bearing:
  Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
  Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
  Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
  Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
  For from the stillitory of thy face excelling
  Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by smelling.

"But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
  Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
  Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?"

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wrack to the seaman, tempest to the field,
  Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
  Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is husht before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
  Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
  His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrout, that by love so thriveth!
  The silly boy, believing she is dead,
  Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all-amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
  For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
  Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
  He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
  Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:
  And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
  So is her face illumined with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mixt,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;
  But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
  Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"O, where am I?" quoth she; "in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drencht, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
  But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;
  But now I died, and death was lively joy.

"O, thou didst kill me: kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
  And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
  But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
  That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
  May say, the plague is banisht by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
  Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
  Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told and quickly gone?
  Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
  Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
  The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
  Or being early pluckt is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks; 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
  And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
  Do summon us to part and bid good night.

"Now let me say 'Good night,' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Good night," quoth she; and, ere he says "Adieu,"
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
  Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
  Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face:

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
  He with her plenty prest, she faint with dearth,
  Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
  Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
  That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry:

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
  Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
  Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tired with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
  He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
  While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with temp'ring,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compast oft with vent'ring,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:
  Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
  But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suckt.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluckt:
  Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
  Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolved no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
  The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
  He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?"
  He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
  To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
  She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
  He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
  That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
  To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even so poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw:
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.
  The warm effects which she in him finds missing
  She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be proved;
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.
  "Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;
  You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O, be advised! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
  Whose tushes never-sheathed he whetteth still,
  Like to a mortal butcher bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
  Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
  And whom he strikes his crooked tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venter:
  The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
  As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

"Alas, he naught esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pays tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
  But having thee at vantage,—wondrous dread!—
  Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath naught to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
  When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
  I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry 'Kill, kill!'
Distemp'ring gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at th' imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breathed horse keep with thy hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
  The many musets through the which he goes
  Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
  And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
  Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

"For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
  Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
  As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with list'ning ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
  And now his grief may be compared well
  To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay;
  For misery is trodden on by many,
  And being low never relieved by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
  Applying this to that, and so to so;
  For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave?" "No matter where," quoth he;
"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent." "Why, what of that?" quoth she.
"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall."
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

"But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true-men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

"Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine;
Wherein she framed thee, in high heaven's despite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

"And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances and much misery;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th' impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

"Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
  Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
  Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
  If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
  Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
  Foul-cank'ring rust the hidden treasure frets,
  But gold that's put to use more gold begets."

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme:
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
  For, by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
  Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
  For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
  And will not let a false sound enter there;

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
  No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
  But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urged that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
  You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
  When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

"Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurpt his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
  Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
  As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
  Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
  Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
  Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
  Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distrest.
  Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
  So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
  So did the merciless and pitchy night
  Fold-in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropt a precious jewel in the flood,
Or stonisht as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
  Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
  Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
  "Ay me!" she cries, and twenty times, "Woe, woe!"
  And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
  Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
  And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
  Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
  End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasits;
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
  She says "'Tis so:" they answer all, "'Tis so;"
  And would say after her, if she said "No."

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
  Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
  That cedar-tops and hills seem burnisht gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twined about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay:
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
  Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:—
  And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both togither,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
  This way she runs, and now she will no further,
  But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
  Full of respects, yet naught at all respecting;
  In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
  And here she meets another sadly scowling,
  To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
  Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
  Shaking their scratcht ears, bleeding as they go.

Look how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
  So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
  And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love,"—thus chides she Death,—
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
  Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
  Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

"If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
  Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
  Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
  Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
  And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provokest such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
  Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
  Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopt
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropt;
  But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
  And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eye seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,—
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
  But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
  Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
  But none is best: then join they all together,
  Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
  For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
  And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
  To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
  Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous:
  The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
  In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to-naught:
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
  She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
  Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast
Which knows no pity, but is still severe:
  Then, gentle shadow,—truth I must confess,—
  I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"'Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;
Be wreakt on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he 's author of thy slander:
  Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet
  Could rule them both without ten women's wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
  Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
  His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives, and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
  For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
  And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art as full of fear
As one with treasure laden hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
  Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
  Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
  Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
  Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew;

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
  So at his bloody view her eyes are fled
  Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
  Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
  By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
  This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
  That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trencht
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drencht:
  No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
  But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head:
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
  Her voice is stopt, her joints forget to bow;
  Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
  His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
  For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
  Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
  So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that 's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurkt like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

"To see his face the lion walkt along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

"'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheathed, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst."
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

"Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight;
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by Death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise,—
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,—
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
  There shall not be one minute in an hour
  Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
  Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
  Means to immure herself and not be seen.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLEY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutor'd lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthen'd with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

William Shakespeare.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinius (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus), after he had caused his own father-in-law Servius Tullius to be cruelly murder'd, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possest himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom Collatinus extoll'd the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avoucht, only Collatinus finds his wife, though it were late in the night, spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertain'd and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravisht her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, reveal'd the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabb'd herself. Which done, with one consent they all vow'd to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

LUCRECE.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire
  And girdle with embracing flames the waist
  Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of "chaste" unhap'ly set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumpht in that sky of his delight,
  Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
  With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlockt the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
  That kings might be espoused to more fame,
  But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possest, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expired date, cancell'd ere well begun:
  Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
  Are weakly fortrest from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth, then, apologies be made,
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
  Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
  From thievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
  His high-pitcht thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
  That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
  O rash-false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,
  Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
Within whose face Beauty and Virtue strived
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When Virtue bragg'd, Beauty would blush for shame;
  When Beauty boasted blushes, in despite
  Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But Beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then Virtue claims from Beauty Beauty's red,
Which Virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
  Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
  When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by Beauty's red and Virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
  The sovereignty of either being so great,
  That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
  To those two armies that would let him go,
  Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue,—
The niggard prodigal that praised her so,—
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe
  Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
  In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never limed no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
  And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
  Whose inward ill no outward harm exprest:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
  But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
  That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:
She toucht no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
  Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
  More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:
  Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express,
  And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of dread and fear,
  Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
  And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy sprite;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
  And every one to rest themselves betake,
  Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
  And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
  Though death be adjunct, there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
  Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
  That they prove bankrout in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage;
  Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
  The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
  The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
  Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
  When he himself himself confounds, betrays
  To slanderous tongues and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes:
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
  The silly lambs: pure thoughts are dead and still,
  While lust and murder wakes to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leapt from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly tost between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest fear, bewitcht with lust's foul charm,
  Doth too-too oft betake him to retire,
  Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly,
  "As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
  So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
  His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
  And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine:
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine;
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
  Let fair humanity abhor the deed
  That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.

"O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have;
  Then my digression is so vile, so base,
  That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, shamed with the note,
  Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
  To wish that I their father had not bin.

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week?
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
  Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
  Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
  This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
  Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

"O, what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forgo their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
  And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
  But coward-like with trembling terror die.

"Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
  But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
  The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

"Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love;—but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

"And how her hand, in my hand being lockt,
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rockt,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

"Why hunt I, then, for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

"Then, childish fear avaunt! debating die!
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseems the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
  Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
  Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?"

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
  So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
  That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
  But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
  Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
  By reprobate desire thus madly led,
  The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforced, retires his ward;
But, as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
  Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there;
  They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
  But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
  Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks;
As who should say, "This glove to wanton tricks
  Is not inured; return again in haste;
  Thou see'st our mistress' ornaments are chaste."

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense consters their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
  Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,
  Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
  Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,
  The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber-door
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
  That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
  As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts:—quoth he, "I must deflower:
  The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
  How can they, then, assist me in the act?

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is backt with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
  The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
  Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluckt up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
  But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
  Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
  Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon
  To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,
  That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
  But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died!
Then had they seen the period of their ill;
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
  And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
  Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is:
  Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
  To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light,
  And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
  Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
  As if between them twain there were no strife,
  But that life lived in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
  Who, like a foul usurper, went about
  From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted?
What did he note but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.
With more than admiration he admired
  Her azure veins, her alablaster skin,
  Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slackt, not supprest; for standing by her side,
  His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
  Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
  Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
  Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, marcht on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
  Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
  Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lockt-up eyes,
  Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
  Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a-shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she, in worser taking,
  From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
  The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapt and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
  Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
  In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,—
Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!—
May feel her heart—poor citizen!—distrest,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
  This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
  To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
  But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
  Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face—
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace—
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
  Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
  For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
  But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
  By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
  Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
  And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
  Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
  Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
  Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
  With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee:
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
  And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
  Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
  Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rimes,
  And sung by children in succeeding times.

"But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm done to a great good end
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometime is compacted
  In a pure compound; being so applied,
  His venom in effect is purified.

"Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe or birth-hour's blot:
  For marks descried in men's nativity
  Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of true piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
Pleads, in a wilderness where are no laws,
  To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
  Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
  So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
  And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
  No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
  Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place;
  And midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
  That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
  That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
  And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended;
  He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
  To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend,—for his sake spare me;
Thyself art mighty,—for thine own sake leave me;
Myself a weakling,—do not, then, ensnare me;
Thou look'st not like deceit,—do not deceive me.
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee:
  If ever man were moved with woman's moans,
  Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wrack-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolved to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
  Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
  Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
  Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
  For kings like gods should govern every thing.

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
If in thy hope thou darest do such outrage,
What darest thou not when once thou art a king?
O, be remember'd, no outrageous thing
  From vassal actors can be wiped away;
  Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only loved for fear;
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
  For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
  Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
  Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
  And makest fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
  When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
  He learnt to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
  O, how are they wrapt in with infamies
  That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier:
I sue for exiled majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
  And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
  That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he: "my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
  To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste
  Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king;
And, lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
  Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,
  And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed.

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
  The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
  But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"—
"No more," quoth he; "by heaven, I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
  Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
  To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind-concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries;
  Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
  Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
  The spots whereof could weeping purify,
  Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again:
This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
  Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
  And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
  His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
  Devours his will, that lived by foul devouring.

O, deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abhomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
  Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
  Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrout beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with Grace,
  For there it revels; and when that decays,
  The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,—
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
  To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
  To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death and pain perpetual:
  Which in her prescience she controlled still,
  But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplext in greater pain.
  She bears the load of lust he left behind,
  And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
  She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
  He runs, and chides his vanisht, loathed delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless castaway;
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day,
"For day," quoth she, "night's scapes doth open lay,
  And my true eyes have never practised how
  To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
  And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
  Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
  Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
  Against the unseen secrecy of night:

"O comfort-killing Night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
  Grim cave of death! whispering conspirator
  With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night!
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
  His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
  Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
  That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
  May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defiled,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep again:
So should I have co-partners in my pain;
  And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
  As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

"Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
  Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
  Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
  That all the faults which in thy reign are made
  May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade!

"Make me not object to the tell-tale Day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
  To cipher what is writ in learned books,
  Will cote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
  Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
  How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserved reproach to him allotted
  That is as clear from this attaint of mine
  As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

"O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stampt in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
  Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
  Which not themselves, but he that gives them knows!

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransackt by injurious theft:
  In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
  And suckt the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

"Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack,—
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
  And talkt of virtue:—O unlookt-for evil,
  When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

"Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
  But no perfection is so absolute,
  That some impurity doth not pollute.

"The aged man that coffers-up his gold
Is plagued with cramps and gouts and painful fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
And like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
  Having no other pleasure of his gain
  But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

"So then he hath it when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
  The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours
  Even in the moment that we call them ours.

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life or else his quality.

"O Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
'Tis thou that executest the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

"Thou makest the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it, then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
  Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
  Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

"When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help; but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appaid
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
  My Collatine would else have come to me
  When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft,
Guilty of perjury and subornation,
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift,
Guilty of incest, that abhomination;
An accessary by thine inclination
  To all sins past, and all that are to come,
  From the creation to the general doom.

"Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all, and murder'st all that are:
  O, hear me, then, injurious, shifting Time!
  Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant Opportunity
Betray'd the hours thou gavest me to repose,
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
  To eat up errors by opinion bred,
  Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
  To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
  And smear with dust their glittering golden towers;

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,
  To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
  And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

"To show the beldam daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle in themselves beguiled,
  To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
  And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
  O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
  I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
  And the dire thought of his committed evil
  Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
  And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
  Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
  And time to see one that by alms doth live
  Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport;
  And ever let his unrecalling crime
  Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
  For who so base would such an office have
  As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
  The moon being clouded presently is mist,
  But little stars may hide them when they list.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day:
  Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
  But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
  For me, I force not argument a straw,
  Since that my case is past the help of law.

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
  The remedy indeed to do me good
  Is to let forth my foul defiled blood.

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee;
But if I live, thou livest in my defame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
  And wast afeard to scratch her wicked foe,
  Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no slaughter-house no tool imparteth
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
  As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
  Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife:
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

"O, that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;
A dying life to living infamy:
Poor helpless help, the treasure stoln away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stoln from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

"I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when, lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
  But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
  And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: "O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping:
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
  Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
  For day hath naught to do what's done by night."

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with naught agrees:
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
  Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,
  With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
  Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
  Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society:
  True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed
  When with like semblance it is sympathized.

"'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
  Who, being stopt, the bounding banks o'erflows;
  Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes entomb
Within your hollow swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:
  Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
  Distress likes dumps when time is kept with tears.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
  For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
  While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
  These means, as frets upon an instrument,
  Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark-deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
  To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
  Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds."

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompast with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
  To live or die, which of the twain were better,
  When life is shamed, and death reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack, what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion
  Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
  Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Ay me! the bark pill'd from the lofty pine,
  His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
  So must my soul, her bark being pill'd away.

"Her house is sackt, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
  If in this blemisht fort I make some hole
  Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

"Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
  Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
  And as his due writ in my testament.

"My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

"Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revenged mayst be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

"This brief abridgement of my will I make:—
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say 'So be it:'
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee:
Thou dead, both die and both shall victors be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untuned tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
For why her face wore sorrow's livery;
But durst not ask of her audaciously
  Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
  Nor why her fair cheeks overwasht with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
  Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,
  Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
  Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
  And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak opprest, th' impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
  No more than wax shall be accounted evil
  Wherein is stampt the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
  Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
  Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd:
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
  With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
  Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
  That dying fear through all her body spread;
  And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
  Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
  If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went"—and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan—"Tarquin from hence?"
"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense,—
  Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
  And ere I rose was Tarquin gone away.

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."
"O, peace!" quoth Lucrece: "if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less,
For more it is than I can well express:
  And that deep torture may be call'd a hell
  When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say?—One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
  Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
  The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
  Much like a press of people at a door,
  Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford—
If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see—
Some present speed to come and visit me.
  So, I commend me from our house in grief:
  My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
  Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
  Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
  To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
  With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
  Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
  And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
"At Ardea to my lord with more than haste."
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
  Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:
  Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low;
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
  Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
  For Lucrece thought he blusht to see her shame:

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
  Even so this pattern of the worn-out age
  Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blusht, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
  The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
  The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
  That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
  Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
  Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
  As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reekt, to show the painter's strife;
  And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
  Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioner
Begrimed with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
  Such sweet observance in this work was had,
  That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
  Which heartless peasants did so well resemble
  That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
  But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
  Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight:
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
  Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
  Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice,
Some high, some low,—the painter was so nice;
  The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
  To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boln and red;
Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
  As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
  It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Griped in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
  A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
  Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, marcht to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
  That through their light joy seemed to appear,
  Like bright things stain'd, a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strond of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than
  Retire again, till meeting greater ranks,
  They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
  Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
  Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized
Time's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care's reign:
Her cheeks with chops and wrinkles were disguised;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,
  Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
  Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
  And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
  To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue;
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong;
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
  And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
  Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
  And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
  The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many moe?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe:
  For one's offence why should so many fall,
  To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
  Had doting Priam checkt his son's desire,
  Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
  To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
  She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And who she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content;
  Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
  So mild that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
  That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
  Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
  Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
  Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
  And little stars shot from their fixed places,
  When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused;
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gazed; and gazing still,
  Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
  That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile"—
She would have said "can lurk in such a look;"
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot" took:
"It cannot be" she in that sense forsook,
  And turn'd it thus, "It cannot be, I find,
  But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguiled
With outward honesty, but yet defiled
  With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
  So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheeds!
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
  Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
  Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
  So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
  That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
  At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
  "Fool, fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not be sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining;
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:
  Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
  And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipt her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
  It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
  To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company:
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:
  These water-galls in her dim element
  Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, lookt red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares:
  Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
  Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befaln, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attired in discontent?
  Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
  And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length addrest to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me moe woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas, thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, 'Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"'For some hard-favour'd groom of thine,' quoth he,
'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.'

"With this, I did begin to start and cry;
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes;
And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

"O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find,—
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forced; that never was inclined
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declined, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forced him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past:
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it, then, suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me:
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But ere I name him, you fair lords," quoth she,
Speaking to those that came with Collatine,
"Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms."

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. "O, speak," quoth she,
"How may this forced stain be wiped from me?

"What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain?"

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carved in it with tears.
  "No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,
  By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "He, he," she says,
But more than "he" her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
  She utters this, "He, he, fair lords, 'tis he
  That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
  Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
  Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonisht with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
  The murderous knife, and, as it left the place,
  Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who, like a late-sackt island, vastly stood
Bare and unpeopled in this fearful flood.
  Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
  And some lookt black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
  And blood untainted still doth red abide,
  Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
"That life was mine which thou hast here deprived.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unlived?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
  If children pre-decease progenitors,
  We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-boned death by time outworn:
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
  And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
  That I no more can see what once I was.

"O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
  Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
  Thy father die, and not thy father thee."

By this, starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
  Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
  And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
  Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,
  That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime "Tarquin" was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
  The son and father weep with equal strife
  Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says "She's mine." "O, mine she is,"
Replies her husband: "do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
  He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
  And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."
"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,
I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd."
"My daughter" and "my wife" with clamours fill'd
  The dispersed air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
  Answer'd their cries, "my daughter" and "my wife."

Brutus, who pluckt the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
  As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
  For sportive words and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise:
  Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,
  Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
  Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
  To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations;
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abhominations,
  Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
  By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained
  Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
  We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kist the fatal knife, to end his vow;
And to his protestation urged the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
  And that deep vow, which Brutus made before,
  He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence,
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
  The Romans plausibly did give consent
  To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .

THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .

Mr. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .

AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .

PROMISED .

BY .

OVR . EVER-LIVING . POET .

WISHETH .

THE . WELL-WISHING .

ADVENTVRER . IN .

SETTING .

FORTH .

T. T.

SONNETS.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase, i
That thereby beauty's Rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, makest waste in niggarding.
  Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
  To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow, ii
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a totter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being askt where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer, "This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
  This were to be new made when thou art old,
  And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

iii

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

iv

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

v

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap checkt with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

vi

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
  Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
  To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

vii

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way:
  So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
  Unlookt on diest, unless thou get a son.

viii

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not gladly,
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
  Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
  Sings this to thee, "Thou single wilt prove none."

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye ix
That thou consumest thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
  No love toward others in that bosom sits
  That on himself such murd'rous shame commits.

For shame deny that thou bear'st love to any, x
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lovest is most evident;
For thou art so possest with murd'rous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
  Make thee another self, for love of me,
  That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st xi
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:
  She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
  Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

When I do count the clock that tells the time, xii
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
  And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
  Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are xiii
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
  O, none but unthrifts: dear my love, you know
  You had a father; let your son say so.

Not from the stars do I my judgement pluck; xiv
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
  Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
  Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

When I consider every thing that grows xv
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth naught but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and checkt even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
  And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
  As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way xvi
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rime?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
  To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
  And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

Who will believe my verse in time to come, xvii
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er toucht earthly faces."
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
  But were some child of yours alive that time,
  You should live twice, in it and in my rime.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? xviii
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
  So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
  So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws, xix
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
  Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
  My love shall in my verse ever live young.

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted, xx
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hew all *Hews* in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
  But since she prickt thee out for women's pleasure,
  Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

So is it not with me as with that Muse xxi
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O, let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fixt in heaven's air:
  Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
  I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old, xxii
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I, then, be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
  Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
  Thou gavest me thine, not to give back again.

As an unperfect actor on the stage, xxiii
Who, with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burthen of mine own love's might.
O, let my books be, then, the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more exprest.
  O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
  To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd xxiv
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictured lies;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
  Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
  They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

Let those who are in favour with their stars xxv
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlookt for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
  Then happy I, that love and am beloved
  Where I may not remove nor be removed.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage xxvi
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written ambassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my totter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
  Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
  Till then not show my head where thou mayst prove me.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed, xxvii
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.

How can I, then, return in happy plight, xxviii
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eased by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress't?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, xxix
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought xxx
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanisht sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts, xxxi
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stoln from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

If thou survive my well-contented day, xxxii
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover:
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstript by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
"Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

Full many a glorious morning have I seen xxxiii
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But, out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath maskt him from me now.
  Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
  Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun staineth.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day, xxxiv
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
  Ah, but those tears are pearl which thy love sheeds,
  And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done: xxxv
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing "their sins more than thy sins are";
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
  That I an accessary needs must be
  To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

xxxvi

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

xxxvii

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by Fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in their parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am sufficed,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

xxxviii

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rimers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing, xxxix
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deservest alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all; xl
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blamed, if thou this self deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits, xli
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?
Ay me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,—
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief, xlii
And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suff'ring my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
  But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
  Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see, xliii
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
  All days are nights to see till I see thee,
  And nights bright days when dreams do show thee me.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought, xliv
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah, thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
  Receiving naught by elements so slow
  But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

The other two, slight air and purging fire, xlv
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
  This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
  I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war, xlvi
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie—
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes—
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To cide this title is impanneled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:
  As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
  And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took, xlvii
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famisht for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee;
  Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
  Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

How careful was I, when I took my way, xlviii
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lockt up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou mayst come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stoln, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

Against that time, if ever that time come, xlix
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

How heavy do I journey on the way, l
When what I seek—my weary travel's end—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind;
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

li

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh, no dull flesh in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade,—
  Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
  Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

lii

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
  Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
  Being had, to triumph, being lackt, to hope.

liii

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
  In all external grace you have some part,
  But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem liv
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
  And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
  When that shall vade, my verse distils your truth.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments lv
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
  So, till the judgement that yourself arise,
  You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said lvi
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness.
Let this sad int'rim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
  Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
  Makes summer's welcome thrice more wisht, more rare.

lvii

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love, that in your Will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

lviii

That god forbid that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

lix

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O, sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore, lx
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
  And yet, to times in hope my verse shall stand,
  Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open lxi
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
  For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
  From me far off, with others all too near.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye, lxii
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopt with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
  'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
  Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

Against my love shall be, as I am now, lxiii
With Time's injurious hand crusht and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanisht out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
  His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
  And they shall live, and he in them still green.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced lxiv
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,—
That Time will come and take my love away.
  This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
  But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea, lxv
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wrackful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
  O, none, unless this miracle have might,
  That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,— lxvi
As, to behold Desert a beggar born,
And needy Nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest Faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded Honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden Virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right Perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And Strength by limping Sway disabled,
And Art made tongue-tied by Authority,
And Folly, doctor-like, controlling Skill,
And simple Truth miscall'd Simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill:
  Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
  Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

Ah, wherefore with infection should he live, lxvii
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrout is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
  O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
  In days long since, before these last so bad.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn, lxviii
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
  And him as for a map doth Nature store,
  To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view lxix
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues, that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this, that thou dost common grow.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect, lxx
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast past by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead lxxi
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

O, lest the world should task you to recite lxxii
What merit lived in me, that you should love,
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

That time of year thou mayst in me behold lxxiii
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourisht by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

But be contented: when that fell arrest lxxiv
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee:
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So, then, thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life, lxxv
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
  Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
  Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride, lxxvi
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
  For as the sun is daily new and old,
  So is my love still telling what is told.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear, lxxvii
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning mayst thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth mayst know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
  These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
  Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse, lxxviii
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
  But thou art all my art, and dost advance
  As high as learning my rude ignorance.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid, lxxix
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
  Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
  Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

O, how I faint when I of you do write, lxxx
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
While he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wrackt, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building and of goodly pride:
  Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
  The worst was this; my love was my decay.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make, lxxxi
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse, lxxxii
And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

I never saw that you did painting need, lxxxiii
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

Who is it that says most? which can say more lxxxiv
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story:
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired everywhere.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still, lxxxv
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"
To every hymn that able spirit affords
In polisht form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you praised, I say "'Tis so, 'tis true,"
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse, lxxxvi
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lackt I matter; that enfeebled mine.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing, lxxxvii
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.
  Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
  In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light, lxxxviii
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
  Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
  That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault, lxxxix
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
  For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
  For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

xc

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so.

xci

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayst take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

xcii

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true, xciii
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
But heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
  How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
  If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

They that have power to hurt and will do none, xciv
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
  For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
  Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame xcv
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
  Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
  The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

xcvi

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
Thou makest faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
  But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
  As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

xcvii

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
  Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
  That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

xcviii

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, drest in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laught and leapt with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you,—you pattern of all those.
  Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
  As with your shadow I with these did play.

The forward violet thus did I chide: xcix
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand;
And buds of marjoram had stoln thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stoln of both,
And to his robbery had annext thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stoln from thee.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long c
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Dark'ning thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends ci
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
"Truth needs no colour, with his colour fixt;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermixt"?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so: for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming; cii
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
  Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
  Because I would not dull you with my song.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth, ciii
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful, then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
  And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
  Your own glass shows you when you look in it.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old, civ
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
  For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
  Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry, cv
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,—
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
  Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
  Which three till now never kept seat in one.

When in the chronicle of wasted time cvi
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rime
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have exprest
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they lookt but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
  For we, which now behold these present days,
  Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul cvii
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rime,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
  And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
  When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

What's in the brain, that ink may character, cviii
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
  Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
  Where time and outward form would show it dead.

O, never say that I was false of heart, cix
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
  For nothing this wide universe I call,
  Save thou, my Rose; in it thou art my all.

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there, cx
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is that I have lookt on truth
Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
  Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
  Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide, cxi
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
  Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye
  Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill cxii
Which vulgar scandal stampt upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
  You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
  That all the world besides methinks are dead.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind; cxiii
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
  Incapable of more, replete with you,
  My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you, cxiv
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flatt'ry in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie, cxv
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgement knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to th' course of alt'ring things;
Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds cxvi
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all — cxvii
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
  Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
  The constancy and virtue of your love.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen, — cxviii
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, t' anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured:
  But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
  Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears, — cxix
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
  So I return rebuked to my content,
  And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

That you were once unkind befriends me now, cxx
And for that sorrow which I then did feel
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, y'have past a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me then, tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that, your trespass, now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed, cxxi
When not to be receives reproach of being;
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain cxxii
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be mist.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change: cxxiii
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

If my dear love were but the child of state, cxxiv
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of Time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy, cxxv
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which proves more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet; foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul
When most impeacht stands least in thy control.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power cxxvi
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle-hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May Time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

In the old age black was not counted fair, cxxvii
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
  Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
  That every tongue says beauty should look so.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st, cxxviii
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
  Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
  Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame cxxix
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murd'rous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun; cxxx
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damaskt, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art, cxxxi
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgement's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me, cxxxii
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it, then, as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
  Then will I swear Beauty herself is black,
  And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan cxxxiii
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be crossed.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail:
  And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
  Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

So, now I have confest that he is thine, cxxxiv
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
  Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
  He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes, cxli
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who, in despite of view, is pleased to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
  Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
  That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate, cxlii
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
  If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
  By self-example mayst thou be denied!

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch cxliii
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
  So will I pray that thou mayst have thy *Will*,
  If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair, cxliv
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
  Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
  Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make cxlv
Breathed forth the sound that said "I hate"
To me that languisht for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet;
"I hate" she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away;
  "I hate" from hate away she threw,
  And saved my life, saying—"Not you."

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth— cxlvi
My sinful earth these rebel powers array—
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
  So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
  And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

My love is as a fever, longing still cxlvii
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly exprest;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

O me, what eyes hath Love put in my head, cxlviii
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgement fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no.
How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vext with watching and with tears?
No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not, cxlix
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might cl
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

Love is too young to know what conscience is; cli
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn, clii
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair; more perjured I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep: cliii
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress' eyes.

The little Love-god lying once asleep cliv
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

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From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peept through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguisht woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
To th' orbed earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and, nowhere fixt,
The mind and sight distractedly commixt.

Her hair, nor loose nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuckt, descended her sheaved hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands that lets not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crackt many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kist, and often gan to tear;
Cried, "O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!"
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew—
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew,
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promised in the charity of age.

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgement I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

"But, woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit—it was to gain my grace—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lackt a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged, and newly deified.

"His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear:
Yet show'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authorized youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

"Well could he ride, and often men would say,
'That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes!'
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by th' well-doing steed.

"But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplisht in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions; yet their purposed trim
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will:

"That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitcht, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Askt their own wills, and made their wills obey.

"Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:

"So many have, that never toucht his hand,
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, not in part,
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserved the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

"But, ah, who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destined ill she must herself assay?
Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-past perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbod the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgement stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry, 'It is thy last.'

"For further I could say, 'This man 's untrue,'
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

"And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That 's to ye sworn to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

"'All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
But how much of me their reproach contains.

"'Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,
Or my affection put to th' smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charmed:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"'Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encampt in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

"'And, lo, behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleacht,
I have received from many a several fair—,
Their kind acceptance weepingly beseecht,—
With the annexions of fair gems enricht,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"'The diamond,—why, 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invised properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire, and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some moan.

"'Lo, all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender;
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

"'O, then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

"'Lo, this device was sent me from a nun,
A sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

"'But, O my sweet, what labour is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives,—
Paling the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

"'O, pardon me, in that my boast is true:
The accident which brought me to her eye
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out Religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

"'How mighty, then, you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"'My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes when they t' assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"'When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame;
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"'Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.'

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath.

"For, lo, his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swounding paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swound at tragic shows:

"That not a heart which in his level came
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burnt in heart-wisht luxury,
He preacht pure maid, and praised cold chastity.

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That th' unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ay me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion seeming ow'd,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!"

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

When my love swears that she is made of truth, i
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
  Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
  Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair, ii
That like two spirits do suggest me still;
My better angel is a man right fair,
My worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
  The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
  Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

iii

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
  If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
  To break an oath, to win a paradise?

iv

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear,
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she toucht him here and there;
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
  Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
  He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward.

v

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
  Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
  To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

vi

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen:
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim:
The sun lookt on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him.
  He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood:
  "O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood!"

vii

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty,
Brighter than glass and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax and yet as iron rusty:
  A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
  None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!
  Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
  Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burnt out love, as soon as straw out-burneth;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
  Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
  Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

viii

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one and I the other.

Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As passing all conceit needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

Fair was the morn when the fair queen of love, ix

. . . . . .

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds:
"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the sore."
She showed hers: he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluckt, soon vaded, x
Pluckt in the bud and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls through wind before the fall should be.

I weep for thee and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee,
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her xi
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.

"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embraced me,"
And then she clipt Adonis in her arms;
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlaced me,"
As if the boy should use like loving charms;
"Even thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips,"
And with her lips on his did act the seizure:
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
  Ah, that I had my lady at this bay,
  To kiss and clip me till I run away!

xii

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
  Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
  Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
  O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee: O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
  For methinks thou stay'st too long.

xiii

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently:
  A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
  Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
  So beauty blemisht once for ever lost,
  In spite of physic, painting, pain and cost.

xiv

Good night, good rest. Ah, neither be my share:
She bade good night that kept my rest away;
And daft me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
  "Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to-morrow:"
  Fare well I could not, for I supt with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I conster whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
"Wander," a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east! xv
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dreaming night:
The night so packt, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow changed to solace and solace mixt with sorrow;
For why she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow:
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three, i
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.
Long was the combat doubtful that love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel!
But one must be refused; more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
Alas, she could not help it!

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away:
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

ii

On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind
All unseen gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wisht himself the heaven's breath,
"Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

iii

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not;
All is amiss:
Love's denying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fixt in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding,
Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal:
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtal dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
In howling wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquisht men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully:
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
Poor Corydon
Must live alone;
Other help for him I see that there is none.

iv

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy partial like:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young nor yet unwed.

And when thou comest thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell,—
A cripple soon can find a halt;—
  But plainly say thou lovest her well,
  And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night:
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight;
  And twice desire, ere it be day,
  That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
  "Had women been so strong as men,
  In faith, you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
  The strongest castle, tower and town,
  The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
  When time shall serve, be thou not slack
  To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
  Have you not heard it said full oft,
  A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attaint.
  Were kisses all the joys in bed,
  One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough—too much, I fear—
Lest that my mistress hear my song:
She will not stick to round me on th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
  Yet will she blush, here be it said,
  To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

Live with me, and be my love, v
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me and be my love.

Love's Answer.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

vi

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry;
"Tereu, Tereu!" by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapt in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.

Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king;"

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandement:
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE.

THE PHŒNIX AND TURTLE.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near!

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender makest
With the breath thou givest and takest,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together,
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded;

That it cried, How true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

ESSAYS AND NOTES.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE; EARLY YEARS.

MATERIALS:

Register of Baptism: "1564, April 26, Gulielmus, filius Johannes Shakspere."

Aubrey's account: "Mr. William Shakespear was born at Stratford-upon-Avon in the county of Warwick; his father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercis'd his father's trade; but when he kill'd a calf he would doe it in a high style, and make a speech. There was at that time another butcher's son in this towne, that was held not at all inferior to him for a natural witt, his acquaintance and coetanean, but died young. . . . He understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster (query: *under* a schoolmaster) in the countrey." (*Lives of Eminent Men*, compiled after 1669.)

Rowe's account: "His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that tho' he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, 'tis true, for some time at a free school, where 'tis probable he acquir'd that little Latin he was master of; but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forc'd his father to withdraw him from there, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language." (From traditions collected by Betterton at Stratford-on-Avon.)

THESE are the materials for the first chapter of William Shakespeare's biography. They may seem petty and dull, but they tell us more than is known of almost any Elizabethan poet or dramatist, excepting Ben Jonson and Shirley. Theirs was not the age of literary gossip; no one troubled to record details of Spenser's birth or childhood, and no one went to Canterbury to glean anecdotes of Marlowe. Of the great successors of Shakespeare we are specially ignorant, above all of Webster; and the majority of the lesser men are names only, not even the dates of birth and death being known. Milton knew Shakespeare's greatness, at least in part, and Dryden appreciated him to the full; but neither Milton nor Dryden thought it necessary to record the information then accessible, now for ever lost. The best instances of the neglect of literary biography may be found in the folio

Beaumont and Fletcher, published 1647. The publisher assures the reader, truly or falsely, that he knew which plays were the work of Fletcher unaided, but would not tell; while the dramatist Shirley contributed an "Address to the Reader," couched in hyperbolical praise of his deceased friend's works, but added no word concerning the friend himself. Aubrey was the first man, in England or elsewhere, who systematically raked out personal particulars of remarkable personages, recording that Milton got up at four in summer, but at five in winter, and that Hobbes wore Spanish leather boots laced up at the sides with black ribbon. And in Aubrey's generation a curiosity about Shakespeare arose, sufficiently strong to make the greatest actor of the age journey as far as Stratford-on-Avon to learn his life-story. But he went too late. Half a century earlier such a pilgrimage as Betterton's would have ensured us a full biography of the poet. Now we must satisfy our longings with a meagre repast upon the crumbs left by Aubrey and a few others, whose frequent contradictions justify doubts of their authority. Too many writers have added suppositions, dovetailing their own fancies into the original accounts, to construct if possible a symmetrical edifice in which all unlovely details are obscured. This biography will endeavour to escape from the tangled growth of hypothesis and assumption to the firm open ground of recorded fact; the suggestions I have to make (as the almost certain omission of the word *under* in Aubrey's account), are given as suggestions only; nor do I build any theory on the fact, hitherto unremarked, that it is in his later works only, that Shakespeare shows intimate knowledge of the sea.

The difficulties, and the unjustifiable assumptions, begin with Shakespeare's parentage, nay even his ancestry. Even his name is capable of 4,000 variations of spelling. But we know certainly that the poet's father was John Shakespeare, who had married Mary Arden. It is probable that John was a son of Richard Shakespeare, a farmer established in 1528 at Snitterfield, where he died in 1560-1. Some years previously, by 1552 at latest, John[1] had settled in Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon. In 1556 he purchased two houses, one of them in Henley Street, and for about twenty years was a leading citizen of the little town, passing through various civic offices till in 1568 he became bailiff, or mayor; and in 1571 was chief alderman. Then from some unrecorded cause, probably financial difficulties, his interest in municipal affairs waned; his attendances were rarer and more rare till

[1] "He was a merry-cheeked old man," according to some very random memoranda made by Archdeacon Plume in 1656.

they ceased altogether, and in 1586 another alderman was chosen in his place. He had fallen into poverty.

Absolutely nothing is known of John or Mary Shakespeare, beyond the records in legal, municipal, or parochial documents. Theories of his unpractical character balanced by her shrewd common-sense are absolutely gratuitous; the facts equally justify a belief that she was a foolish woman, whose extravagance prevented his prospering. He apparently had a liking for municipal work, but that liking does not necessarily denote aptitude for personal profit. What is certainly recorded of John Shakespeare tells us that he, after his downfall, frequently appeared in the local court either as plaintiff or defendant; that he dealt in all kinds of agricultural produce, and is often described as a "glover." In 1575 he was still able to buy two more houses, one of them probably what is now shown as the "Birthplace," adjoining the one bought in 1556. Soon afterwards the tide of his affairs, for some unknown reason, turned to ebb; and for nearly twenty years he was continually in low water. The first proof of his poverty was his inability in 1578 to pay fourpence weekly poor-rate, and his contribution to the trainbands. He had then at least five children living; one died in 1579, but another arrived next year.

On November 14, 1578, John mortgaged his wife's property Asbies to her brother-in-law, Edmund Lambert, of Barton-on-the-Heath; and in the following October sold her Snitterfield reversions. Next year the Shakespeares rallied a little, and wished to recover Asbies, but Lambert had lent them money, and required all the debts or none. In 1585-7 and 1591 there were repeated and profitless writs of distraint issued against the penniless glover; and in 1592 he was presented as a recusant, with a note that his absence from public worship was probably due to "fear of process for debt." John Shakespeare in his turn pursued any debtors relentlessly, evidently having as good a memory as Strepsiades for the debts owed to him, however forgetful he might be of the debts he owed other people. But in 1595 a sudden change came. On March 9 he was, jointly with a chandler and a butcher, sued for a debt of £5; his own calling is not mentioned. After the first hearing his name was omitted from the suit, and never appeared again.

Relief from his long distress had come. In 1596 he applied for a grant of arms, claiming that the "pattern" had been given him, by Clarenceux, when he was bailiff; the claim was admitted, and a note in the document declares that the applicant was worth £500 in lands and tenements. In 1599 the claim was renewed; John Shakespeare asked for an exemplification of the coat assigned

him in 1568, and also for an impalement of the arms borne by the great family of Warwickshire Ardens. Garter King-of-Arms, in conjunction with Clarenceux, the antiquary Camden, formally granted John Shakespeare this shield: "Gold, on a bend sable a spear of the first, and for his crest or cognizance a falcon, his wings displayed argent, standing on a wreath of his colours, supporting a spear gold steeled as aforesaid." The motto was "Non Sans Droict." But the claim of impalement was evaded; it might have brought the Heralds' College into collision with a great family, and accordingly the impalement granted was that of the Cheshire Ardens, who were not likely to hear of it. The Shakespeares however never used this grant, which was doubtless unacceptable.

John Shakespeare died in 1601, and was buried Sept. 8; his wife survived him just seven years, and was buried Sept. 9, 1608. For them, the changing scenes of life recall their son's familiar sonnet, beginning in prosperity as a glorious morning, then overcast by the basest clouds; but these had opened at last into the resplendence of a golden sunset. Their eldest son, who one thinks had long been the sharpest thorn amidst their sorrows, a clever scapegrace, ne'er-do-well, and runaway, had emerged from the mire of youthful follies, rich, famous, and a gentleman. Let us hope they had some conception of his genius, some grain of the justifiable pride the parents of the greatest among poets might feel, some little enjoyment of his creations. It was during John's mayoralty that companies of players are first mentioned as performing before the mayor and corporation; but this was a legal formality, customary before permission was granted to act publicly, and in no way certifies to the mayor's personal tastes. In general matters John Shakespeare was fairly educated; apparently he could "write and read and cast accompt," though he sometimes made his mark. His wife, as far as is known, always made her mark.

John Shakespeare's sudden rise from poverty to prosperity is commonly, and naturally, assumed to be owing to his son's assistance; but the assumption, however probable, is only an assumption. Early speculations, in which he may have looked too far ahead, may have at last yielded the expected fruit.

His eldest son William is conventionally said to have been born in Henley Street, and on April 23, 1564. There is no proof of either assertion. The "Birthplace" was not bought by the Shakespeares till 1575. The register of baptism in the noble parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, must content us.

Gilbert, the second son, baptised Oct. 13, 1566, is reputed to have reached extreme old age. Joan, baptised April 15, 1569,

married Thomas Hart, and lived in Henley Street till 1646. Nothing is known of the third son, Richard, except that he lived from 1575-1613. Of the youngest child, Edmund, nothing is, strictly speaking, known after his baptism in 1580; but it is always, and reasonably, assumed that he was the actor Edmund Shakespeare, who was buried on Dec. 31, 1607, in S. Saviour's, Southwark, "with a forenoone knell of the great bell."

William, born in the time of his parents' prosperity, had a right to free education in the Grammar School when seven years old. Walter Roche was master until 1577. The young genius probably learnt the Latin accidence from Lily's grammar, and began acquaintance with the easier classics, including Ovid's Metamorphoses, and the modern Eclogues of Mantuanus. Nothing else but classics was then, and for long after, taught in grammar schools; Isaac Newton, a century later, had never even opened Euclid till he went to the university. The concentration on one subject, during boyhood, and the invariable employment of Latin for diplomatic intercourse, resulted in a very general knowledge of the language; Oliver Cromwell, trained at a grammar school, but only a few months at a university, was yet able when Protector to talk with foreign ambassadors in Latin. We need not undervalue Shakespeare's learning, and Aubrey plainly tells us that he understood Latin pretty well; but his occasional false quantities show that his acquirements stopped at construing. The advanced pupils in some grammar schools learnt the rudiments of Greek; it is not probable that Shakespeare did. Rowe's assertion that John Shakespeare soon had to withdraw his son from school, is perfectly in accordance with the records of his growing poverty, which had reached an acute stage in 1578.

Did William Shakespeare shrink from his forced plunge into the commonplace routine of mechanical daily labour, and loathe his sordid avocation among dull associates? Or did he rejoice at the escape out of plodding bookwork into free, open, active life? One inclines to the latter alternative. Ben Jonson, a few years younger, thoroughly schooled, and eventually profoundly learned, worked at bricklaying before he enlisted and fought; there is nothing astonishing in the greatest of poets practising a handicraft, any more than in his eating without a fork. And yet many hesitate to realise the creator of Virgilia and Miranda working as a slaughterman. For some years, perhaps as many as fourteen, he doubtless followed his trade, serving his apprenticeship; references to butchering are not uncommon in his works, the most remarkable being Rosalind's simile of the washing Orlando's liver as clean as a sound

sheep's heart, and Falstaff's of being carried in a basket like a barrow of butcher's offal.[1]

All these years, the outside limit of which is about 1576–90, did not pass idly by as regards William Shakespeare's education. Book-learning, indeed, it is commonly supposed was quite unattainable after he left school; but we have no evidence to show whether or not he read the English publications of the day. The probabilities are against it; yet it is perfectly possible he read many of them, and when we have no evidence an unqualified denial is inadmissible. Tottel's "Miscellany" was printed before Shakespeare was born; Chaucer's works still earlier; Edwards' "Paradyse of Daintie Devyces" in 1576; Spenser's first poem and Lyly's "Euphues" in 1579. The lad probably saw none of them, but we cannot positively affirm it. There were doubtless, in Halliwell-Phillipps' words, "not more than two or three dozen books, if so many, in the whole town," exclusive of Bibles, etc.; but we have no right to assume that Shakespeare never rode the forty miles to Oxford, and he may have reached the more distant London.

A certain acquaintance with dramatic performances may be reasonably predicated of the young Shakespeare.[2] It is hardly likely that he was invariably absent when touring players performed in the town; this was a frequent occurrence, four different companies acting there in 1587. Nor were the Coventry Mysteries beyond reach. He was only eleven years old when the Earl of Leicester celebrated Queen Elizabeth's visit with the famous pageants that drew the whole countryside to Kenilworth; but Oberon, describing to Puck the mermaid on a dolphin's back, so depicts the pageant actually shown before the fair vestal throned by the west, that one naturally suspects the boy William Shakespeare was present or heard eyewitnesses' descriptions.

In these years of growth William Shakespeare and the other butcher's son—his equal!—could gather in store of classical learning from the parson's sermons; the good side as well as the coarse side of their untaught associates was daily presented to their insight; and it is important to remember that Stratford-on-Avon was on a

[1]The Stratford-on-Avon regulation that butcher's offal was to be, not thrown on the "muck-hills," but carried out of the town at nine every evening, illustrates this simile.

[2]Yet more; he may have acted when a schoolboy. Plays were often presented by Grammar School pupils. Compare a descriptive madrigal entitled *The Country Cry* by Richard Deering:—

"O yes! all that can sing or say
Come to the Towne hall and there shall be a play
Made by the Schollers of the Free Schoole,
Where shal be both a devill and a foole:
At 6 a clocke it shall begin:
And you bring not money you come not in."

principal highway to Wales, and contained several important hostels. William Shakespeare, lad or man grown, was not shut out from the great world; he would witness stately cavalcades riding on the high road, and stopping at the Bear or Crown; and would see and hear much more of all grades of social life than would be possible in a small or large town of the present time. The great nobles, even the Warden of the Marches, with their imposing trains of serving-men, the squire with falconer or huntsman following, the travelling judge and his guard, the merchant, the preacher, the wayfarer, all alike had to pass in full view through Stratford town and over the bridge. Shakespeare's eyes and ears would be as attentive to remark these human diversities as to note the details of organic and inorganic nature, so far as Warwickshire and Gloucestershire display them.

One thing seems to have been lacking; a germen of literary ambition. Shakespeare apparently remained deficient in the wish to "leave something so written, to after times, as they should not willingly let it die." If we knew the circumstances, we might learn that the deficiency was only apparent, that it was not Shakespeare's fault that we have received so mangled a version of his works. What we actually know leads only to the conclusion that Shakespeare, bred among folk who could hardly have known that such a thing as literary fame existed, remained all his life careless to perpetuate his labours. His colleagues wished his popular dramas should be kept from the printers; and he let them have their will, alas!

CHAPTER II.

Marriage, and Departure from Stratford-on-Avon.

MATERIALS:

Marriage Bond in the diocesan registers of Worcester, dated November 28, 1582. Two farmers of Shottery guaranteed the bishop in the sum of £40, against any trouble which might arise from a special permission granted "William Shagspere" to marry "Anne Hathwey of Stratford" with once asking of the banns. (Full text in Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*: Domestic Records VI.)

Dowdall's account: "The clerke that shew'd me this church is above 80 years old; he says that this Shakespear was formerly in this towne bound apprentice to a butcher, but he ran from his master to London, and there was received into the playhouse as a serviture." (Notes of a Visit to Stratford, 1693.)

Archdeacon Davies's account: "Much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sr . . . Lucy, who had him oft whipt and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country to his great advancement." (Notes, made before 1708.)

Rowe's account: "Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father propos'd to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continu'd for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of forc'd him both out of his country and that way of living which he had taken up: and tho' it seem'd at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily prov'd the occasion of exerting one of the greatest genius's that ever was known in dramatick poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engag'd him with them more than once in robbing a park that belong'd to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Cherlecot, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him. And tho' this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was oblig'd to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London. It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse." (Founded on traditions gathered at Stratford-on-Avon by Betterton.)

WILLIAM Shakespeare married early. Cohabitation began before marriage, as was then not uncommon after formal betrothal. Advent, when marriages were not celebrated, was near; and accordingly permission was sought for hastening the ceremony. The bride, Anne Hathaway, was eldest daughter of Richard Hathaway of Shottery, a hamlet about a mile from Stratford.

He had died a few months earlier, leaving Anne (or "Agnes") £6. 13s. 4d. If the inscription on her tomb states correctly, she was eight years older than her husband. Absolutely nothing is recorded of her personality. Marriage bonds, such as the one quoted, were common in Elizabethan times; and there is nothing exceptional in the circumstances of this marriage, except the absence of allusion to the bridegroom's parents. As John Shakespeare was then in poverty, he could not offer himself as security, whether he favoured the marriage or not. But by a very singular coincidence, on the very day next preceding the date of the bond, on Nov. 27, the bishop licensed "William Shakespeare" to marry Anne Whately of Temple Grafton! There were so many William Shakespeares in the county that curious theories need not be fabricated.

Record of the ceremony is not known; there is a tradition that Luddington chapel, the curate of which had been schoolmaster at Stratford, was the scene. The poet's first child, Susanna, was baptized six months later, May 26, 1583. Twins, a boy and girl, were baptized Feb. 2, 1585, and were named Hamnet and Judith, which indicates that Hamnet Sadler, a baker, and his wife, Judith, were sponsors. The boy died in 1596; the two girls grew up, married, and survived their father. No other children were born to the Shakespeares, so far as is known; certainly none who lived to be mentioned in his will.

For seven years after the baptism of the twins we are without any documentary information of the poet's life. Nothing is proved by the appearance of his name in a Bill which his parents filed against Lambert in 1589. If ever he were a schoolmaster or a lawyer's clerk, this must have been the time; but there is no reason to believe that he was. Aubrey, I suspect, in his abbreviations intended to read "in his younger years (*under*) a schoolmaster"; and Aubrey's guess that Shakespeare was "about eighteen" when he went to London, sufficiently disproves the idea of his having been a schoolmaster. His knowledge of law, however accurate, is not singular among Elizabethan writers; and both his father and himself were so frequently concerned in legal transactions that he could have picked up quite casually all the law terms employed in his dramas and sonnets.

Shakespeare next appears established in London. Why did he leave his native town?

The deer-stealing anecdotes are not contemporary, nor does Aubrey mention the matter, but perhaps he suppressed his knowledge of discreditable doings. The best evidence is the mocking at Sir Thomas Lucy in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, gibes which

we should not appreciate if the deer-stealing tradition had perished. Malone's contention that the regular deer park at Charlecote was not established till later, is not conclusive; a local belief, that Fulbroke Park was the scene, is challenged by the fact that Sir Thomas Lucy did not own it; but a confirmed poacher would not content himself with the plunder from a single estate. The stories tell us not of a single offence, but of many; and Sir Thomas Lucy was a very strict game-preserver, moving Parliament in 1585 for severer laws against poachers. He was also strait-laced and puritanical, probably a genuine prototype of Butler's Hudibras as well as of the Justice Shallow of 2 *Henry IV* and the first scene of the *Merry Wives*. The tradition must be accepted; the young genius, son of parents fallen from a good estate, with three babies of his own, strayed among a rout of ill-conditioned fellows, and brought on himself virulent persecution, till at last he sought safety in flight. One stanza, beginning "A parliament member, a justice of peace," was said on seventeenth century testimony to have been the beginning of Shakespeare's ballad upon Sir Thomas Lucy.

It might seem natural that the man who had so unparalleled a gift for dramatic poetry, with frequent opportunities of seeing dramatic performances, should make his way to the place where he could exercise that gift, not requiring any external stimulus to leave his native place. But what says Carlyle?—

> "I think always, so great, quiet, complete, and self-sufficing is this Shakespeare, had the Warwickshire Squire not prosecuted him for deer-stealing we had perhaps never heard of him as a Poet! The woods and skies, the rustic Life of Man in Stratford, these had been enough for this man."

Shakespeare had to acquire the dramatic power, even the poetic power. Keats, with small Latin and no Greek, but with English models before him, finished his career at the age of 25; Shakespeare's own contemporary, Marlowe, did not live to be 30; nor did Shelley; the ploughman Burns issued a volume of poems when 27; Byron found himself a famous poet at 24; Milton wrote *Comus* before he was 26; most wonderful of all, Chatterton ended his career at 18. Compared with these and many others Shakespeare, like Molière, was late in arriving at his goal.

Biographers have commonly calculated that the deer-stealer fled from Stratford-on-Avon to London about 1586. We have no evidence of the date, nor of the direction of his flight. He may, for all we know, have traversed the "high wild hills and rough uneven ways" of the Cotswolds, which he so frequently names, have gone through "Woncot" to Berkley Castle, "by yon tuft of trees,"

and taken ship at Bristol. His knowledge of the seashore appears in sonnets and early dramas; but only in later dramas does he speak with raptures of the broad ocean. Many have suspected that he visited Venice; he may have trod "that pleasant country's earth," and have observed "far-off mountains turn'd to clouds," before he settled in London, but we have no proof. And Shakespeare was singularly ignorant of geography. His mistakes about Bohemia, copied from Greene, were repeatedly ridiculed by contemporaries; and his blunders about Verona, Milan, Mantua, and Bergamo, are singular. His conception of travel was invariably a sea-voyage; Russians journeying to Navarre turn sea-sick; Verona is a seaport; Milan is a seaport; Mantua has shipping; Bergamo, sailmakers. One might almost assert that foreign countries presented themselves to Shakespeare's mind much as they do to the Englishman who has once taken a day trip to Boulogne, and ever after thinks of "abroad" as a seaport.

The probabilities are in favour of the literal accuracy of Rowe's account, that through the Squire of Charlecote's persecution Shakespeare fled alone, and went to London. One biographer gravely argued that the poet fled from his scolding wife, not from Sir Thomas Lucy; continual domestic broils drove him to a "solitary migration." There is not the slightest evidence that she was deserted; she may have followed him to London with the children as soon as he was settled. For all we know to the contrary, she may have borne him other children who died young in London. One fact points to the conclusion that she was at some time alone and in distress. Thomas Whittington, once her father's shepherd, died in 1601, and in his will directed that a debt of £2 owed him by Anne Shakespeare should be recovered from her husband. As the Shakespeares were then in full prosperity, the natural explanation is that Anne had borrowed the £2 in some earlier distress, and had forgotten or evaded payment. But we know nothing positively.

The sum total of our knowledge of this momentous period in the poet's life amounts only to this:—William Shakespeare was married and had three children; he fell into disreputable courses, turned poacher, was unrelentingly prosecuted by a local magnate, and had to leave Stratford-on-Avon at some date between 1584 and 1592. He probably went straight to London, and not later than 1590.

CHAPTER III.

Settlement in London: Shakespeare the Actor.

MATERIALS:

"J. M. Smith said he had often heard his mother" (Mary Hart, d. 1785, a descendant of Shakespeare's sister, Joan Hart) "state that Shakespeare owed his rise in life, and his introduction to the theatre, to his accidentally holding the horse of a gentleman at the door of the theatre on his first arrival in London; his appearance led to inquiry and subsequent patronage." (*Monthly Magazine*, Feb., 1818; similar accounts, with the addition of Shakespeare's being so much in request that he engaged boys to assist him in horse-minding, had been given in the eighteenth century by Dr. Johnson and other biographers.)

Rowe's account: "He was receiv'd into the company then in being at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguish'd him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer."

Aubrey's account: "This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guesse about 18, and was an actor at one of the playhouses and did act exceedingly well. Now B. Johnson was never a good actor, but an excellent instructor. He began early to make essays at dramatique poetry, which at that time was very low, and his playes took well. He was a handsome well shap't man, very good company and of a very readie and pleasant smooth witt. . . . . He was wont to go to his native country once a year." (*Lives of Eminent Men.*)

"From an actor of playes he became a composer." (Note by the antiquary, Rev. William Fulman, d. 1688.)

Greene's warning against actors, addressed to Marlowe, Peele, and Lodge: "Unto none of you, like me, sought those burrs to cleave; those puppets I mean that speak from our mouths, those antics garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I to whom they have all been beholding—is it not like that you to whom they have all been beholding—shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be both of them at once forsaken? Yea, trust them not, for there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his Tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country." (From Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, written on his death-bed, and published by Chettle, Sept., 1592.)

Chettle's Apology: "I am so sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the qualitie he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which augurs his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art." (*Kind Harts Dreame*, Dec., 1592.)

THERE is no reason for doubting the legend that a young man fresh from the country, alone in London, looking for anything by which he could keep body and soul together, one day held the horse of a gentleman going into the Theatre or Curtain; and even in minding horses, made himself so remarked that he gained a humble place inside the theatre, quickly rising to higher

an heroic drama, had been successful, and that the actors were turning from the accredited dramatists to the new-comer risen out of their own ranks. Chettle's apology does not name Shakespeare, but sufficiently indicates him by the word *qualitie*, applied commonly to his profession. Shakespeare, then, was in 1592 already known as a successful dramatist, besides being an actor, and personally esteemed by some of the higher classes. We shall next see him in another character.

CHAPTER IV.

The Narrative Poems; the Sonnets.

POETS have always been differentiated from dramatists, more or less loosely. Until we agree on a satisfactory definition of poetry we shall never be able to say positively whether a successful dramatist is to be counted among the poets; in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries he was generally excluded. Addison in 1694 counted neither Shakespeare, Jonson, nor any other Elizabethan dramatist worthy a place in his Account of the Greatest English Poets.

It may have been this distinction that impelled Shakespeare, after the success of his first plays, to seek a place also among poets; nor is it impossible that Greene's venom had a share in producing the wish. Any man attacked as "an upstart crow" might judge it advisable to let the world know he could also sing in emulation of the nightingales. In addition Shakespeare had the stimulus of partial idleness, the theatres being closed for almost all the plague year, 1593. There are traces of his company visiting Bristol and Shrewsbury, but his enforced leisure must have been considerable.

On April 18, 1593, *Venus and Adonis* was licensed, and a few weeks later it was on sale. Next year, on May 9, *Lucrece* was entered on the Stationers' Registers. Both works were printed by Richard Field, a native of Stratford-on-Avon, and were dedicated by Shakespeare to the young Earl of Southampton. The first dedication is conventional in tone though dignified; the second is couched in terms which suggest a respectful intimacy. In calling *Venus and Adonis* "the first heire of my invention" Shakespeare can hardly have meant anything other than "the first poem I have published." Both poems rejoice in an unimpeachable text: *O si sic omnia!*

The success of the poems was astonishing. Seven editions of *Venus and Adonis* appeared in Elizabeth's reign, and six more under James I and Charles I; three of *Lucrece* under the Queen, three under James I, and one during the Commonwealth. They

were then neglected till the eighteenth century; and Shakespeare dropped out of the list of English poets.

In spite of the greater finish, higher aim, and stronger emotions of the later poem, it has not the charm of the first sprightly running; in *Venus and Adonis* we find depicted the country life which the author had lived, and which holds us as the moralisings of *Lucrece* can never do. The over-free colouring of *Venus and Adonis* was objected to even in those plain-speaking days; the choice of Lucretia's fate may have been determined by this consideration.[1] Still, amid the general chorus of approbation, there were heard voices hoping that Shakespeare would treat "some graver subject"; and in *The Return from Pernassus*, a Cambridge drama, one sign of the fool's folly is the worshipping sweet Mr. Shakespeare, whatever the duncified age might esteem of Spenser and Chaucer. But Shakespeare did not continue in this line of work; he was apparently satisfied with his success, or preferred not to spare time from writing dramas and acting.

Shakespeare, as is testified by Meres in 1598, had written "sugred sonnets among his private friends." The publication of sonnet-collections had begun in 1591, and a continual stream followed for several years, many by Sir Philip Sidney, Watson, and other deceased writers being printed. The addressing a number of sonnets to some half-imaginary mistress or patron, endowed by the poet's fancy with more than human perfection, became a kind of graduation exercise. After a few years the fashion changed; Dowland began the publication of "Ayres" with music, and sonnet-collections fell out of favour. Shakespeare's were at last issued by T. Thorpe in 1609; they were reprinted in 1640, but in quite a different order.

Of all Shakespeare's works, these sonnets remained longest unappreciated. Dr. Johnson declared an Act of Parliament alone would make them read. The first outspoken declaration of their merits came from Wordsworth, who complained of their neglect; he set the fashion of regarding them as heartfelt outpourings in which Shakespeare's inmost self could be seen. Alexander Dyce declared himself "well-nigh convinced that most of them were composed in an assumed character on different subjects, and at different times, for the amusement, if not at the suggestion, of the author's intimate associates." The present writer is of Dyce's opinion.

Each of these sonnets (except No. 126) consists of three quatrains and a couplet. They offer evidence that this form is more difficult than the Petrarchan form of octave and sestet; and several

[1]Stanza 250 of *Lucrece* suggests Shakespeare's slaughterhouse experiences.

CHAPTER V.

Prosperity.

SHAKESPEARE is named, with Burbage and Kempe, among the company who acted two comedies before Queen Elizabeth at Christmas, 1594, and were ordered £21 in reward. The sweet swan of Avon had begun those flights which, as Ben Jonson tells us, "did so take Eliza," and afterwards King James. The rising dramatist had become a luminary of the theatrical world, and by his published poems had established a claim to be respected among the many who looked down upon theatrical amusements. About this time all the other popular dramatists had left the scene. Marlowe, the most gifted of all, and whose finest speeches Shakespeare had not then equalled, died not a year after Greene; Kyd, of whom we know practically nothing, about the same time; Peele was nearing his sad end; Lyly wrote no more; Lodge was turning from literature to medicine; Nashe wallowed in controversy. After 1593 Shakespeare can have had no serious competitor for royal and popular favour until 1598; he was writing about two plays a year, among them several which have retained special popularity even till now. What he received for his dramas may be to some extent surmised from the entries made in the diary of Henslowe of the Rose Theatre, who gave at this time sums varying from six to eleven pounds for a new play, with extra gratuities and percentages when a success was made. Shakespeare, working for the principal company, and by far the most successful writer of the day, doubtless received much higher sums than Henslowe's hacks.

But Shakespeare's gains as an actor must far have exceeded his author's fees. He has been usually credited with exceptional business capacity, on the ground that he saved money; but his colleagues, Burbage, Heminge, and Condell all died worth at least as much, while Edward Alleyn of the Fortune made far more. In 1635, forty years after this period, an actor's income was reckoned at £180 a year. The purchasing power of money was then several times as great as it is now; and it is only reasonable to assume

that Shakespeare earned in all the equivalent of at least £1,000 in the present day.

We have evidence that a William Shakespeare, very probably the dramatist, lived in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, and removed about 1596 into the Liberty of the Clink, Southwark. When Shakespeare first came to London, the only two theatres were just outside the city boundaries, and Bishopsgate would have been convenient for an actor's dwelling. The Rose was built on the Bankside by Henslowe before 1592; Burbage built the Blackfriars in 1596; the centre of theatrical life was changed to the south of London, and Alleyn made a memorandum in 1596 that Shakespeare lodged near the Bear Garden in Southwark. The entries in the Subsidy Rolls therefore probably refer to the dramatist, who seems to have left Bishopsgate before the levy was made in 1596, but to have paid later.

At this time the Shakespeare family were in full prosperity. It was in 1596 that John Shakespeare applied for his grant of arms, and was noted as worth £500. But on August 11 the poet's son Hamnet was buried, and all hopes of founding a family, if such had been cherished, were blighted. We know absolutely nothing of the boy, who may have been killed in an accident or weakly from birth.

The finest house in Stratford-on-Avon was situated opposite the Guild Chapel, at the top of Chapel Lane, which leads down to the river; it had been built by Sir Hugh Clopton about 1483, and still retained the name of New Place. On May 4, 1597, Shakespeare bought New Place, which was then in very bad repair; he paid £60 for the house, two barns, and two gardens. The vendor William Underhill, died on July 7 before the transfer had been effected; the incapacity of his son Fulk, and the minority of his brother Hercules, delayed the final settlement of the matter until May, 1602. And thus the scapegrace, poacher, and runaway of only a few years before—perhaps twelve, perhaps only seven—was in 1597 more than rehabilitated in the eyes of his neighbours; he had risen above them all. The tradition recorded by Rowe, that the Earl of Southampton presented Shakespeare with £1,000 for a certain purchase, suggests the acquisition of New Place, though it cost far less; the patron's munificence, though remarkable, is not incredible.

CHAPTER VI.

Will. Shakespeare, Gent.

DOWN to the nineteenth century, distinctions of rank were very real and potent. The disgust caused by the admission of a Reading clothier's son and a Chichester citizen's son into Charles the First's Council was a leading factor in creating that hatred to bishops which eventually brought on the Civil War. In the eighteenth century, Johnson and Boswell discussed whether one would rather dine with a duke or the greatest genius; and even in George the Fourth's reign the conqueror of Napoleon had to conquer aristocratic prejudice against the "mushroom duke." And though we were all born into the belief that the gold is more important than the guinea-stamp of rank, yet Englishmen have not ceased to love a lord or quite lost the feeling that it is as temerarious to attack the failings of our betters as it was when herald Mercury reproved the humble island-nymph Calypso for justifying her weakness by pleading the frailties of Olympian goddesses. So much in justification of Shakespeare's heraldic honours, which some think a pitiable vanity in so great a man. His father, not himself, applied for the coat-of-arms; and most probably the original impulse came from the mother. The attempt to recover her estate of Asbies apparently failed. Objections to Garter's new grants of arms were made by Rouge Dragon and York Herald; the former mentions actors of the Globe Company among those who had improperly obtained grants, and the latter named Shakespeare and Cowley, probably the dramatist and his colleague.

There are a few traces of Shakespeare's importance in his native town, shown in correspondence of Stratfordians accidentally preserved. On January 24, 1598, Abraham Sturley, writing to Richard Quiney in London, alludes to Shakespeare as "willinge to disburse some monei upon some od yarde land or other att Shotterie or near about us," and adds Quiney's father thought Shakespeare might buy the tithes of Stratford; and in a letter on November 4, Sturley refers to Shakespeare being able to "procure us monie." Quiney's father wrote to his son: "Yff you bargen with Wm. Sha . . . or

Phillips was called before the Privy Council, but released. Two years later Queen Elizabeth died, but Shakespeare found another patron in James I, and though Chettle called on "Melicert," who in the margin is called "Shakspere," to lament over the dead Queen, no response came from the dramatist.

The Lord Chamberlain's company, to which Shakespeare belonged, now became the King's; and for the state procession from the Tower to Westminster, Shakespeare received four and a half yards of scarlet cloth. A warrant was issued on May 17, 1603, to Lawrence Fletcher (who had acted in Scotland), William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, and others, to act plays, "As well for the recreation of Our loving subjects as for Our own solace and pleasure when We shall think good to see them." The tradition recorded by Rowe, that James wrote a letter with his own hand to Shakespeare, expresses more than in our days can well be appreciated; a monarch deigning to write to an actor would be a mark of favour beyond precedent, and if the letter really passed into D'Avenant's possession, as stated by the Duke of Buckinghamshire, we need not give up all hope of recovering it.

Royal favour, rank among the gentry, and popular success did not prevent Shakespeare from attending to prosaic business details at Stratford. He first appears in the Stratford court, where his father had so often figured, in July, 1604, when he sued Philip Rogers for £1. 13s. 10d., the balance of an account for malt delivered in March, and money lent on June 25, of which Rogers had paid 6s.; the nearness of the dates points to a quarrel rather than to Shakespeare's greed for money. August 17, 1608, he brought an action against John Addenbroke, and obtained judgement on March 15 for £6, and £1 4s. costs; finally, as Addenbroke fled, Shakespeare proceeded against his surety Thomas Horneby.

But another thought is aroused by the names of characters in his drama. Among the plays written about 1597-1601, are quite a number of characters apparently named after Stratford citizens. Fluellen, Bardolph, Peto, Perkes, were there in the town; and so was Stephen Sly of the *Shrew*. A dramatist would not in our days use his humble neighbours' names thus; but what were the feelings of Stratfordians? That the squire of New Place should commemorate them may have been very flattering, especially if he arranged performances in the town and they thus saw themselves.

After 1604 we hear no more of Shakespeare as a London actor, except one uncertain allusion in 1609. He may have retired to his native town about 1605; and it is not impossible that he had resolved to retire both from acting and writing plays, and that King James's letter recalled him.

In 1606 we once more find proof that Shakespeare was at work upon drama, but nothing personal is recorded. Then in 1607 came his elder daughter's wedding. On June 5, Susanna, then aged 24, was married to a physician, John Hall; he brought a strain of Puritanism into the family. One muses whether Shakespeare's wife had similar sympathies, then becoming very strong in the town. Shakespeare's few references to Puritanism, all perfectly casual, have been strangely misread;[1] he tells us his opinions on that form of religion no more than on the opposite Roman form, whose hostility to theatres was more virulent than the Puritan objections, as is shown by the treatment of Molière's and Adrienne Lecouvreur's remains. About Christmas Edmund Shakespeare died at Southwark; but he was buried with ceremony, not cast out like Adrienne.

In 1608 Shakespeare lost his aged mother, who is supposed—there is no proof—to have remained at the "Birthplace" after her husband's death. On October 16 the poet was godfather to the son of John Walker, a mercer and alderman of Stratford. Petty lawsuits and the difficulties with the tithes, must have kept Shakespeare closely in touch with Stratford, even if he had not finally settled at New Place. An important but vague allusion makes us suspect he was still acting in London, at least occasionally.

The lease which the Burbages had granted to the Children of the Chapel Royal was bought out in 1609, and the owners resumed possession of the Blackfriars Theatre. According to the litigation of 1635, "men-players which were Hemings, Condell, Shakespeare, etc." were then substituted for the children; and received shares in the receipts. As nothing in the plea turned on the accuracy of players' names the document cannot be held an absolute proof that Shakespeare regularly acted as late as 1610. At his visits to London he may have made himself "a motley to the view" for a time; he would probably bring a new play with him rather than entrust it to the carrier.

Since Shakespeare began his career, the rewards of dramatists as well as of actors had very much increased. In the Alleyn Papers we find that Daborne, decidedly a second-rate writer, received £25 for a play in 1613. What the celebrated and popular Shakespeare received we can but conjecture to have been several times as great. Shakespeare's accumulated property, his shares in the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres, and the price received for his

[1] In *Winter's Tale* IV. ii. 46, the shearers are described: "Three-man songmen all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and basses; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes." This passage, in modern language, signifies: "They are all scientific musicians, but there are few tenors amongst them; there is only one Puritan, and even he sings his psalms to dance-tunes." But it has been supposed an attack on Puritanism!

new dramas, must have ensured him an income sufficient to justify the legend that he spent £1,000 a year.

About 1608 Shakespeare penned the magnificent storm-scene in *Pericles*; and two or three years after followed the scarcely inferior opening of *The Tempest*. He wrote in these as a man may who has actually experienced a hurricane on the ocean; and were he not Shakespeare we might take these scenes, combined with Edgar's description of a view from Dover cliffs, as proof that about 1607 he crossed the Channel or even took a long sea-voyage. There is nothing of the kind in the earlier plays or the sonnets, which always describe the sea as it appears from the shore; so, too, the storm scene at the exposing of Perdita, which is described from the shore, tastes as little salt as a storm seen from Brighton. Let no theory be built on the facts; Shakespeare knew by instinct better than others know by experience. But to the last he could not write of geography without blundering.

His native district still occupied his attention. A mulberry-tree that stood in the grounds of New Place was believed to have been planted by him; it was cut down by the clerical owner in the eighteenth century. In April, 1610, he bought twenty acres of pasture land, acquired, like the arable land, from the Combes. He appears with other principal townsmen as a subscriber towards the expenses of an Act of Parliament for "better repair of the highways" in 1611. On March, 1613, he was in London, and purchased a house in Blackfriars, for which he paid £140; the day after Shakespeare mortgaged £60 till Michaelmas; but he never paid off the £60. As he at once let the house to John Robinson, he did not intend it for his own town house. Two years after a bill[1] was filed in Chancery by Shakespeare and other property owners in the neighbourhood against Matthew Bacon, who had refused to give up certain deeds; a decree in their favour was pronounced on May 22, 1615.

The visit to London in 1613 was connected, or at any rate synchronised, with a most interesting work of Shakespeare's. From the MSS. of the Duke of Rutland, published 1906, it appears that Shakespeare was paid 44s. for designing an *Imprese*, and Burbage another 44s. for executing it. Sir Philip Sidney had designed such heraldic badges; and Ben Jonson wore one of his own designing. In April, 1613, the nobility appeared in a tournament at court, when the splendour of the *Impreses* was particularly remarked.[2]

[1]This lawsuit was discovered by C. W. Wallace, of Nebraska University; text of all documents in the *Standard*, October 18, 1905.

[2]See *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1906 (Mr. Sidney Lee).

Shakespeare's skill in such a matter had not been suspected till the examination of the Belvoir MSS.; this discovery and the preceding one embolden us to hope that much more light may yet be thrown on his biography.

In 1614 we find several references to Shakespeare at Stratford. In July the elder Combe died, and bequeathed him £5; a doggrel epitaph on Combe has been laid to the charge of Shakespeare, but it had already been printed in part, and the whole appeared in Brathwaite's *Remains*, 1618. After Combe's death, his son and another landowner endeavoured to enclose the common lands at Welcombe. They failed eventually, but gave the Stratford Corporation considerable trouble. Shakespeare, being interested as owner of half the tithes, at once obtained a deed of indemnification from Combe's agent. The proceedings tell us that Shakespeare was in London in November 1614; otherwise, though the town clerk Greene personally visited him there, and the Corporation on December 23 drew up a letter asking him to aid them, he apparently held aloof.

CHAPTER VIII.

Chronology of the Dramas; the Performances.

THE plays Shakespeare had written up to 1598 are mentioned, not quite fully, in a list given in Meres's *Palladis Tamia* published September, 1598. Meres balances six comedies and six tragedies. We can continue the catalogue till 1602, but subsequently difficulties arise. The known dates are:—

1, 2, and 3 *Henry VI*: *First Part* apparently mentioned as a popular play by Nash, 1592; *Third Part* quoted by Greene. Fragment of *Second Part* published 1594; of *Third Part*, 1595. All printed in the folio 1623.

Titus Andronicus: Acted and printed 1594.

(All the above are considered only in part Shakespeare's.)

Richard III: Printed, 1597.

Taming of the Shrew: Founded on an old farce. The *Induction* uses Warwickshire names both of places and persons.

King John: Founded on an old play *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*.

Comedy of Errors: Probably the "play of errors" acted in Gray's Inn Hall, December 28, 1594.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

(The last four were not printed till 1623. Three are mentioned by Meres, who also mentions an unknown *Love's Labour Wonne*, possibly the *Shrew*.)

Love's Labour's Lost: Acted at Court, 1597.

Richard II: Printed, 1597.

A Midsummer Night's Dream: Mentioned, 1598; Printed, 1600.

Romeo and Juliet: Printed (imperfectly), 1597.

The Merchant of Venice: Mentioned, 1598; Printed, 1600.

1 *Henry IV*: Printed, 1598.

2 *Henry IV*: Printed, 1600.

Henry V: Acted, 1599; Printed (imperfectly), 1600.

As You Like It: Prohibited from being printed, 1600; printed 1623.

Much Ado About Nothing: Printed, 1600.

Merry Wives of Windsor: Printed (imperfectly), 1602.

Twelfth Night: Acted, Feb. 2, 1602; printed 1623.

Hamlet: Entered on the Stationers' Registers, July 26, 1602.

Contemporary allusions lead us to believe that the most successful of these were *Richard III*, *Romeo*, and *Hamlet*, in which Burbage was famous; and *Henry IV*, in which Heminge is reputed to have played Falstaff. Kempe and Cowley were very successful as Dogberry and Verges. In several comedies, as *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Merchant of Venice*, the contrast between the two principal female characters is accentuated by one being tall and the other short; it is most plainly marked in *As You Like It*. But we do not know who the original actors were. There must have been some member of the company who was extremely thin, and could make up as almost a Living Skeleton; Shakespeare seized on this peculiarity and invented characters specially to display it. Old or dying men, for instance Gaunt in *Richard II*, Egeon in the *Errors*, Egeus in the *Dream*, would naturally be allotted to such an actor; the parts specially invented for him were the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, Pinch in the *Errors*, Robert Falconbridge in *King John*, the First Beadle (probably also Feeble) in *Henry IV*, Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Starveling in the *Dream*, and the Tailor in *Taming of the Shrew*.[1] Each of these characters is specially described in such words as "famished," "goodman bones," "a death's head," "a mere anatomy." Perhaps Falstaff's hugeness was suggested as a novelty after several stage appearances of the reverse quality.

After the production of *Hamlet*, the chronology of Shakespeare's plays becomes a difficult matter. Malone, who can be trusted, published a list of performances at court, from the records of the Audit Office, then at Somerset House; these have since been removed to the Public Record Office, and cannot now be found. J. Payne Collier, who cannot be trusted, published a similar list with more detail; it is probably an embroidered copy of Malone's. From various sources we are able to state positively the following dates of dramas produced after *Hamlet*.

Othello :	Acted at Court, Nov. 1, 1604.	Printed	1622.
Measure for Measure:	" Dec. 26, 1604.	"	1623.
King Lear:	" Dec. 26, 1606.	"	1608.
Pericles:	Entered on the Stationers' Registers, 1608.		
Troilus and Cressida:	Printed 1609.		
Cymbeline:	Seen by Forman in 1610 or 1611.	Printed in Folio,	1623.
Macbeth:	" " April 20, 1610.	"	
Winter's Tale:	" " May 15, 1611.	"	
Tempest:	. . . Acted 1611.	"	

We have no certain evidence of the dates of *Antony and Cleopatra* (which may have been "A book" entered on the Stationers'

[1] Launcelot Gobbo may possibly have been another, which would give point to Shylock's allusion to gormandizing and rending apparel out.

Registers in 1608); of *Henry VIII* (which was probably the play acted when the Globe Theatre was burnt on June 29, 1613), and of *Julius Cæsar* (probably the "Cæsars Tragedye" acted at court, May, 1613). Of the dates of *Coriolanus* and *Timon* we have no evidence at all; nor of *All's Well that Ends Well*, which is commonly supposed a recast of an earlier play, on the insufficient ground that there is one dialogue in rhyme as there is in *Othello*. All critics, from the time of Rowe, are agreed that *Pericles* is only in part Shakespeare's; *Timon* also contains some doubtful portions. It is generally allowed that much of *Henry VIII* was written by Fletcher. *Edward III*, published 1596, contains one scene which may have been Shakespeare's. *The Two Noble Kinsmen* was published in 1634 as the work of Shakespeare and Fletcher; there are some speeches, and even whole scenes, fine enough to be Shakespeare's, but the question of authorship is unsettled.

In the later plays, written at Stratford, the stage-directions are much fuller than in the earlier, when Shakespeare was a member of the company, and could personally supervise every performance. The repetition of stage-effects in several plays is remarkable. Macbeth's hands, and then Lady Macbeth's, are incarnadined; similarly Julius Cæsar's murderers wash their hands in his blood. A banquet is laid, but frustrated, in *Timon*, *Macbeth*, and *Tempest*. Stationary characters watch a procession, and discuss each successive member, in *Pericles*, *Troilus*, and *Macbeth*. A bear hunts a man in *Winter's Tale*; hounds hunt Caliban and his accomplices. In *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, and *Henry VIII*, visions are seen. Storms and the bringing in of human heads are common; in four plays the heroine carries flowers. There are set dances by several couples in *Pericles*, *Timon*, *Winter's Tale*, *Tempest*, and *Henry VIII*.

CHAPTER IX.

Death. The Fate of Shakespeare's Works.

MATERIALS:

Rev. John Ward's notes: "Shakespear, Drayton, and Ben Jhonson, had a merry meeting, and itt seems drank too hard, for Shakespear died of a feavour there contracted." (Memorandum Book written 1662-3 at Stratford-upon-Avon).

Archdeacon Davies's notes: "He lays a heavy curse upon any one who shal remove his bones. He dyed a papist." (Notes, written before 1708.)

THE Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, writing while Shakespeare's daughter Judith was still alive, and when every townsman over fifty must have remembered the local hero, ought to have been able to tell us correctly how and why we lost the greatest of Englishmen at the comparatively early age of 52. What Ward reports is unpleasant to modern taste, though our forefathers through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would have been little moved by any such story; and the mind is relieved when one learns there is a substantial reason for doubting it. Shakespeare had given directions for his will some time before, and it was drafted on January 25, 1616. One must suppose warnings had already been felt. Then, on February 10, came the sudden marriage, without banns or license, of Judith Shakespeare, now 31 years old, with Thomas Quiney. Why was it hurried? On March 25, Shakespeare's will, largely interlineated, was signed. The much-derided bequest to his wife of "my second-best bed with the furniture" indicates that she was bed-ridden. Just a month later Shakespeare was buried.

Ward's evidence, however much the preparation and completion of the will may be thought to weaken its force, cannot be rejected altogether. The legend that Shakespeare once matched himself against the Bidford Sippers, was overcome, and slept under a tree from Saturday till Monday, may be dismissed as valueless; but Ward had such full opportunity of knowing the facts of Shakespeare's last years, that we must accord a certain measure of belief to his story. "Drink," wrote Drummond of Jonson, "was one

Shakespeare's will was proved by John Hall on June 22, 1616. New Place and all the Stratford properties, except the tenement in Chapel Lane, were bequeathed to Susanna Hall, who also received the house in London. The younger daughter, Judith Quiney, received the tenement in Chapel Lane and £300 in money, also his great silver-gilt bowl; the rest of the plate went to his granddaughter Elizabeth. His brother Gilbert is not mentioned. There were bequests to his sister Joan, to his godson, to the poor of the town, and to numerous friends, the only ones of interest to us being 26s. 8d. each to his old colleagues Burbage, Heminge, and Condell, for rings. John and Susanna Hall were made residuary legatees.

There is no mention of any shares in the Globe or Blackfriars theatres. Some writers have animadverted on the absence of all allusion to books or manuscripts. There were probably some books at New Place; but Shakespeare's was a creative not a studious mind, and he may have possessed hardly more books than Homer did. It is not probable that he owned any of his manuscripts, even of the later plays; when a play was finished he would naturally take it to London and pass it over to Heminge and Condell. No one felt any curiosity for original autographs in those days, even for Shakespeare's, Spenser's, Sidney's, Bacon's, or Fletcher's; and all alike have disappeared. Some of Shakespeare's may have been destroyed when the Globe Theatre was burnt in 1613; many of his contemporaries' works are known to have perished entirely in the fire at Drury Lane, 1617.

For some years after his death a few of the older publications were reprinted, with the one important addition of *Othello* in 1622. At last a syndicate of publishers arranged with Heminge and Condell to publish the whole of Shakespeare's works in folio—a formidable undertaking, and a sufficient proof of Shakespeare's reputation. Thus finally, in November, 1623, appeared *Mr. William Shakespears Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies.*

The Folio, despite the editors' protestations of accuracy, was carelessly printed, and the usual list of errata was missing. A reprint was called for only nine years later, but the text was worse than before. *Pericles*, which had been in the hands of a low publisher who probably would not come to terms with the original promoters, was added with six spurious plays, to the third impression in 1664; and to the fourth, which appeared in 1685. By this time Shakespeare's reputation was so established in England that Rowe, in 1709, published an edition with a biographical introduction, and now the text began to be edited in a scholarly manner. But the

works have required so much labour in emendation of blunders, and elucidation of obscurities, and illustration from bygone manners, that "Shakespeare" has become a practising-ground for casuistry. Let it be always remembered that he was an actor, writing his plays to be publicly acted before a popular audience.

HENRY DAVEY.

BEN JONSON'S VIEWS ON SHAKESPEARE'S ART.

ON the summit of the Elizabethan Parnassus the man who stood nearest Shakespeare by his genius was Ben Jonson, and the man who stood furthest by his temper, his literary principles, his conception of life was Ben Jonson.

Jonson was a romantic in his actions, and a classic in his works. Personally he was ever ready to encounter dangers and quarrels, to risk adventures, and enjoy the unexpected. The tame life of a conservative bourgeois was repellent to him. But he proved a conservative in his plays, and a close observer of realities; an "empyric," a "sponge," said his contemporaries;[1] to admit there, by exception, the unexpected and the wonderful, he must have historical proofs and the unimpeachable authority of classical authors. He quoted them, referring the reader to chapter and page, in order to make it quite plain that Fancy had no part in his works: they were made up of conscientious observation and accurate knowledge; they were the fruit of patient labour.

With him, the domain of Fancy is his own real life. She causes him to follow an erratic and changeful career, now a day labourer, now a soldier, now a poor actor, "ambl[ing] by a play-waggon, in the highway,"[2] now a stately author, and man, or rather king, of letters; sometime a protestant, then a catholic, then again a protestant. He fights well in Flanders. "True soldiers," he could write later,

> . . . I love
> Your great profession, which I once did prove,
> And did not shame it with my actions then.[3]

He challenges and kills Gabriel Spencer "cum quodam gladio de ferro et calibe vocat[o] a Rapiour," is sent, or goes to prison a first time, then a second, then a third, in danger of having his thumb

[1] *Returne from Parnassus*, Part 2, I. ii; *Poetaster*, IV. i.
[2] Dekker, *Satiro-Mastix*, 1602, *Works*, 1873, Vol. I. p. 229. [3] Epigr. cviii.

marked and his ears cropped, "almost at the gallowes"[1] on one occasion. He is in love with that "Castalian liquor," as he calls it—canary wine[2]—gets not "nobly wild," but "dead drunk" in the Paris streets, and apparently elsewhere also, comes to actual blows with Marston and takes "his pistoll from him," mixes in the dangerous politics of his day, follows the Court at times in its journeys, as familiarly admitted among the great as among the habitués of the tavern:—

> I . . . live and have lived twenty year
> Where I may handle silk as free and near
> As any mercer, or the whale-bone man
> That quilts those bodies I have leave to span;
> Have eaten with the beauties and the wits,
> And braveries of Court, and felt their fits
> Of love and hate.[3]

He alternately befriends, fights, befriends again, and sometimes fights again, Dekker, Marston, Overbury, Inigo Jones and others, associates with a company of actors, quarrels with it, makes up the quarrel, ever ready to resume the fray. Fights and quarrels have for him an irresistible attraction, they give zest and interest to his life. As he has fixed opinions on everybody and everything, as they are usually severe, and as he expresses them ever in the loudest tones, occasions for quarrelling never fail him. To keep accounts, to save, to introduce order into his life, is for him an impossibility; his plays will be as well-ordered as he can make them, not his life. He fears nothing, neither physical nor moral danger, nor poverty: "At last they upbraided my poverty. I confess she is my domestic; sober of diet, simple of habit, frugal, painful, a good counsellor to me."[4]

His usual attitude is one of defiance; he *can* be sweet, tender, elegiac, but is so on rare occasions only; he is more especially known as an ever ready critic dipping into "gall" a "porcupins quill,"[5]

[1] *Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond*, ed. Laing, Shakesp. Soc., 1842, p. 19.

[2] "A good meal among players" was for him a peerless diversion; and "when his belly is well ballassed and his brain rigged a little, he sails away withal, as though he would work wonders when he comes home."—*Every Man out of his Humour*, Induction. The year before his death, when supposed to be very poor, we still find him offering his literary friends a "solemne supper," with "good company, excellent chear, choice wines, and jovial welcom," and all very pleasant until "B[en] began to engross all the discourse" and "to vapour extremely of himself."—James Howell, *Familiar Letters*, April 5, 1636.

[3] *Underwoods*, lx.

[4] *Timber or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter, . . . by Ben: Johnson*, 1641; ed. Gollancz, Temple Classics, c. p. 69, or ed. Schelling, Boston, 1892. Part of Jonson's *Discoveries* "flow'd out of his daily readings," part out of his own brains. The importance is the same in both cases as showing us the views and principles he adopted or rejected.

[5] Howell to Jonson, May 3, 1635; *Familiar Letters* (Second ed. 1650), p. 208.

"of an ingenious and free spirit," says he himself, "eager and constant in reproof, without fear, controlling the world's abuses. One whom no servile hope of gain, or frosty apprehension of danger, can make to be a parasite, either to time, place, or opinion."[1] "I cannot escape," he writes elsewhere, not without visible satisfaction, "from some imputation of sharpness, but that they will say, I have taken a pride or lust to be bitter, and not my youngest infant but hath come into the world with all his teeth."[2] Depending on the goodwill of the Court and of the public, he speaks to both from on high; dedicating *Cynthia's Revels* to the Court, he signs: "Thy servant, not thy slave." As for "the beast, the multitude,"[3] before whom he has after all to produce his plays, for no Blackfriars can be so small as to be filled only with Crites, Horaces, Aspers, and other duplicates of Jonson himself, each appeal to it is a denunciation of its ignorance, dullness, and stupidity. "Neither praise nor dispraise from you can affect me,"[4] he declares. Nor does he feel less scorn for the thoughts and views of the rabble of "poets, poetaccios, poetasters, poetitos."[5] What pleasure could he derive from the laudations of any such? "It is as great a spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by a wrong person, as can be done to a noble nature."[6] As for letting pass unnoticed any occasion for quarrelling, it is for him an impossibility: "I might have passed by, as granted to a nation of barkers . . . yet I durst not leave myself undefended, having a pair of ears unskilful to hear lies."[7]

In all these respects Shakespeare is the exact reverse and counterpart of Jonson. He is a romantic in his plays, a conservative bourgeois in his life. With him Fancy's domain is limited to his brain's creation: the amplest, the most magnificent ever allotted to her, extending from Verona to Elsinore, from Prospero's Island and Titania's woods to Macbeth's castle and Lear's storm-ridden heath; from the world of man to the boundless world of philosophical thought. Fancy gets all this, as much as this; nothing more. "Great Will" is an impassioned thinker, creator and inventor; "Master Shakespeare" has clear, wise, reasonable notions of how life should be lived; he has known the pinch of poverty and does not want to know it again; he is a good accountant, a wise investor; he wishes to be able to retire to his native place, have the best house, and be among the most considered citizens there.

[1]Character of Asper (Jonson) prefixed to *Every Man out of his Humour*.
[2]Dedication of *Volpone*. "Court, city, country, friends,
Foes, all must smart alike";
Dekker had written of him (*Satiro-Mastix*; *Works*, 1873, I. p. 198).
[3]*Timber*, cxxxi. [4]Preface to *Catiline*, "To the reader in ordinary."
[5]*Magnetic Lady*, Induction. [6]*Timber*, xxiii. [7]*Timber*, c.

His aversion to quarrels is equal to Jonson's love for them. His "civill demeanor" had been early praised by Chettle.[1] "Gentle," "mellifluous," "honey-tongued," "honey-flowing," a "gentler muse," a "lighter sound,"[2] are the words by which contemporaries usually designate him; "sugar," "sugred dainties" are associated with him and his works; "gall" and "copperas," "wormwood and sulphur" with Jonson.[3] To keep aloof as much as his profession allowed him, to avoid scandal and noisy adventures, to let incipient quarrels die out is with Shakespeare a constant rule. He observes it so well (an extraordinary feat, given his genius, his celebrity, and the milieu he had to move in) that his career is one of the most colourless of the period; we know so little of it because there was so little in it. To find traces of him we have to look to public records: there we hear of his purchases and his law-suits against tardy debtors; more curious details have reached us about such secondary authors as a Daborne or a Marston than about Shakespeare, because their lives were less even. Given his "civill demeanor," few people were tempted to quarrel with him. When any attack was made or any literary wrong inflicted on him he said and did nothing. To Greene's slanders and Jonson's sneers he answered not a word. His propensity to hold aloof was an "all round" one, and led him to keep apart even on occasions when more would have been expected from his "open and free nature."[4] At a time when all authors exchanged complimentary poems to preface each other's works, when burly Jonson wrote many even in favour of men he liked little enough, not once did Shakespeare do the same. He never troubled any one for such verses, nor ever wrote any. Most poets paid their tribute to Elizabeth, to Prince Henry, when they died; he wrote nothing. More or less silly, ridiculous, or insignificant works were published under his name, he never disclaimed them; garbled texts of his own dramas, of the masterpieces of his peerless genius were issued, he never protested nor gave the real text.[5] Such an attitude under such provocation is absolutely unique.

There was in his day a feeling that dramatic works were, to be sure, the most attractive of all, but were literature of a rather low order. To be held a poet one should write poems, not plays. Whether Shakespeare agreed or not with these views he behaved as if he did. Composing the most splendid masterpieces the stage had ever seen, he did not show by any sign that he had the slightest

[1] *Kind-Harts Dreame* [1592]. [2] *Histoire littéraire du Peuple Anglais*, II. p. 604, Note 1.

[3] Prologue to *Volpone*; Epigr. ii. [4] Ben Jonson, *Timber*, lxiv.

[5] On a single occasion we find him, or rather his troupe, taking cognizance of an attempt to print *As You Like It*, and one or two other plays of his. Their motives had nothing literary; all they wanted was to prevent the text being placed, by printing, at the disposal of other troupes.

regard for them. The only works of his which he published were his *Venus* and his *Lucrece*, and the occasion being in his opinion worthy of it, he chose for the former such a haughty epigraph as Jonson himself might have selected, thus showing that he intended there to act, and take rank, as a real poet: "Vilia miretur vulgus! . . . "—"Neque, me ut miretur turba, laboro" was Jonson's epigraph for his *Alchemist*. In his Stratford retreat, living in peace, comfort, and contentment, with plenty of time and nothing to do, Shakespeare never prepared any edition of his plays, in this again the opposite of his great rival. Jonson reacted against the contemporary bias; his concern for his plays was as great as Shakespeare's neglect of his own; he made an effort to collect the best of them, and published a first instalment, boldly entitling it his "Works"—his usual defiant audacity; mere plays in those days to be called works!

> . . . He told them plainly he deserved the bays,
> For his were called works, where others were but plays.[1]

And not only did he publish his dramas, but he annotated some of them, taking upon himself the task Muret had assumed before towards Ronsard, and E. K. towards Spenser. To imagine anything further from Shakespeare's ways is scarcely possible.

No wonder that great Will's personality looms so indistinctly before us. The outline is scarcely visible, the hues are pale; to tone up their portrait of him, many have taken their colours from his plays, a temptation difficult to resist, but a temptation from the evil one. Jonson, on the contrary, stands out in bold relief, constantly described, praised, blamed, extolled, and caricatured by his friends, by his foes, by himself. His words, his works, his physical appearance, his "hundreds of gray hairs," "prodigious waist," "mountain belly," and "rocky face,"[2] his tastes, opinions' dispositions, views and appetites, are constantly alluded to or minutely expatiated upon in his plays, poems, prefaces, epigrams, and in those of others. Wherever he went he drew attention; he spoke loud, expressed trenchant views, said memorable things: people listened, remembered, and even took notes. When Shakespeare spoke people were delighted, we cannot doubt it, but no Drummond ever took note of anything he said. No Howell, proud of his intimacy, collected any of the letters he had written to him. He

[1] Suckling, *A Session of the Poets*.

[2] *Underwoods*, vii. lxx. "A huge overgrown Play-maker," he says of himself (*Staple of News*, fourth Intermean); he has, of course, great contempt for the fop who tries "making the waist small, binding it with hoops" (*Timber*, cii). His face is "like a rotten russet apple when 'tis bruiz'd" (Dekker, *Satiro-Mastix*).

himself did not attach importance enough to his plays to try and preserve them; much less to his words and opinions, and if these had for him no importance, neither did his hearers do anything to preserve them. With Jonson anything he did, or simply said, was important: "Language most shows the man."[1] He had his pupils, his sons, his followers, his "tribe," and was proud of them, though he would, at times, pretend he did not care. Shakespeare had no such court around him, but neither did he have, like Jonson, choruses of "barkers" at his heels; he could have truly said with the poet in one of his plays:

> My free drift
> Halts not . . . No levell'd malice
> Infects one comma in the course I hold;
> But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
> Leaving no tract behind.[2]

In literary matters the views, or at all events the deeds, of the two great men differed as widely as they well might: their practice more even than their theories. For, in some rare cases, more or less clear allusions in Shakespeare allow us to think that his own personal views came closer than his practice to the Jonsonian ideal. He knows that there are rules, though he does not follow them; he praises, by the mouth of Hamlet, a regular tragedy of the sort which, as it is "caviare to the general," he will never write. For while Jonson wants to subdue, Shakespeare wants to delight his public; and when the public's tastes and his own differ, Shakespeare sacrifices his own without hesitation. He is as full of kind attentions to his audience as Jonson is ready with taunts, threats, and contumely. Thus it is that, while writing plays of this sort, Shakespeare jeers at plays where "a jig or a tale of bawdry" is introduced to keep the silly from sleeping, where everybody dies at the end, clowns interrupt by their follies the most serious speeches; conceits, practical jokes, mystifyings, and surprising adventures are superabundant. He agrees with Jonson that "the censure of [the judicious] must . . . o'erweigh a whole theatre of others."[3] Such are—in theory—his theories. But,

> La foi qui n'agit point, est-ce une foi sincère?

He has no warm attachment for them; he does not fight for them,

[1] *Timber*, cxxi. "Oratio imago animi." [2] *Timon*, I. i.

[3] *Hamlet*, III. ii. Addressing "the learned critic," Jonson writes:

> "May others fear, fly, and traduce thy name
> As guilty men do magistrates . . . "

this is as for himself the "sole censure" he minds.—*Epigr.* xvii.

Let us recall to mind Shakespeare's aim in writing, what were his necessities, and whom he wanted to propitiate; his indifference to his works and to posterity, his alertness and promptitude; the means of pleasing he never failed to resort to when he thought they could entertain "the beast, the multitude," his carelessness as to facts, dates, geography, and decorum; the stale plays or common-place story-books from which he derived most of his dramas; his complicated plots, the devices, strange sights, wonderful adventures he admitted in his plays: all this and more was sure to fall under the criticism of Jonson. The more so as the critic's literary religion was a strict one and tolerated no heresies; his laws were carefully numbered for fear of omission. "For a man to write well, there are required three necessaries—to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise his own style." The good writer, the good poet must read considerably: "That which we especially require in him is an exactness in study and multiplicity of reading, *lectio*, which maketh a full man." He must read much, but not at random: "Our poet . . . must read many, but ever the best and choicest."[1]

What we know of Shakespeare's reading plainly shows that he followed no such rule. He seems never to have possessed any large collection of books: nothing to be compared to Jonson's own, so considerable that it enjoyed in his day a real celebrity; nor even to be compared to that of John Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law, for Hall could mention in his will what he calls his "study of bookes,"[2] while the great dramatist in his, mentions his sword, his "broad silver gilt bole," his famous "second best bed," but to books there is no allusion. As for choice, if Shakespeare made any, it was in favour of the kind of literature which was Jonson's particular aversion, common pamphlets, old dramas, "fur-worn" tales as Joseph Hall the satirist calls them; any sort of book in which he might find a story to be transformed into a play. For all such books Jonson never concealed his contempt. Those works alone should be read, he thought, that can improve one's style; a wise man is, like the lord Beaufort praised in the *New Inn*, familiar with the Iliad and Æneid, not with Amadis, Primaleon, or even Pantagruel:

> He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosiclers,
> No Knights o' the Sun nor Amadis de Gauls,
> Primaleons, Pantagruels, public nothings;
> Abortives of the fabulous dark cloyster,
> Sent out to poison courts and infest manners:

[1] *Timber*, cxv. [2] Halliwell-Phillipps, *Outlines*, 1898, II. p. 61.

But great Achilles, Agamemnon's acts, . . .
Tydides' fortitude as Homer wrought them
In his immortal phant'sy, for examples
Of the heroic virtue. Or, as Virgil,
That master of the epic poem, limn'd
Pious Æneas . . .[1]

Thus behaved men who shared Jonson's ideal, those whose society he best liked, thus did he act himself. Antiquity is never far from his mind; even in his masques he gives her an immense place, justifying the merest trifles by learned references to Strabo, Statius, Pausanias, Valerius Flaccus, Hesiod, Titus Livius, Horace, Virgil, Homer, etc.[2] If he gives the rose as an attribute to Splendour, he justifies his so doing by a Greek quotation from Achilles Tatius.[3] Nothing more natural, as "he was better versed," he declared to Drummond, "and knew more in Greek and Latin than all the poets in England."[4] Not so Shakespeare. Even in his official praise of him, while declaring with prophetic accuracy that this "star of poets" was "not of an age but for all time," Jonson could not help mentioning (for not to do so would have been in his eyes to lie) the great man's "small Latin and less Greek."[5] Jonson has been contradicted since by critics of abundant learning there is no doubt, and who took great pains to show that Shakespeare was by his erudition their very image: a delicate praise, to be sure. But they had not the advantage of being personally, familiarly, and for many years acquainted with Shakespeare, which diminishes somewhat the value of their compliment.

Far lesser works than even *Arthur* or *Pantagruel* were, in fact, the subject of Shakespeare's habitual reading; and when he took a plot from one of them, he preserved as a rule all the improbabilities, wrong dates, and wrong geography of the original, the famous seacoast of Bohemia, derided by Jonson and by everybody, being one of the most pardonable of his mistakes. Proteus' journey by sea from Verona to Milan, and his fear of losing the tide are much more remarkable. And the great poet's errors, gross, numerous, and incontestable, unwisely denied by ill-advised worshippers, have about the same importance as can have for men, mute with admiration at the sight of the midsummer sunset in Claude Lorraine's picture, the existence of spots in the sun.

To read such low literature with a practical object was not, in Jonson's eyes, an excuse, but an aggravation of the fault. A dra-

[1] *The New Inn*, end of Act I. [2] All these and more in the *Masque of Augurs*.
[3] *Masque of Beauty*. [4] *Conversations with Drummond*, p. 37.
[5] *To the memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us*, 1623.

matist must invent his own plot, except when he writes a tragedy: in this latter case he must turn to those same "best and choicest" books, the works of the ancients, and follow them closely, translate them even, be able to give proper references for what he says, mentioning the edition: "Tacit. Lips. in quarto, Antwerp, 1600."[1] Generally speaking, too much importance should not be attached to the plot. It should be left to an Antonio Balladino (Munday?) to write a play anyhow, and think "the plot shall carry it." To which Onion answers: "Indeed that's right, you are already in print for the best plotter."[2] Much better in any case an insignificant plot, thought Jonson, than a borrowed one. Proud of everything that was his, there was nothing he was prouder of than his originality. His muse

> . . . shuns the print of any beaten path;
> And proves new ways to come to learned ears.[3]

Even his jests were not borrowed, an unfrequent scruple in his day:

> Nor made he his play for jests stolen from each table,
> But makes jests to fit his fable.[4]

The same with his poems:

> . . . my strange poems, which as yet
> Had not their form touch'd by an English wit.[5]

No such scruple with Shakespeare, who felt no pride in any of his dramas, and showed nothing but indifference for them; who took as willingly as he gave, borrowing the more freely that he never printed nor called his any of his plays. He adapted old dramas as often as the occasion offered, absolutely indifferent to Jonson's or any one's censure of "play-dressers,"[6] and of those who "buy the reversion of old plays," and "waylay all the stale apophthegms or old books they can hear of, in print or otherwise, to farce their scene withal."[7] In saying which Jonson did not point, we may assume (and let us assume it, were it only not to raise Gifford's ghost), individually at Shakespeare, but certainly condemned things which Shakespeare had done. And it is no disparagement to the great dramatist's genius, and it is an actual fact, that in his *King John*, for example, much remains of the *Troublesome Raigne of John King of England*, the author of which cared even less than he, for his work, as, to this day, we do not know his name. Shakespeare

[1] Preface to *Sejanus*. [2] *The Case is Altered*, I. i.
[3] *Cynthia's Revels*, Prologue. [4] Prologue to *Volpone*. [5] *Forest*, xii.
[6] "A play-dresser and plagiary" is the description of Demetrius (Dekker) in *Poetaster*, V. i.
[7] *Cynthia's Revels*, Induction.

even "waylaid" his predecessor's artillery, and it is a pity he did not allow it to escape.

Each play, according to Jonson, must have one single, and not a double, plot. No double plot as in the *Merchant of Venice*, accepted by Shakespeare as he found it in an old play, will meet his approval. If the subject is drawn from antiquity, the manners of the ancients must be carefully observed and not modernised by anachronisms, either inadvertently through lack of knowledge or of care, or in hopes to make the multitude feel more at home. He will never have a Menenius Agrippa quote Galen six hundred years before the latter's birth, a Julius Cæsar wear a nightcap, and the French live in Gaul and go to battle under command of their marshal "Monsieur Le Fer," twelve centuries before the Franks left Germany. All these ways Jonson caricatured in his puppet-play, where he fuses the stories of Hero and Leander and of Damon and Pythias, the whole being modernised and *Londonised*. The true story would have been unintelligible, says worthy Lanthorne: "That is too learned and poetical for our audience; what do they know what Hellespont is?"[1]

In the eyes of Jonson, who left us however a fragment on the *Fall of Mortimer*, antique subjects are the best. Only a Fitzdotrell can find pleasure in learning his country's history "from the Playbookes"—

And thinke they are more authentique.[2]

Only a Lanthorne can, from good personal motives, praise the staging of modern events: "Your home-born projects prove ever the best, they are so easy and familiar; they put too much learning i' their things now o' days."[3]

When, after having read much and chosen a fit subject, the poet takes pen in hand, he must, according to Jonson (who on most points lovingly follows the precepts of the ancients) proceed very slowly, try, experiment, weigh his words, listen to their sound; a "laboured" style was in his opinion the best style; to please him a friend wrote to him: "Thy labour'd works shall live."[4] One who wants to become a good writer, says Jonson, "must first think and excogitate his matter, then choose his words and examine the weight of either . . . no matter how slow the style be at first, so it be laboured and accurate; seek the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits, or first words that offer themselves to us . . . Repeat often what we have formerly written."[5] Be not "forward

[1] *Bartholomew Fair*, V. 3. [2] *Devil is an Ass*, II. 4. [3] *Bartholomew Fair*, V. i.
[4] T. Carew, in answer to Jonson's ode "to himself." [5] *Timber*, cxv.

and bold," do "nothing rashly."[1] As for Jonson himself, the better to avoid rashness, "he wrott all his [verses] first in prose."[2]

The choosing of words and metaphors is very important; the multitude likes exaggerations; we must fight its bad taste; let us avoid "swelling or ill-sounding words," as well as "vicious language," which is "vast and gaping, swelling and irregular." Virgil is to be commended, who "brought forth his verses like a bear, and after formed them with licking."[3] Euripides is to be commended, who "had in three days brought forth but three verses." What shall survive is "things wrote with labour."[4]

Shakespeare did not write with labour; it is one of the few points concerning him about which we have positive testimony: the testimony of his fellow-players, Heminge and Condell, who in publishing his masterpieces, his "trifles" as they are pleased to call them, recall the fact, well known in their group, that "his mind and hand went together: and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse that wee have scarse received from him a blot in his papers."[5] An intimation confirmed by Jonson himself, whose words show that this was a current belief in his day: "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been: Would he had blotted a thousand," and he quotes, perhaps from memory, perhaps inaccurately, we do not know, a passage from *Julius Cæsar*:[6] Shakespeare, he says, wrote others of the same sort: "and such like, which were ridiculous," for the only reason that he did not follow the Jonsonian rule of care and slowness: "*Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius;" an uncomplimentary comparison with that notorious rhetor, so unable to control himself that he kept a freedman by his side to stop him when he went too far astray in his improvisations.

Having chosen a proper plot, and having exercised his style so as to be the master of a "pure and neat language" ("A barbarous phrase hath often made me out of love with a good sense"),[7] the conscientious writer will begin to build and decorate to his work. Certain kinds of ornament are passionately relished by the multitude. They must all be discarded, declares Jonson. They must all be admitted, thinks Shakespeare.

[1] *Timber*, lxv, cxv. [2] *Conversations with Drummond.*

[3] *Timber*, cxix, cxxii. [4] *Timber*, cxxx. [5] Preface to the *First Folio.*

[6] "Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause" (*Timber*, lxiv). Jonson must have been in the habit of ridiculing this passage (which, however, does not appear as he quotes it in Shakespeare's folio—the only text we have of his *Julius Cæsar*), for he alludes to it again in *Staple of News*, Induction.

[7] *Timber*, cxviii.

As we are moderns, we may, Jonson concedes, take some liberties with the rules of the ancients. "They opened the gates and made the way that went before us; but as guides, not commanders."[1] We must, however, know their rules and always observe them when there is not an absolute necessity for doing otherwise, never forgetting that the spirit of the rule is more important than the letter, and that we have a right to use "our own experience:" "I see not then, but we should enjoy the same license or free power to illustrate and heighten our invention as they did."[2] The main point, the spirit of the law, is to observe decorum: "The most of those your people call authors never dreamt of any decorum or what was proper in the scene."[3] What is "proper" is to remember that a comedy should be a plain and simple "imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis;"[4] in tragedy the main points are: "Truth of argument, dignity of persons, gravity and height of elocution, fulness and frequency of sentence."[5] Jonson flatters himself that he has followed the rules in all that is "needful:"

> The laws of time, place, persons he observeth,
> From no needful rule he swerveth.[6]

Unruly, unbridled, lawless writers will leave no perfect ensemble. His "servant Dick Brome" has succeeded on the stage; and how?

> By observation of those comic laws
> Which I, your master, first did teach the age.[7]

A patient, a constant reader, Jonson has not, it must be noted, studied only the ancients; he knows the great writers of his own country better than most critics in his day; but they are moderns, and their examples have not for him the sacred character of those given by Rome or Athens. In his *English Grammar* he quotes Chaucer, Gower, Sir Thomas More, Lydgate, Fox, Lambard, Jewel, Ascham, Cheke, lord Berners, etc. He wants the prentice writer to study the great Englishmen, beginning with the easiest: "Sidney before Donne."[8] He has a long enumeration of those among his compatriots whom he considers most eloquent.[9] But love in this case does not blind him; to these he gives their due, because he is just; to the ancients more than their due, because love impels him. When he describes the House of Fame in one of his plays, he recalls, as in duty bound, "that noble description by Chaucer,"

[1] *Timber*, xxi. [2] *Every Man out of his Humour*, Induction. [3] *Magnetic Lady*, Induction.
[4] *Every Man out of his Humour*, end of Scene i, Act III. [5] *Sejanus*, "To the Readers."
[6] Prologue to *Volpone*. [7] *Underwoods*, xxviii. [8] *Timber*, cxvi. [9] *Timber*, lxxii.

but he mentions only classic poets and heroes as having their statues there:[1] less generous than Chaucer who, though he wrote so early, gave room, at least, to "Englyssh Gaunfride." When Virgil appears in one of Jonson's plays he declaims a long passage from the Æneid;[2] when Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate and Spenser are called forth by Jonson from the realm of shades, the main thing he gives them to say is "We come, we come,"

> Our best of fire
> Is that which Pallas doth inspire.[3]

Some day, perhaps, the ancients will be surpassed, "if we can make farther discoveries of truth and fitness than they;" in the meantime "let us beware, while we strive to add, we do not diminish or deface."[4]

But those "jig-given times," as Jonson called his epoch, strongly differed from his tastes. The public wanted noise, amusement, and excitement; they were as fond of the indecorous as he of decorum. They never felt much enthusiasm for Jonson who grudged them the satisfaction of their tastes, but they flocked to Shakespeare's plays, not so much on account of the genius displayed in them as for the very faults condemned by the critic. They went as willingly and sometimes even more willingly to plays by third-rate poetasters, with no trace of genius in them, but with a complete array of those vulgar embellishments so dear to their heart.

These embellishments are enumerated one by one in Jonson's vituperation; plays by Shakespeare, Kyd, or Marlowe, *Pericles*, *Andronicus*, *Tempest*, *Hieronimo*, *Tamburlaine*, being sometimes expressly quoted by him, sometimes not. The system it was that Jonson blamed, and all that belonged to it was sure to fall under his strictures.

He hates, we know, a profusion of adventures and surprising encounters: "So if a child could be born in a play, and grow up to a man, in the first scene before he went off the stage, and then after to come forth a squire and be made a knight, and that knight to travel . . ."[5] All this is too far from truth: "Stand for truth and 'tis enough."[6] He ironically represents one of his hearers complaining: "That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son to love

[1] *The Masque of Queens.* [2] *Poetaster*, V. ii.
[3] *The Golden Age.* Skelton and Scogan have, however, a better lot in *The Fortunate Isles.*
[4] *Timber*, cxxiii. [5] *Magnetic Lady*, end of Act I. [6] *Timber*, xxii.

the waiting-maid: some such cross-wooing, with a clown to their serving-man."[1]

But the public loved such plays; they delighted in such cross-wooings, as when the orphan loved the count, who loved the widow's daughter, and the countess had a clown for her serving-man *(All's Well)*, or when Olivia loved Julia who loved the Duke who loved Olivia *(Twelfth Night)*. The multitude was in ecstasies when there was cause to declare in their presence that "the oracle is fulfill'd, the king's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad makers cannot be able to express it," as was the case in *Winter's Tale*.[2] The clown-servingman was a favourite, and constantly reappears on the Shakespearean stage, constantly entrusted with the most delicate and important messages; the message miscarrying, as might have been foreseen, and causing endless catastrophes. Dr. Forman, a spectator much above the average, went to see *Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, and *Macbeth*, and, noting down what had struck and pleased him most, recorded only the events in the plays, the adventures, the surprising occurrences, and mystifyings (1610-11).

Fools, drunkards, bawds, monsters, and ghosts offer also an easy means of pleasing the audience, easy and therefore detestable, thought Jonson: "I would faine see the foole," he causes one of his ridiculous characters to exclaim; "the foole is the finest man i' the company, they say, and has all the wit."[3] In his play, the *New Inn*, a drunkards' scene might have been excusable, but he would not offer his public this coarse amusement:

> He could have haled in
> The drunkards and the noises of the Inn
> In his last act; if he had thought it fit
> To vent you vapours in the place of wit.[4]

Neither the drunkards nor the servant-monster in the *Tempest* could please him any more than the clown-servingman in *All's Well*. Speaking of Jonson himself, the Scrivener, in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, declares: "If there be never a servant-monster i' the fair, who can help it? he" (that is the author) "says, nor a nest of Antiques? He is loth to make Nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*"—any plays in which can be seen the "scurvy monster," the "poor monster," the "abominable monster" (as Stephano calls him), Caliban, the dances of "several strange shapes" introduced in *Tempest*, the "Burgomask

[1] *Every Man out of his Humour*, end of Act I. [2] Act V, Scene ii.
[3] *Staple of News*, end of Act I. [4] *The New Inn*, Epilogue.

dance" of Bottom's companions in *Midsummer*, or the dance of "twelve rusticks habited like satyrs" in *Winter's Tale*.

"Immodest and obscene writing" was hated by Jonson,[1] but *not* by the crowd. The poet, though his own plays are not always free from coarseness, was passionately attached, he declared, to "the propriety, the innocence, and last, the doctrine, which is the principal end of poesie . . . If my muses be true to me, I shall raise the despised head of poetry again, and stripping her of those rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty."[2] A very sweeping statement this, for if no one is named, everybody is included, in it: the state of the realm of literature is such, on "this 11th day of February 1607," that there is need, we see, for one to try and "raise the despised head of poetry," as the name of poet has "become the lowest scorn of the age." Jonson had besides denounced in 1601 those "mansions," those "*Globes*" (he had then quarrelled with Shakespeare's company, and was shortly to be "untrussed"[3] by them) where there is "as much ribaldry in [the] plays as can be," where "all the sinners i' the suburbs come and applaud"[4]—all plays, past or future, by whomsoever they be or shall be, where "bawd," "pandar," and "whore" play their parts, be they *Pericles*, which he will, later, mention by name,[5] *Measure for Measure*, or any other, the work of Shakespeare or any one else. In favour of the great dramatist it must however be said that while presenting his "pandar," his "poor whore in a bawdy house," or similar characters, he wanted to raise the coarse laughter of a coarse audience ("rude and beastly claps," grumbled Jonson), to give them what amused them, but not to corrupt their morals: superior even in this to more than one of his contemporaries.

Strange sights, tumults, and prodigies, spectacles appealing to the senses more than to the mind, should be refused to the public (who loved them) almost as strictly as immodest ones. On this, from the beginning to the end of his career, Jonson never varied. In the Prologue of his earliest play, performed at the Globe by Shakespeare and his company,[6] he loudly protested against the

[1] *Cynthia's Revels*, Induction. [2] *Volpone*, Dedication.

[3] *Satiro-Mastix, or the untrussing of the Humourous Poet. As it hath bin presented publikely by the . . . Lord Chamberlaine his Servants*, by Dekker, 1602.

[4] *Poetaster*, performed in 1601, at the Blackfriars; III. iv.

[5] "No doubt some mouldy tale
Like Pericles, and stale
As the shrieve's crust, and nasty as his fish,
Scraps out of every dish . . .
May keep up the Play-club."
Ode "to himself," 1629.

[6] *Every Man in his Humour*, 1598; there is no motive to suppose that the Prologue is of a different date.

"ill customs of the age," those customs which Shakespeare had been following or was sure to follow (and actually did follow); against those men who, "with three rusty swords . . ."

> Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
> And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.

(as in *Henry VI*), the plays where a "chorus wafts you over the seas" (as would be the case in *Henry V*), where "a creaking throne comes down the boys to please" (as had been seen in Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*; as would be seen in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*), where a "roll'd bullet" imitates thunder, and the "tempestuous drum" a storm (as in numberless plays written or to be written by Shakespeare and many others). To all of which Shakespeare never objected anything, never answered a word, nor ever paid, while constructing his own plays,[1] the slightest attention. To the end of his career, Jonson persevered in his views; he said to his audience in 1626:

> Would you were come to hear, not see a play.

He remained all contempt for "nut-crackers that onely come for sight."[2] He accepts the solemn solitary ghost of the Senecan type: the ghost of Sylla will open his *Catiline*; but he rejects the modern ghosts of the romantic stage, the ghosts which crowd certain plays. "O," says Child 3 in the Induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, "I had almost forgot it too, they say the *umbræ* of some three or four plays departed a dozen years since have been seen walking on your stage here; take heed, boy, if your house be haunted with such hobgoblins, 'twill fright away all your spectators quickly." But the patrons of hobgoblins knew better. In this again it cannot be pretended that Jonson had especially Shakespeare in view: he had in view all those who acted thus, but one deduction from his words is certain, viz., that he could never approve of the eleven ghosts in *Richard III.*

Above these various considerations, rises one which commands all the rest and is never far from Jonson's mind: it has a supreme importance, and is the question of art. "To nature, exercise, imitation, and study, art must be added to make all these perfect. Ars coronat opus."[3] What is art? It consists, according to Jonson's opinion, in diligent selection and arrangement.

[1] In a passage of the same Prologue Jonson sneered, as Sidney had done before him, at the plays in which "a child now swaddled" suddenly reappears a bearded man. Shakespeare had written no such play as yet, but he did when he composed *Winter's Tale*, which Jonson seems to be describing here in advance.

[2] *Staple of News*, Prologue for the stage and Prologue for the Court. [3] *Timber*, cxxx.

But to be of any value the selection must be made by a man whom nature and learning have provided with taste, a clear mind, and the power of discriminating. Nothing without natural gifts, nothing without art. The excellent poet must have a just proportion of both.

Nature's help is indispensable. "Arts and precepts avail nothing, except nature be beneficial and aiding." Better even (and this is a great concession) bad taste than sterility: "That [vice] is worse which proceeds out of want than that which riots out of plenty."[1] To this, of course, Shakespeare agreed, but he went much further:

> . . . Nature is made better by no mean,
> But Nature makes that mean: so over that Art
> (Which, you say, adds to Nature) is an Art
> That Nature makes . . .
> The Art itself is Nature.[2]

A very dangerous theory, thought Jonson; one step more and we should reach those men who under pretence that "art itself is nature" count solely on "their own naturals;" they form the most dangerous category of all. "The wretcheder are the most obstinate contemners of all helps and arts; such as presuming on their own naturals (which perhaps are excellent), dare deride all diligence. . . . These are imitated often by such as are their peers in negligence, though they cannot be in nature." The danger is increased by the popularity of all such with the multitude "who think those things the stronger that have no art, as if to break were better than to open, or to rend asunder gentler than to loose."[3] And in the multitude, "the sordid multitude," must be included "the neater sort of our gallants: for all are the multitude, only they differ in clothes, not in judgement or understanding." They disdain those poets who will "prate and swagger and keep a stir of art;" they consider all such as "shallow, pitiful, barren fellows."[4] The masses "commend writers, as they do fencers or wrestlers, who if they come in robustuously and put for it with a great deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows: when many times their own rudeness is the cause of their disgrace."[5] Among the truly gifted, the worst offender in this respect was one who had on Shakespeare in

[1] *Timber*, cxvi. [2] *Winter's Tale*, IV. 3. [3] *Timber*, lxv, note 9.

[4] Opinion of Bobadil, whose literary ideal is *Hieronimo*.—*Every Man in his Humour*, I. 4.

[5] Preface to the 4to ed. of *Alchemist*, 1612, part of the ideas there being reproduced, in the same terms, in *Timber*, lxv.

early days a marked influence, the author of "the Tamerlanes[1] . . . of the last age,"[2] Kit Marlowe.

Art is choice; but choice made by the learned and gifted: "The learned ever use election and a mean; they look back to what they intended at first, and make all an even and proportionate body." And (as the ancients would have it) the truest artist will so conceal his efforts that only his peers will be aware of them: "He knows it is his only art so to carry it as none but artificers perceive it. In the meantime he is called barren, dull, lean, a poor writer . . . by those men who, without labour, judgement, knowledge, or almost sense are received or preferred before him . . . " But posterity will recognise the merit of his labours: "Another age, or juster men will acknowledge the virtues of his studies," his attention to "composition," his care ever to find "what word is proper."[3]

Time and time again, Jonson recurs to this subject, for none, he considers, is of higher importance: "I give thee this warning that there is a great difference between those that (to gain the opinion of copy) utter all they can, however unfitly; and those that use election and a mean. For it is only the disease of the unskilful, to think rude things greater than polished, or scattered more numerous than composed."[4] As for him, there is nothing he is more careful about:

> Let me be censured by the austerest brow
> Where I want art . . .
> I pursue no favour.[5]

No true idea can be formed of the grandeur and beauty of poetry unless she appears decked with "the majesty of art."

> But view her in her glorious ornaments,
> Attired in the majesty of art,
> Set high in spirite with the precious taste
> Of sweete philosophie, and, which is most,
> Crownd with the rich traditions of a soule
> That hates to have her dignitie prophaned
> With any relish of an earthly thought.[6]

How could Shakespeare stand in the eyes of a poet so disposed and holding such a creed? Jonson, everybody is aware, did not neglect to let us know: "Shakspeer wanted arte." By which must

[1] "And Tamerchams," a different play in the same style, but not by Marlowe; alluded to by Dekker in his *Satiro-Mastix*.

[2] *Timber*, lxv. [3] *Timber*, lxv. [4] Preface to *Alchemist*, 4to ed. 1612.

[5] *Every Man out of his Humour*, Induction.

[6] *Every eMan in his Humour*; a passage in the edition of 1601 suppressed afterwards (ll. 2901, ff. of the Bang reprint, Louvain, 1905).

not be understood that for Jonson the great dramatist had no art at all, but that he suffered from a want, that is from an insufficient amount or proportion of art. When we say that an army wants bread, we do not mean that it has none at all, but that it has not enough. Nature and art are both necessary to form the perfect poet, as Jonson conceived him; with Shakespeare the part of pure Nature was too great, that of art too small: he "had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped." His natural "wit" surpassed all that had been seen before, but lacked "rule."[1] Nature had done for him more than she ever did for any one else:

> Nature herself was proud of his designs
> And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;
> Which were so richly spun and woven so fit,
> As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.[2]

He had withal some art too. Although writing then a panegyric, and bound therefore to praise as much as possible, Jonson was too sincere a friend of truth to gainsay what he really thought. He could not, of course, speak in the impulsive style of a conversation with Drummond (who besides noted especially what was pungent in his guest's sayings); but there is obviously some embarrassment; the praise is not so whole-hearted as when he describes Shakespeare's natural genius:

> Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
> My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
> For though the poet's matter nature be,
> His art doth give the fashion.

Nature and art combined, the poet "made as well as born" appears:

> In his well torned, and true filed lines.[3]

The praise remains vague, general, and somewhat perfunctory; Jonson was obviously hampered by his inward judgement; which it would have been ungracious to deliver then and there: it was a public occasion; he did what he could to veil, as he thought, his friend's nudity.

So trenchant were Jonson's opinions, so aggressive was his temper, so scornful his disposition, that it was very difficult to escape

[1] Lines under his portrait, and the passage in *Timber*, lxiv: "His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too."

[2] *To the memory of my beloved, the Author Mr. William Shakespeare.* [3] *Ibid.*

being at least singed by his fiery criticisms. Any one who came near and differed from him was sure to receive some burns from the furnace; and few differed more from him than Shakespeare. Without, therefore, being at all sure that he had actually Shakespeare in mind, we find him ridiculing not only Shakespearean dramas but Shakespearean ways of life; actions which were certainly his; ways of expressing one's love which Shakespeare certainly employed.

With his taste for respectability and his set purpose to attain and enjoy it in his native town, Shakespeare, as is well known, made repeated efforts to obtain from those heralds who, "in the charter of the same doo of custome pretend antiquitie and service and manie gaie things,"[1] armorial bearings for his family. Jonson, who had arms of his own, never tires of deriding the man from the country "so enamoured of the name of a gentleman that he will have it though he buys it:" the very thing Shakespeare had done. In 1596, Garter King-of-Arms, had, at his request, taking into account the "valiant and faithfull service" of the poet's "antecessors" and adding, as usual, other "gaie things," granted the Shakespeares a coat of arms having for its crest a falcon "his wings displayed argent," and as a motto the words *Non sanz droict.* Jonson's hero obtains, in the same way, his patent, "for his money;" his crest is "a boar's head proper;" and what will be the motto?

Puntarvolo. Let the word be: "Not without mustard."[2]

The allusion seems so direct that the passage might be inserted in some future edition of Shakespeare's "Centurie of prayse," though praise it be not.[3]

The same with the love-poetry of Shakespeare: we can scarcely expect that "his sugred sonnets among his private friends," should have found in Jonson an indulgent critic. The most we can hope is that Jonson did not consider Shakespeare's efforts of this kind as the work of what he called a woman's poet: "Your woman's poet must flow and stroke the ear,"[4] his lines are "as soft as cream"[5]—

[1] Harrison, *Description of Britaine*, ed. Furnivall, I, p. 128.

[2] *Every Man out of his Humour*, III. 1; performed 1599. Jonson said sneeringly later: "Every poet writes squire now" (*Magnetic Lady*, Induction). Shakespeare however never "wrote" but "gentleman": "I, William Shackspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon in the countie of Warr. gent." (Beginning of his will.) As for the "heraldet," who could be tempted into yielding to such demands, Jonson wrote:

He can give armes and markes, he cannot honour
No more than money can make noble.

Staple of News, 1626.

[3] A newly discovered document shows that Shakespeare's negotiation with the heralds drew much attention and was criticised in more places than one.—See Sidney Lee, *The Future of Shakespearean Research*, *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1906, p. 774.

[4] *News from the new world . . . in the moon*, 1620. [5] *Timber*, lxv.

there is too much of "loves foolish, lazy languishment," said the author of the *Returne from Pernassus*, alluding to Shakespeare's *Venus* and *Lucrece*. But one thing is certain, viz., that one of the themes selected by Shakespeare as the subject of a sonnet is chosen by Jonson for the subject of his sneers.

> How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
> Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
> With thy sweet finger, when thou gently sway'st,
> The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
> Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
> To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
> Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap
> At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
> To be so tickled, they would change their state
> And situation with those dancing chips. . . .

So Shakespeare, in his Sonnet cxxviii—"You see," says Fastidius Brisk, "the subject of her sweet fingers there? Oh, she tickles it so that she makes it laugh most divinely. I'll tell you a good jest now, and yourself shall say it 's a good one: I have wisht myself to be that instrument, I think, a thousand times, and not so few, by heaven."[1]

Of all this Shakespeare took of course no notice. He did not feel in the least aggrieved. The play in which a fondness like his own for coats of arms was derided, was performed by him and his companions at the Globe. He laughed himself at his foible, and had his good-humoured jest at those "gentlemen born," who can certify that they "have been so any time these four hours."[2] As for his Sonnets, in spite of all he says in them of their assured immortality, he attached no more importance to them than to his plays; he never printed any, and when a pirate printed them, he said nothing.

For all their varied and indeed opposed views Shakespeare and Jonson never had any lasting differences. To prevent that there was, besides Shakespeare's aversion to a quarrel, a very important factor, —the two men's genius of which both were fully aware, and the two men's geniality which both appreciated and enjoyed. That they had verbal fights at the tavern, we know on positive testimony; but if they were eloquent, witty, and pungent, they were good-humoured. If those discussions had had any lasting effect, Jonson would not have failed to add this quarrel to the list he so complacently drew up before Drummond, and which Drummond no less

[1] *Every Man out of his Humour*, III. 3. [2] *Winter's Tale*, V. 2.

complacently recorded. The only contemporary allusion pointing to any asperity between the two men, is the well-known passage in the *Returne from Pernassus*, 1601; but besides being unsupported, it must be remarked that, firstly, it bears very well the interpretation given to it by Gifford; secondly, its import is greatly diminished by the fact that the words are attributed to Kemp, there represented as an ass and a blockhead;[1] thirdly, Jonson's *Sejanus* was performed shortly after at the Globe, and Shakespeare assumed one of the parts, 1603. But the best proof that there was no real quarrel is Jonson's testimony: "I loved the man."

That with all his "gall" and "copperas" Jonson could be good-humoured, friendly, and genial, there is no doubt. In his very harsh summing up of his visitor's character, written only for himself, Drummond said of him: "He is passionately kind and angry, careless either to gain or keep." Jonson has written with his usual sincerity, and with a modesty not frequent in him: "If in some things I dissent from others, whose wit, industry, diligence and judgement, I look up at and admire, let me not therefore presently hear of ingratitude and rashness . . . If I err, pardon me."[2] If he ever offended his friend, and some contemporaries certainly thought that he was, to use his own word, "malevolent" towards him,[3] he was certainly at once and heartily pardoned. The tradition of a visit of Jonson to Stratford with Drayton, a few days before the death of Shakespeare, seems very probable. At all events we may be sure that Jonson, weighing together all that he admired and all that he objected to in his friend, expressed nothing but what he thought when, forestalling distant posterity's judgement he exclaimed:

> Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
> To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.

That one was the image of "Apollo," the "star of poets," the "sweet swan of Avon," William Shakespeare.

J. J. JUSSERAND.

[1] "Our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down, ay, and Ben Jonson too;" he has given Jonson "a purge that made him beray his credit." IV. 3.—"He put him down," says Gifford, "as he put down every other dramatic writer." It must be noted, however, that the play or rather the group of plays is strongly anti-Shakespearean (without being favourable to Jonson) and that the author praises ironically here the great dramatist by the mouth of an ignorant (Kemp), who takes "Metamorphoses" for an author.

[2] *Timber*, xxii. [3] *Timber*, lxiv.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF THE AUDIENCE.

"Book both my wilfulness & errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate."

IF fault-finding were good criticism, it would be easy to criticise Shakespeare well; for his faults are like the prickles on a rose-bush: and what correlation between thorns and flowers? However, when I promised a friend to try to put into words the judgement which he supposed that years had matured in me, I was persuaded by the belief that there was a method of fault-finding which offered a sound basis for criticism, and might help to resolve some disputes. The appeal of poetry is primarily to the emotions and feelings: and since one can, without fear of intellectual disqualification, separate what one dislikes from what one likes, this first step may, even in Shakespeare, be taken with absolute security: and I thought that it led in a definite direction. Just as a chemist, who has some complicated mixture to analyse, will begin by treating the unknown compound with a simple reagent, and thereby find a precipitate, which will serve him as basis and clue to further examination, so I would begin by separating from Shakespeare's work the matters that most offend my simple feelings, and by the examination of the nature and cause of these offences find a clue to further procedure. Having thus indicated the logic which will govern the following essay, I devote my space to the illustration rather than to the process of the argument.

The first things which such an appeal to our instinctive feelings will unhesitatingly cast out, will be the bad jokes and obscenities; and the magnitude of these is of logical importance. As for the mere foolish verbal trifling, even if full allowance be made for Tudor fashions of speech, it shows a desire of Shakespeare to please a part of his audience with whom we have little sympathy, and proves that he did not aim at maintaining all parts of his work at a high level. As for the second item, the same judgement is inevitable: but he who reads for his pleasure will be unaware of the

extreme badness of passages which he has always disregarded or omitted. The fault is found chiefly in the earlier plays, and the history is generally free from it, but the women are tainted, and it is seldom entirely absent. In Shakespeare's work we cannot wholly account for it by any theory that does not embrace the supposition that he was making concession to the most vulgar stratum of his audience, and had acquired a habit[1] of so doing: and our supposition is confirmed by the speech of Hamlet to the players, where Shakespeare has put his own criticism into Hamlet's mouth.[2] He complains that the play in which the speech of Æneas occurs, and which he is commending, did not run more than one night, because it did not please the million; and that the million did not relish it, because it was unseasoned with their common spice. Without pressing Shakespeare's apology beyond its necessary meaning, it is a confession that he had himself deliberately played false to his own artistic ideals for the sake of gratifying his audience. Now this is just the piece of knowledge which we require, and it conveys the inference that Shakespeare would have met the taste of his audience in other matters also,—as, indeed, is implied in what he says about style and honest method, and by his praise of the speech:—I should therefore be prepared to find him disregarding other artistic proprieties for the sake of dramatic effect.

Hence it would appear that a knowledge of Shakespeare's audience would be the best key to many difficulties; and if we could have been present at a first performance of his plays, to witness what parts of them were applauded, and what parts were not duly appreciated, we should understand why they were written as they are. But though this is denied to us, we may with all confidence reverse the experiment wherever possible, and argue that certain scenes which offend our feelings, so that we cannot endure to see them in representation,—for instance, the murder of Macduff's child, the blinding of Gloster, "the piteous moan that Rutland made,"—did not offend Shakespeare's audience: and indeed if such exhibitions were comfortably tolerated, they were demanded of a dramatist who would fully arouse the feelings. These examples

[1] Thus, even in the *Tempest*, when Prospero, narrating to his daughter the story of the usurpation of his dukedom by Antonio, says, "Tell me if this might be a brother," Miranda, who is fifteen years old, and has been brought up on the island, wanders to the notion of her grandmother's possible adultery in a reply which is out of character, and untrue to the situation. This was a *cliché* of the time, and may be marked "*passim*" in Shakespeare. It was absolutely without significance, and thrust in wherever a fool might expect it.

[2] *Hamlet*, II. 2, "I heard thee speak me a speech once," etc. See *Shakespearean Tragedy*, by C. A. Bradley, Macmillan, 1905 (second edition)—a book which I mention with enthusiastic admiration. On p. 413, note F., Mr. Bradley examines this passage fully, and his general conclusions seem to me just. But the attitude of Polonius ("He's for a jig") cannot strictly be referred to the theatre; for it is evoked by the long recitation off the stage: and again it must be remembered that whatever Shakespeare says here about style has to be dated.

alone assure us that Shakespeare's audience was far blunter in feeling than our normal.

And this provides an ample account of the next fault that offends my feelings, that is what may be called brutality, which, though often mingled with the indelicacy already spoken of, must be distinguished from it. It is essentially an error of manners, an unnecessary rudeness, reaching sometimes to sheer brutality in the dialogue. From the unimportant but self-damaging rudeness of Valentine to Thurio in the *Two Gentlemen*,—how much better courtesy would have been!—to the extravagant grossness of Leontes' language to Hermione, there is every grade. Even in the *Tempest* Gonzalo is allowed to introduce himself with a stale jest, that involves him in his companions' vilification of the honest boatswain; and in proximity to Prospero's romantic cell there is a "filthy mantled pool" which is the occasion of a disgusting utterance in the mouth of the delicate Ariel: for I would extend the objection to this kind of coarseness.

How essential good manners are to dramatic art, supposing a refined audience, needs no illustration: if a son should speak one rude word to his father, he may forfeit all esteem. The predicament cannot be put better than Shakespeare has worded it, "Defect of manners, . . . the least of which . . . loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain upon the beauty of all parts besides": and yet he often disregards the propriety. The coarse terms in which Claudio repudiates Hero enfeeble the plot of *Much Ado*; and Capulet's language to Juliet, being enough to provoke and justify her running away, betrays the open possibility of her escape. But if the audience enjoyed realistic horror, it is only in keeping that the dialogue should be pitched in extravagant tones; and they were well accustomed to the indulgence.

No man can assert of any one of the actual conditions under which Shakespeare produced his work, that it was dispensable: but neither should one say that it was an advantage to have to write for a public of "iron nerves." These iron nerves were no part of Shakespeare's constitution; and to welcome thus the brutality in his work implies the belief that if his audience had been more like himself, and more capable of understanding his best, he would not then have written so well. Insensibility is not incompatible with bravery, and in semi-barbarous natures may be even a part of it, but it is as cognate with cowardice. To order a fellow-creature to be burned alive in one's presence argues iron nerves, and the people of the sixteenth century being possessed of this sort of stupidity, Shakespeare knew that he must reckon with it. In his *Richard II*,

York's speech, which begins "As in a theatre the eyes of men," takes its metaphors from the theatre, and these words occur, "That had not God for some strong purpose steeled the hearts of men" (here are the iron nerves), "they must perforce have melted, and *barbarism* itself have pitied him." Realise that this was spoken on Shakespeare's stage by one of his actors to his audience, and it is incredible that the rebuke, or appeal, or allusion, however we may interpret it, should not be intended. I fancy an objector here urging that Falstaff is in some measure indebted to the very influence that I am deploring; and the scenes in which he appears offer examples of concession: but although we cannot imagine that inimitable ruffian different from what he is, was, and ever will be, we cannot therefore assert that Shakespeare could not have made him as well, without such disgusting detail; in which case he would have been even better; and in any case he would be willingly accorded great exceptional license.

Next among the things condemned by instinctive judgement, I will name the readiness with which offences of the first rank are sometimes overlooked and pardoned. Valentine's reconciliation with Proteus, and the pardon of Angelo, will hardly find an advocate. What justification I have met with has been that this easy forgiveness was due to Shakespeare's great gentleness of mind, and was an idiosyncrasy in him; and passages are collected to illustrate it.[1] One must not overlook that Shakespeare required repentance before pardon: yet this off-hand repentance is unsatisfying. The offence in both the above cases denotes a vicious mind, and the mere disavowal of a criminal attempt that has not succeeded offers no trustworthy guaranty of future behaviour, which is what we, with our interest in the persons of the drama, immediately demand;—"the offender's sorrow lends but weak relief." But whether Shakespeare had, or had not, this view of the duty of all men to forgive all injuries on the first offer of repentance, yet such an extreme of gentleness cannot be attributed to his audience, and the appeal to such a disposition in them would have failed. If they could forgive Proteus and Angelo, it would be on the ground of their own indifference to the crimes, and because of a moral bluntness which did not discriminate; and my explanation would be that Shakespeare took advantage of this, and where his plot demanded a difficult reconciliation, he assumed its possibility, and accomplished it by a bold stroke, which any manœuvering would have frustrated. One may grant also that if his audience

[1]And thus the case of Proteus might possibly be the contemporary expression of the actual experience in Sonnet xl, etc.

looked for an extra-brutality of conduct, it was only reasonable in them not to insist on its punishment. Some critics argue that the end of the *Two Gentlemen* must have been tampered with; but the end of the *Winter's Tale*, which I shall notice later, is worse, and will, with other instances, corroborate the solution here proposed: and if that be agreed on, we have passed away from mere concession to the audience, and are come to discover Shakespeare taking advantage of their stupidity, and admitting inconsistencies or impossible situations for the sake of dramatic effect or convenience, where he knew that the liberty would be well tolerated. We are at the same time passing from matters which we decide unhesitatingly by our feelings, to matters in which the appeal, however aroused, is to the reason. As an example of this class, I will first examine what seems to me inconsistency in the character of Angelo in *Measure for Measure*.

Angelo, as introduced to us, is not a hypocrite, meaning by that term an unprincipled man who wears a mask. He is rather a Pharisee, a hard, cold, austere professor of virtue, with an introspective, logical mind of considerable intelligence and ambition. His most marked and consistently[1] maintained characteristics are heartlessness and over-regard for his reputation: he is therefore unholy, and yet he deems himself a saint: he is consequently a self-deceiver, and presumably a sincere one. He sets out on his main course in the drama stiff with the pride and self-confidence of his saintly reputation; then meeting with a strange experience, which something hitherto unsuspected or repressed within him converts into a temptation, he commits horrible crimes. His fall works his salvation, for he is thereby undeceived, and, knowing himself, repents, and is pardoned, and, we suppose, reformed.

Further we learn that five years before the time of the events in the play, he had courted and won the love of a lady without loving her, though it is possible that he persuaded himself that he loved: but his love vows had been only the formal procedure towards a desirable marriage, for when her dowry was lost, they went to the winds, and he saved appearances by defaming her character.[2] That this old scandal obtains but little attention in

[1]Consistency is a term which, when used of character, needs definition, and though it can hardly be misunderstood in this place, I will here state that what I mean by it is merely that a character should "hang together." For instance, alternating moods might be part of a consistent character; but if contrarious moods are pushed far and not reasonably motived, then the personality is dissociated, and becomes a pathological study which cannot hold our respect.

[2]That Angelo's calumnies of Mariana were maliciously invented is implied in the structure of the plot. Since, if he had honestly doubted of her virtue, whether rightly or wrongly, he is then free in so far from reproach, and the motive for the introduction of Mariana's dowry is lost: the point of it being to balance Angelo's wrong against Claudio's. They each avoid a legal marriage for fear of a money-loss, and thus Angelo condemns Claudio for a fault similar to his own.

the play does not lessen its enormity; and, making all allowance for self-deception, it is almost irreconcilable with sincerity of purpose.

His character, however, as introduced, is with this exception maintained till the end of his first interview with Isabella; after which he is, in a few hours, completely changed from a high-principled, stoical self-deceiver, to a licentious hypocrite trafficking in crime.

The situation might be satisfied either with an unprincipled or with a passionate man. Angelo is neither: there is no passion in his calculating lust. He seems to have been purposely constructed incapable of the required reaction. His temperament does not, I think, tally with the notion of the sudden outburst of an uncontrollable animal instinct which had been artificially repressed. Nor would the security of irresponsible power, which tempts some men to luxury, have undermined his motives for virtue, drawn as they were from public repute and self-esteem, which his promotion would heighten. His contact with Isabella one would think to be just the experience likely to evoke his better nature. Again his self-knowledge began with his temptation, and was complete at his fall: yet this unmelting man shows no remorse until he is publicly discovered. He is now just like Borachio: and how should the disgrace of exposure remodel such a villain in fifteen minutes?

Reminded, as we are at this juncture, of his conduct to Mariana, we believe that he has been a solid hypocrite all along; that, having no virtue to fall from, he never fell; that the spiritual conflict of his "temptation" could not have occurred: and, as there was nothing in his first character to respond to the call to crime, so now, in the revelation of his second phase, there is,—except his demoniacal passion for Isabella,—nothing left of him to be pardoned and married to Mariana.

This drama was written in the height of Shakespeare's attainment, and if he had left not a record beside, we should know him from Isabella's three great scenes to have been by far the most gifted dramatist of all time. Even the short scene between the Duke and Julietta,—where the Duke, graciously playing the confessor's rôle, finds himself at every professional move baffled and checkmated by the briefest possible replies of a loving, modest, and true heart, till he is rebuffed into a Christ-like sympathy,—appears to me a masterpiece which in its kind no other dramatist has equalled. How strange then is this blurred outline of Angelo, and how incomprehensible the neglect of Isabella at the close,

when her brother, whom she thought worse than dead, is restored to her. The actress is not denied a fine opportunity, but the situation passes without a word, and it must be concluded that the audience took no interest in Isabella's religious character: reserved for the first prize in the stage-marriages she has to stand up with the sinners, and patiently endure the exposure and torment of the theatrical suspense and display, which the good Duke has devised to wind up the drama: and in order to lighten the elaborate finale Shakespeare associates with him the worthless profligate, Lucio; who, if he amused the audience by his impertinent intrusion half as much as he degrades the already difficult situation, must have been a great success.[1] What better illustration could we have of Hamlet's speech to the players?

There is in Macbeth the same kind of inconsistency as in Angelo. That it is less obvious is partly due to our personal remoteness from bloody ambition, and partly to its being overshadowed by the darker mysteries of the play, but partly also because of the means devised to conceal it. The interest in the tragedy of *Macbeth* is the perpetration of crime by a man whose magnificent qualities of mind, extreme courage, and poetic imagination, raise the villainies above common meanness, and give occasion for a superhuman conflict of images and ideas. Now though it has been explained that Macbeth lived in a world of material considerations, while his morality was merely imaginative, (I wonder whether this divorce of his imagination from his ambition may not weaken the latter as a motive,) yet the commonsense objection that such a man would not have committed such actions is strong and must be met. How, then, does Shakespeare meet it? If he had had any plain psychological conception, we should expect the drama to reveal it; but his method here is not so much to reveal as to confuse. Judging from the text, he does not wish us to be clearly determined as to whether Macbeth's ambition had preconceived and decided on the murder of Duncan; or whether the idea was chiefly imposed upon him by a supernatural devilry; or whether he was mainly urged to it by his wife, and was infected and led by her. We may combine the two latter motives, and see hell and home leagued against him: the difficulty lies in the unknown quantity of the first motive, his predisposition; which, if it be allowed to be only in the exact balance required for these other agencies to carry it, is still contradictory to the picture of nobility impressed on us by Shakespeare, and essential to his drama. The

[1]It may be worth while to record that he is still a delight to the commonalty in London: April, 1906.

case may be put baldly thus: it would not be untrue to the facts[1] as presented by Shakespeare, to precede the drama with a scene in which Macbeth and Lady Macbeth should in Machiavellian composure deliberate together upon the murder of Duncan: but plainly such a scene would destroy the drama.

Now this veiled confusion of motive is so well managed that it must be recognised as a device intended to escape observation. That the main conception of the play is magnificent is amply proved by the effects obtained; but they are none the less procured by a deception, a liberty of treatment or a "dishonesty," which is purposely blurred. The naturalness is merely this, that in nature we cannot weigh or know all the motives or springs of action, and therefore we are not shocked at not being able to understand Macbeth; the difficulty indeed is one main source of our pleasure, and is intended to be so: but this is not nature, in the sense of being susceptible of the same analysis as that by which the assumptions of science would investigate nature.

The interest in a Shakespearean tragedy lies chiefly in the hero's conduct, and is greater as his conduct surprises while it satisfies: and from the constitution of things it is difficult to imagine a character or personality whose actions shall be at once consistent and surprising. The extreme of virtue may surprise; but Shakespeare never chose to depict men of whom the world was not worthy. Then there is the extreme of vice; and Shakespeare has surprised us with this in Iago and others; and he has surprised us, successfully or not, with monstrous forms of special qualities in Timon and in Coriolanus: but to sustain surprise in a worthy hero, he has sometimes had recourse to devices which are intended to baulk analysis. In order to attain the surprising, he will risk, or even sacrifice, the logical and consistent; and as such a flaw, if it were perceived, must ruin the interest, he is ready with abundant means to obscure the inconsistency. It seems to me that one method was to take advantage of uncertainty or confusion in motives or matters of fact lying partly or wholly outside the drama, which, if they were clearly conceived as determined one way or another, would confine the action within lesser lines. Some matter which, as it appears to us, might have happened as well one way as another, is purposely left half-determined: we are led to suppose that it happened one way, and if we are disturbed by conduct inconsistent with that surmise, we can shift our surmise, but only to be encountered by actions which drive us back upon it, or

[1]What may be called the facts are collected by Mr. Bradley, *op. cit.*, p. 480, Note CC. His admirable account of this play relieves me of what compunction I must feel for mine.

suggest another explanation. The pleasure attending our surprise gratifies us, and our critical faculty is quieted by the reflection that there must be a solution, and that it is natural enough that we should not hit upon it at once. This attitude of mind is further assured by the convincing verisimilitude and richness of Shakespeare's detail, as well as by the appearance of necessity which accompanies the presentation of action.

Some incongruity may well occur accidentally; and if extra-scenic it may be difficult to avoid, and is to be found, I suppose, in the most classical Greek drama; but it is easy to see how it was forecast in the bare skeleton of such plays as the *Macbeth*, and *Measure for Measure*. Having found a story the actions of which were suitable, Shakespeare adopted them very much as they were, but remade the character of the actor. In the original story the actor would be known and judged by his actions: this, Shakespeare reverses by first introducing his hero as a man superior to his actions; his art being to create a kind of contrast between the two, which has, of course, no existence in the original tale; and his success depends on the power and skill with which this character is chosen and enforced upon the audience; for it is when their minds are preoccupied with his personality that the actions follow as unquestionable realities, and in the *Macbeth* even preordained and prophesied.

Not that there is anything illegitimate or even peculiar in this use of contrast: indeed if a worthy hero is to behave badly, he must be better than his actions, for he cannot be either equal or worse. And since the terms whereby we describe character are undefined, each several case must be considered on its own merits: there is no rule from which anything can be deduced beyond probabilities; and the probable is not what is desired, but the exceptional. Only it cannot be conceded that any character is capable of any action: there is a limit, and Shakespeare seems to delight in raiding across it. Consider the "opportunity" in the *Macbeth*. The hero's character having been elevated above his actions, their criminality is also increased; for in the history Macbeth kills Duncan in a soldier-like manner. But Shakespeare, choosing that Duncan shall be secretly murdered, makes Lady Macbeth represent the advent of Duncan to their castle as a favourable opportunity; and he knows that the audience, blinded by the material juxtaposition, will regard it as such. But to propose this dastardly violation of honour to Macbeth would, most probably, have stimulated his nobility and scared him from the crime however fully he might have been predetermined on it: yet Shakespeare,

fortifying the position by Lady Macbeth's ambition and will, ventures to exhibit his hero as truly possessed by the proper shame and horror, but fascinated by the presentation which is deluding the audience.

It seems indeed of the very essence of Shakespeare's later art to invent such characters as must give rise to difficulties. For instance, I am distressed in the *Cymbeline* by the contact of Iachimo with Imogen, and its great unpleasantness is evidently due to the exquisite beauty of Shakespeare's creation. He has made a creature of such wonderful delicacy that when she is inveigled into the gross Italian story, the detail of it appears unfit to be associated with her: and I feel assured that if Shakespeare had been favoured with an audience capable of appreciating Imogen, he would skillfully have transformed some matters to suit her, nor have thought to amuse us by making her mistake the beheaded Cloten for Posthumus. That he wrote it as he did is a grossness which we must swallow, and not a refined subtlety to which any clever exposition can reconcile us.

Shakespeare's dazzling skill in qualifying and harmonizing cannot wholly blind us to the anomalies which his energetic treatment entails. I suppose that the plays of *Henry IV* may be his greatest feat of this kind: and though I feel that should I once allow Falstaff to come fooling into my essay, I should never have done, I will venture with him so far as to say that his desecration of Hotspur's body, and the Prince's connivance in his contemptible pretence to have killed him appear to me to be sheer farce. I believe that he came very near to outwitting his creator; and in the sudden dismissal "I know thee not, old man," I hear rather the triumphant farewell of Shakespeare than the angelic judgement of Henry.

Returning now to where the question of contrast provoked these illustrations:—The story being chosen and the characters decided on, Shakespeare's imagination overrode difficulties foreseen or unforeseen, so as often to outrival nature. And to enrich his picture he will transplant incidents detached from the original story, which determine, arbitrarily it would seem, quite important matters, being borrowed without their causes, as we saw the hero's actions were taken without his character. For instance, in the *Merchant of Venice*, the love of Antonio for Bassanio, which in the absence of explanation appears romantic, is merely carried over without its motive from the old story, in which Antonio is Bassanio's godfather, and adopts him and loves him as his own son. Again, Antonio's melancholy, with which Shakespeare opens his play so well, using it as an interesting attraction and another romantic trait,—very valuable as preparation for his conduct,—is

developed from a hint in the novel, where Antonio is sad on account of Bassanio's ill-successes. And this is an example of the greater interest of such a mood when unaccounted for, since in the original story it is of no special value. And I may add that all that is unsatisfactory in the character of Bassanio is not to be fathered on any fancy of Shakespeare's genius to make him just as he is, for it was no more than his choice among the difficulties of recasting that old tale; which, though unfit for the stage, was very happily constructed. Portia was a sort of Circe, and Bassanio an adventurous dupe who won in the end.

It would seem from some instances that Shakespeare judged that even conduct was dramatically more effective when not adequately motived. In the *Winter's Tale* the jealousy of Leontes is senseless, whereas in the original story an adequate motive is developed. It may be that Shakespeare wished to portray this passion in odious nakedness without reason or rein, as might be proper in a low comedy, where its absurdity would have been ridiculed away: but if so, his scheme was artistically as bad as any third-rate melodrama of to-day: the admixture of tragic incident creates a situation from which recovery is impossible; and it is certain that the spectators are not intended to realise the condition of affairs. In that fall and rise of the curtain it needs, one may say, even prolonged meditation to imagine the passage of sixteen tedious years, during all which time Leontes has to be pictured kneeling daily at his wife's cenotaph, while she, pretending that he has killed her, is living and hiding away from him at a friend's house in the same city. We are diverted and delighted by Autolycus and Perdita; our interests are magically shifted,—the relief of the contrast almost justifies the uncomfortable distress of the earlier acts,—and we are gratified to find Hermione alive at the end. But how are Leontes and Hermione to meet? It is a situation worthy of Labiche; yet we are expected both to take it seriously and to overlook it. When Hermione descends from the pedestal into her husband's arms, the impossibility of reconciliation is passed by in silence, and Leontes busies himself in finding a husband for the aged and unattractive Paulina.

And how easy it would have been to have provided a more reasonable ground for Othello's jealousy. If in the break of the second act his vessel had been delayed a week by the storm, those days of anxiety and officious consolation would have given the needed opportunity, and the time-contradictions might also have been avoided. The tragedy of *Othello* is intolerably painful; and that not merely because we see Othello being grossly deceived,

but because we are ourselves constrained to submit to palpable deception. The whole thing is impossible; it is just as Mr. Bradley points out:[1] Iago's calumnies postulate certain events; but if the time indispensable for those events had been allowed, then his incredible lies must have been exposed. As to Iago himself, it is very well for Shakespeare to say that there is no art to find the mind's construction in the face, but a man with a tithe of Iago's wickedness could not mix in the world without plentiful suspicion. The only disguise of his "daily ugliness" would be extreme personal beauty, and that would not deceive all. It is common for unsophisticated people to be gifted with an intuitive perception of the broad distinctions of character from voice, manner, and facial expression, and when conduct belies these, they suspect its motive. Even if the Moor could not read a white face,—though then it is strange that he should have trusted himself so entirely to the alien,—yet Desdemona, whom we credit with unusual discernment in her appreciation of Othello, would have noted, and shrunk from his inhumanity and restless eye. Exasperation is the word that I should choose to express the state of feeling which the reading of the *Othello* induces in me: and seeing how cleverly everything is calculated to this effect, I conclude that it was Shakespeare's intention, and that what so hurts me was only a pleasurable excitement to his audience, whose gratification was relied on to lull their criticism. What else can be the meaning of Emilia purloining the kerchief, and then being present at the enquiry concerning it? It may suit critics to say that she was naturally lacking in perception,[2] but she is not otherwise a stupid woman, nor indeed was any intelligence needed: the point of her presence can only be to increase the tension of the spectators' anxiety: they expect her every moment to explain the mistake, and rescue Desdemona; yet she does not. I conclude that Shakespeare aimed at exciting his audience to the limit of their endurance in the *Othello*, as he terrifies in the *Macbeth*, harrows in the *Lear*, and mystifies in the *Hamlet*.[3]

[1] *Op. cit.*, p. 423, Note I.

[2] Mr. Bradley, *op. cit.*, making a careful psychological analysis of the characters in the *Othello*, says of Othello himself that he was "not observant" (p. 189), and did not when married rely on such "powers of perception" as he possessed. On p. 205 he attributes to Desdemona "a certain want of perception"; and he calls Emilia "blunt in perception" (p. 239). Brabantio had not been observant: therefore Roderigo as professional gull should be most valuable as a foil. Even Iago himself caught the disease, and perished of "failure in perception" (p. 236): indeed, but for Shakespeare's unusual contrivances, he would, so far as I can see, have gone clumsily to his inevitable destruction even earlier.

[3] As to the confusion of time in the plays, my limits forbid consideration of the liberties which Shakespeare takes with time, especially as these involve a question of stage construction. Since they must be of the nature of contradictions used for dramatic effect, they can be generally alleged in favour of my main contention.

The play of *Hamlet* may finally be taken in illustration of this view of Shakespeare's method. Why has there been such question whether Hamlet was mad or only feigning, unless it was Shakespeare's design to put his reason under suspicion?[1] and does not the hypothesis of such a design reconcile all? The limit of madness is indefinable: to feign madness is no presumption in favour of sanity, and might itself be a kind of madness: again, if the conscious simulation led to an unconscious habit of acting insanely, how would this differ from the first degree of true madness, except in the possession of a healthy will in the background, which is precisely what Hamlet lacked? Something of this sort would seem, from Hamlet's excuse to Laertes, to have been his own view of his case. If we must choose between sane and insane, then the better opinion of the two, namely, that Hamlet was never more than "covering discretion with a cloke of folly," makes him guilty of the murder of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz,—which, moreover, is like a madman's unscrupulous action, inconsiderately and cunningly performed, and boasted of in full imaginative detail after;—his language to Ophelia has also to be excused, though that, even if it were unparalleled in Shakespeare, might possibly be defended as the extreme of self-repudiation in a proud, and perhaps somewhat cruel, nature safe-guarding itself from reproach by making the assumed mask impossible to be mistaken for truth. Again, why are we forbidden to know anything concerning his earlier relations with Ophelia, how long he had loved her, and how deeply? Why is even the date of that strange letter hopelessly obscured, unless it were that any one definite determination about it would expose or create a contradiction?

There must be mistakes in Shakespeare's work, ignorances and oversights in the writing, as there are misprints, false copyings, and perhaps fusion of incompatible versions: but the class of contradictions and obscurities which I have been noticing can hardly be ascribed to unconscious error. Carelessness is the word some-

[1] I find Mr. Bradley arguing against the notion that Shakespeare "intended Hamlet to be unintelligible." He writes, "Now here, surely, we have confusion of mind," *i.e.*, in the critics, not in Hamlet. "The mysteriousness of life is one thing, the psychological unintelligibility of a dramatic character is quite another: and the second does not show the first, it shows only the . . . folly of the dramatist. If it did show the first, it would be easy to surpass Shakespeare in producing a sense of mystery: we should simply have to portray an absolutely nonsensical character." This is clear enough, and if I do not agree, I see that Mr. Bradley can easily prove me to be mad. And yet, to put it generally, psychology has not yet made character always intelligible; and the terms by which it seeks to do so have no definite meaning. Besides, to draw a dramatic character purposely so as to elude analysis is not the same as to make a nonsensical one. To put it particularly, Mr. Bradley's position is this, that Hamlet, being distraught, must not in his distraction cross and recross some fixed boundary on a psychological map. In this discussion madness must be considered as a functional derangement of the intellect.

times used to account for them: but the only kind of carelessness that is possible implies intention; a paradox which a simple illustration may elucidate. When, in *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio picks up Maria's letter, he says, "By my life, that is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's." Now in the superscription which he immediately reads, there is no C, nor any P, small or great. Shakespeare either observed this discrepancy, or he did not observe it. If he observed it and let it stand, then it was not carelessness: and if he did not observe it, the reason was that he must have acquired a purposeful intentional habit of disregarding such indifferent matters; and that is not carelessness. So for the contradictions which we have found in his plays;—he had, as it were, a balance to maintain, and a fine sense of its equipoise: if one scale descends, he immediately throws something into the other, and though he may appear to be careless as to what he throws in, he only throws in such things as he knows he may be careless about. But an examination of those matters would tend to prove that he did not regard the reader as well as the audience of his plays.

This essay is little more than the contracted outline of a one-sided contention, but, though I cannot suppose that I have avoided all error, I think that it fairly represents my opinions. How far it may convince critics and readers I cannot tell. Those who agree will easily draw some practical corollaries; one of which I think useful enough to be formulated, namely, that Shakespeare should not be put into the hands of the young without the warning that the foolish things in his plays were written to please the foolish, the filthy for the filthy, and the brutal for the brutal; and that, if out of veneration for his genius we are led to admire or even tolerate such things, we may be thereby not conforming ourselves to him, but only degrading ourselves to the level of his audience, and learning contamination from those wretched beings who can never be forgiven their share in preventing the greatest poet and dramatist of the world from being the best artist.

St. Moritz, Jan. 1906. ROBERT BRIDGES.

Omnes qui probari volunt, voluntatem eorum qui audiunt intuentur, ad eamque et ad eorum arbitrium et nutum totos se fingunt et accommodant. —CIC. Orat.

THE RELIGION OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE question of Shakespeare's religion is generally approached through that of his father; and by this means a fairly simple question is rendered considerably more difficult. But as the atmosphere of the Stratford household may be presumed to have had an influence upon the poet's own faith, it will be well to follow the customary track upon this occasion, and see where it leads. Almost all that we know about John Shakespeare we learn from the Corporation records of Stratford-upon-Avon, in which he can be traced from the year 1552 as serving in turn all the municipal offices of the borough, and as plaintiff or defendant in innumerable small suits for the recovery of debts, until his death in 1601. The evidence thence derived[1] has been interpreted in two antagonistic ways. The Rev. T. Carter, in a book called *Shakespeare, Puritan and Recusant*, has tried to show that it all points to John Shakespeare's having been a convinced and aggressive Puritan, while the Rev. H. S. Bowden, who replied to Mr. Carter in *The Religion of Shakespeare* is as positive that the evidence proves him to have been a conscientious Roman Catholic. What then is this evidence that can be so diversely interpreted?

The strongest of Mr. Carter's arguments for John Shakespeare's Puritanism is the part he considers him to have played, as a leading member of the Corporation, in destroying the medieval ornaments of the Chapel of the Guild, which was under the control of the Town Council. In the accounts which he, as one of the two Chamberlains, presented in 1564 (Jan. 10) occurs the suggestive entry:

> Item, payd for defasing ymages in the Chapell ij*s*.

And in the accounts for the year following (March 21, 1565)

> Item, payd for takyng downe the rood loft in the Chapell ij*s*.

Again, in September, 1571, when John Shakespeare was Chief Alderman, having already passed the chair, an order was given to

[1] It may be found collected together in Halliwell-Phillipps' *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, ii. 215-248, or in a more extended form in his privately-printed *Extracts from the Council Books*.

sell the copes and vestments belonging to the Guild Chapel. Now as all these orders rested upon the Queen's Injunctions issued in 1559, it is reasonable to suppose that there were special circumstances in each case which would account for the delay; but what these were it is impossible to determine with certainty. The Council may not have been of one mind, for only "abused images" which were "monuments of superstition" were condemned; and in regard to vestments all that the Injunctions prescribed was that an inventory of them should be given to "our visitors." The Corporation therefore could not legally have acted in the latter case until a commission was appointed, and the appointment of such a commission may with great probability be connected with the translation to Worcester (Jan. 18, 1570-1) of Nicholas Bullingham, who as Bishop of Lincoln had been very active in getting rid of vestments.[1] This transaction cannot reasonably be connected with the personal views of John Shakespeare, for if he had taken upon himself to give the order he would have been much more likely to do so three years before when he was High Bailiff. In regard to the destruction of the images I cannot point as conclusively to any ecclesiastical change which would account for its having taken place in 1563, rather than in 1560, though I have made a suggestion below;[2] but as we can show a high probability that John Shakespeare was not primarily responsible for the sale of the vestments, this probability must be allowed to extend to the defacing of the images. We must hold therefore that Mr. Carter has not established his position.

Mr. Bowden's strongest argument for John Shakespeare's adherence to the unreformed religion is the occurrence of his name in a return made by a Warwickshire commission—one of many appointed in the autumn of 1592—of "all such persons as either have bene presented to them, or have bene otherwise founde out by the endevoire of the sayde Commissioners, to be Jhesuites, seminarye preestes, fugitives, or recusants within the sayd Countie of Warwick, or vehemently suspected to be sutch." Of the five lists drawn up by the Commission, the fourth contains "the names of sutch recusantes as have bene heartofore presented for not comming monethlie to the Church according to her Majesty's laws and yet are thoughte to forbeare the Church *for debt and for feare of process*, &c." In a list of nine (two of whom bear the Shake-

[1] See *Peacock's Church Furniture*.

[2] John Brechgirdle's institution took place Feb. 27, 1560-1; but I am inclined to think that there was some delay in the new parson's coming into residence. As there are large items of expenditure in 1563 upon the vicarage as well as upon the Guild Chapel, it is not unreasonable to connect both with his appearance in Stratford, say in 1562. But this is pure conjecture.

spearean names of Fluellen and Bardolfe), comes the name of Mr. John Shackspere; and a note is added, "It is said that these last nine coom not to Churche for fear of process for debtte." It becomes Mr. Bowden's duty therefore to suggest that John Shakespeare at this date was in such a flourishing state of fortune, that the "fear of process for debt" must have been a mere excuse; that the mortgages which he effected on his wife's property and other ostensible evidences of poverty "point to a practice common with suspected recusants, by which, to escape from the grasp of the penal law, they conveyed their property to trustworthy persons by colourable mortgages and sales while retaining themselves the income." In 1577 John Shakespeare began to absent himself from meetings of the Town Council, there being record of only two attendances between the beginning of 1577 and September, 1586; at which date his place as alderman was filled up on the ground that he did not come to the "halls" when warned, "nor hathe not done of longe tyme." Mr. Bowden connects these absences from the Corporation meetings with the penal statute of 1571, making reconciliation with the Roman see high treason. Unfortunately for this theory it was in September, 1571, that John Shakespeare became Chief Alderman, and the next five years are with him years of great activity. For example, on January 18, 1572, he is appointed, together with Adrian Quiney, the Bailiff, "to deal in the affairs of the commonwealth of the borough according to their discretions;" and they are voted a large sum to be paid to them in London. In any case, a recusant would not have been allowed simply to absent himself from meetings; for the Corporation had in 1569, the year in which John Shakespeare was High Bailiff, fixed a fine of £5 for each default, unless the defaulter could plead sickness or the Queen's service: and a certain Mr. Robert Perrot was dealt with that same year very faithfully. But even supposing that John Shakespeare was so popular with his fellows that they connived at his absence from their meetings, it is incredible that they should have excused him from paying his rates, if they knew his poverty to be assumed. We find, however, that in 1578, when the aldermen were taxed six shillings and eight pence apiece for "the furniture" of certain pikemen and billmen, John Shakespeare was let off at half that sum; and even that he did not pay; and the same year when the rest of the aldermen were rated fourpence a week for the poor, he was exempted altogether. We must conclude therefore that Mr. Bowden has not made out his case, and as Mr. Carter is in the same plight, it would seem to follow that John Shakespeare must be reckoned a conforming Church-

man of the general type of his neighbours. The most interesting fact known about him, that it was during his term of office as High Bailiff that players were first invited to perform at Stratford, prevents our regarding him as a precisian.

There is one argument advanced by Mr. Carter for the Puritanism of Shakespeare's parents which requires examination in some detail. Starting from the acknowledged facts of Shakespeare's frequent references to the Bible, he urges that the familiarity with the sacred text which the poet displays must have been gained in childhood, and he argues from this that the poet's home must have been religious, and also Protestant. And he goes further. From an exhaustive examination of the Biblical allusions in the plays he pronounces that the version used by Shakespeare was that made by the exiles at Geneva, which he takes to be a strong confirmation of the Puritanism of the Stratford home. We have to ask, then, whether this argument in its several parts will bear the weight which Mr. Carter puts upon it. And first as to Shakespeare's knowledge of the Bible. The many references to the Fall of Man and the Redemption, and the occasional mention of Job and Samson, Daniel and Susanna, Jacob and Jephthah, Judas and Pilate would prove nothing as to Shakespeare's conversance with the Bible, because everybody was more or less familiar with the great facts of the Creed and the legends of the Biblical Saints in the windows or frescoes of the churches and the tapestry and other hangings of private houses.[1] The church of Fairford in Oxfordshire retains nearly the whole of its ancient glass; and from that instance we can estimate how much a parishioner who could not read might learn from a study of the church windows. But Shakespeare's knowledge goes further than this; it is textual. Every Stratford boy would probably know the tale of Goliath of Gath; but that general knowledge would not account for the saying of Falstaff (*Merry Wives*, V. i. 24) "I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam; because I know also that life is a shuttle;" for this speech implies a knowledge of the actual text of the Bible in two widely separated places.[2] (1 *Sam.* xvii. 7; *Job* vii. 6.) So when the servant in *King Lear* says of Regan (*Lear* III. vii. 101)—

[1] *Cf. Much Ado* III. iii. 142, "Sometimes fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window." The chapel of the Guild had a great fresco of the Last Judgement over the chancel arch, and others of the Invention of the Cross, St. George, and Becket.

[2] *Cf.* also the well-known line about Mercy, "It *droppeth as the* gentle *rain* from heaven" (*Merchant of Venice* IV. i. 184) with the two texts "O how fair a thing is *mercy*, it is like a cloud of *rain*, &c." (*Ecclus.* xxxv. 19) and "My doctrine shall *drop* as the *rain*, as the shower upon the herbs, &c." (*Deut.* xxxii. 2).

> If she live long,
> And, in the end, *meet the old course of death*,
> Women will all turn monsters,

there is an undoubted reference to *Numbers* xvi. 29; and when the Archbishop in *Henry IV* (Part 2, IV. i. 204) says—

> His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
> That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
> He doth unfasten so, and shake, a friend,

he is adapting the parable of the Tares (*Matt.* xiii. 25). Many other examples may be found in Bishop Charles Wordsworth's *Shakespeare and the Bible* and, mixed with a great many parallels which are not parallels at all, in Mr. Carter's *Shakespeare and Holy Scripture*. But when Mr. Carter goes further and asserts that such references attest the Puritanism of the poet's home, because they are quoted from the Geneva Bible, it is impossible to follow him in either part of his statement. The use of the Geneva Bible would not prove a household that used it to be Puritan. It would not even prove it to be Calvinist, and Calvinism was much more widely spread in England than Puritanism. Archbishop Whitgift, the resolute foe of Puritanism, was a zealous Calvinist. The Geneva Bible was popular, quite apart from the Calvinism of certain of its annotations, from the fact that it had annotations at all, and was divided into verses, and printed in roman type: whereas the small copies of Cranmer's Great Bible had none of these conveniences. Two hundred editions of the Geneva Bible are said to have been published between 1560 and 1616. But in the second place, it is far from certain that Shakespeare gained his knowledge of the Bible even chiefly from this version. In an investigation into this point there are two or three things to be borne in mind. First, many of the Biblical phrases employed in the plays had become popular sayings, and were quoted in their popular form. So that though we may fairly argue that the popular form may have come from the Genevan version, if it did not determine it, we can conclude nothing as to Shakespeare's own reading. In the story of the Prodigal Son the Genevan Bible reads "the *husks* which the swine ate," while the Bishop's Bible uses the word *cods*; but the fact that Falstaff in *Henry IV* and Orlando in *As You Like It* speak of husks only shows that this was the word associated with the story in popular language. As a matter of fact, "cod" was becoming obsolete in this sense, and Shakespeare does not use it anywhere except in the word *peascod*. Similarly, because Shakespeare speaks of a "leopard" not changing his spots, we must not say he had been

reading the Genevan Bible, and not the Bishop's version, which calls the beast a cat-o'-mountain: for the saying had long been proverbial of the leopard. It is found, for example, in Lyly's *Euphues*, twenty years before Shakespeare uses it. Indeed, it would be fairer to argue that he was familiar with the version in the Bishop's Bible because in the *Tempest* he makes Prospero say:—"More pinch-spotted than pard *or cat-o'-mountain*." (IV. i. 262). The second *caveat* to bear in mind in this investigation is that Shakespeare was a poet, and not entirely at the mercy of his authorities. Are we to argue because Falstaff speaks of "fifty tattered prodigals lately come from eating draff and husks," (1 *Henry IV*, IV. ii. 38), that Shakespeare must have read a version of the parable which introduced the word "draff"? That the argument from Shakespeare's text to the version of the Bible used by him, must be applied with discretion we may see from an example in the *Taming of the Shrew* (V. ii. 143): "A woman moved is like a fountain troubled." The simile is undoubtedly borrowed from *Proverbs* xxv. 26; and if the Genevan Bible read in this place "a troubled fountain" and the Bishop's Bible "a troubled well," we should be disposed to argue that Shakespeare had been reading the former. But the fact is that every Elizabethan version reads "a troubled well," and the word "fountain" did not come into the text until King James's Bible, fifteen years after the date of Shakespeare's play. Shakespeare had the beauty of his line to think of; and poetical considerations are a determining factor which the critic with a case to defend too easily loses sight of. The third point to bear in mind is that although the Bible read in the church service was the Bishop's Bible, preachers were very apt to use the more popular Genevan version in the pulpit; so that an occasional quotation from the latter in the plays would not of itself justify the conclusion that Shakespeare was in the habit of reading it. On the other hand, if he can be shown to be acquainted with the text of the Bishop's Bible, where it differs from the Genevan, the Genevan being the popular version, it is reasonable to conclude that he had heard the lessons read in church.

With these considerations premised we may take up Mr. Carter's book, *Shakespeare and Holy Scripture*, which aims at proving that the Genevan Bible was the source of such quotations and allusions as we find in the plays. The book, as it stands, is almost useless, because the author has neglected, in most cases, to discover whether a reading which he finds in the Genevan text is also in the Bishop's Bible; in other words he has neglected the most important part of his enquiry. The greater number of the test phrases which he

declares in his preface to be peculiar to the Genevan version, such as "dead men's skulls," "peace and be still," are also in the Bishop's Bible. Others, like the use of "leopard" instead of "cat o' mountain" prove nothing, because they were in common use as proverbs. The most attractive at first sight of the parallels that remain is the saying of Prince Hal to Falstaff "I see a good amendment of life in thee from praying to purse-taking" (1 *Henry IV*, I. ii. 114); because, as Mr. Carter points out, "amendment of life" was the regular translation in the Genevan Bible of *metanoia*, which the Rheims version translates "penance" and the Bishop's Bible "repentance." But the use of the phrase in this place really proves nothing, for there is no question of any quotation from Scripture. Moreover "amendment of life" comes not infrequently in the Prayer Book; and in this context the word "repentance" could not be substituted for it. The only passage I have been able to find, which seems to me to depend upon the Genevan Bible beyond any shadow of doubt, comes in Hamlet's speech (III. iii.) about his uncle at prayers:

He took my father grossly, *full of bread.*

I think nobody will dispute that this phrase "full of bread" was suggested by the text in *Ezekiel* xvi. 49, about the iniquity of Sodom, "pride, *fullness of bread* and abundance of idleness"; for the phrase has the air of a well-known idiom, not to be taken literally. But every version except the Genevan reads "fullness of *meat.*"

I believe then that a critical examination of Shakespeare's Biblical references and quotations lends very little support to Mr. Carter's theory that the poet's knowledge of Scripture came to him from the Genevan Bible, and therefore the whole superstructure he builds upon it must fall to the ground. In most cases it is not possible to determine which version supplied the reference, either because the same words are common to both, or because it is the sense and not the exact words that the dramatist makes use of. On the other hand, there is a certain amount of evidence that Shakespeare was familiar with the versions used in the services of the Church. All his quotations from the Psalms[1] follow the version of the Great Bible, which is that which is still used in Church services. In the *Merchant of Venice* (IV. i. 291) he speaks not of Barabbas, but of Barabas, which was a form of the name surviving only in the liturgical gospels for Holy Week.[2] And there are one or two strik-

[1] *e.g. Psalm* cxlvii. 9, *As You Like It*, II. iii. 43; lxviii. 5, *Richard II.*, I. ii. 43; lxxx. 13, *Timon* V. i. 168: cxix. 105, 2 *Henry VI*, II. iii. 24.

[2] But this may have been the popular form surviving from the Miracle Plays. It is the name of Marlowe's Jew in the *Jew of Malta.*

ing passages which depend upon the readings of the Bishop's Bible, where it differs from the Genevan. In *Love's Labour's Lost* (I. ii. 85) we have the following dialogue:—

> *Armado.* Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.
>
> *Moth.* It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

The play here is on the "green withs" with which Dalilah bound Samson. But the Genevan version reads "green cords" (*Judges* xvi. 6). In the same play Biron says (IV. iii. 258):—

> For Charity itself fulfils the law;
> And who can sever love from charity?

This passage makes it certain that Shakespeare knew the Bible text to which Biron is referring (*Rom.* xiii. 10) as "*Charity* fulfils the law" not "*Love* fulfils the law." But it is well known that the Puritans made a great point of translating *agape* by "love," and the Genevan version, following Tyndale, reflects their views. "Love doeth no evill to his neighbour; therefore is *love* the fulfilling of the lawe." But the Bishop's Bible here reads "Charitie." Again Dame Quickly in 2 *Henry IV* (II. iv. 54) speaks of "bearing with one another's *confirmities*"; but in *Romans* xv. 1, "infirmities" is found only in the Bishop's Bible; the Genevan has "frailness." We may conclude therefore, first, that Shakespeare's knowledge of the text of the English Bible is established beyond possibility of dispute, and secondly, that there is evidence to show that he was more or less familiar with each of the rival versions; but especially with that which was read in the Church services.

Now we may proceed to ask what does Mr. Bowden make of this evidence? What was a Roman Catholic doing with a Protestant New Testament, when his own Church had provided him with an orthodox translation? I have said nothing yet about this Rheims version, which was issued in 1582; but an examination of passages seems to establish conclusively that Shakespeare did not use it. I have not found a single place where he follows the Rheims version when it differs from both of the others, and it differs frequently. To take a few of the passages already referred to: The Hostess's speech in 2 *Henry IV*, is "You cannot *bear* with one another's confirmities. . . . You are the weaker vessel;" but in the passages alluded to in this speech (*Rom.* xv. 1; 1 *Peter* iii. 7) the Rheims version reads "*sustain* the infirmities" and "the weaker *feminine* vessel." The phrase quoted from *Richard II*, "the field of Golgotha and *dead*

men's skulls," might have been drawn from either of the Protestant versions, but not from that of Rheims, which reads "Golgotha, which is the place of Calvarie." So in the reference to the parable of the Tares, while the Protestant versions have "pluck up," which Shakespeare uses, the Rheims text has "root up." It might have been expected that the Rheims version would agree with the Bishop's Bible in reading "Charity" and not "Love" in *Rom.* xiii. 10, for it has "charity" in 1 *Cor.* xiii., 1 *John* iv., and other places; but oddly enough in this place it reads "love." The Rheims version, then, may be dismissed from consideration; and Mr. Bowden does not so much as refer to it. Nor does he directly meet the argument that Shakespeare's intimate acquaintance with the text of Scripture is *pro tanto* an evidence of his Protestantism; for certainly the Roman party when they wrecked a reformed church used to tear the Bible in pieces in the same spirit of protest in which the Reformers would tear down the statues. He very cleverly makes the suggestion (not the statement, which could have been refuted at once,) that Shakespeare's Biblical references are put into the mouths of his hypocrites, in order to ridicule the Protestant habit of dependence upon the text of Scripture. The passage in which he does this is so masterly an example of drawing a red herring across a trail that it is worth reproduction.

"In opposition to what has been said, Shakespeare's frequent Biblical references and quotations are advanced as a convincing argument on behalf of his Protestantism; . . . The use of the Bible was indeed a test question in the poet's time. The Reformers alleged that Rome had withheld the Bible from the laity or obscured its meaning . . . Thus the Homilies exhort all 'to diligently search the well of life in the Old and New Testaments, and not run to the stinking puddles of men's traditions,' meaning thereby, of course, the Church's authority. The shibboleth, then, 'the Bible only,' signified both that the Bible was the sole rule of faith, and that each individual was its authorised interpreter, and was free to choose his own text and to put his own interpretation upon it, even though the sense selected was explicitly contradicted by other passages of the sacred volume.

'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I speak, let no dog ope his mouth,' [*sic*]

fitly expresses the new mode of biblical Hermeneutics, and it is precisely in this manner that Shakespeare's Bible Christians use, or rather abuse, the Holy Scriptures. The characters conspicuous in this respect are Jack Cade and his followers, Costard and Holofernes, Quince and Bottom, Parson Evans, in a very mixed fashion, and above all Falstaff. All these, as will be seen, quote individual texts or apply Scriptural references in some strained sense for their own ends, just as the Presbyterians or Covenanters do in the Waverley Novels. The method of reasoning, then, used to prove Shakespeare

a Protestant from this kind of biblical quotation would equally make Scott a Puritan' (p. 47).

The mildest thing that can be said about this paragraph is that the end of the argument forgets its beginning. It set out to meet the allegation that Shakespeare's knowledge of the Bible was a proof of his Protestantism. Of Shakespeare's knowledge of the Bible it says nothing directly; but it insinuates that all the Biblical references are put into the mouth of comic personages. Now this is not the case. In the Jack Cade scenes, to which the parallel of Scott's novels certainly applies, while Shakespeare has given a Biblical cast to the language of the handicraftsmen, he seems to have avoided letting them quote the actual text of Scripture, and I cannot recall any quotations from the Bible in speeches of Costard or Holofernes, Quince or Bottom. Certainly Biblical quotation is no way characteristic of them. Nor, though such a trait might be expected as professional in Parson Evans, do we as a matter of fact find it. It is, indeed, not from his comic personages but from his serious characters that we draw the evidences of Shakespeare's knowledge of the Bible; as the passages already referred to sufficiently testify; and it is not so much actual quotation, as a Biblical strain in the texture of such passages, on which the argument is based for the poet's Protestantism.

There is one of these comic personages, however, who requires a more careful study, because Mr. Bowden puts him forward as Shakespeare's portrait of a Bible Christian regarded as a sanctimonious hypocrite. Falstaff's speeches and repartees, he says, "teem with Scriptural allusions,—the special characteristic of the Lollards, who made the Bible the weapon of their attack against Church, Priests and property—and his arguments abound with that peculiar amplification and affectation of Hebrew parallelism distinctive of Puritan pulpit oratory" (p. 139). I cannot think that it would ever occur to the ordinary reader, who had no case to prove, that Falstaff was either a Puritan or a hypocrite. I should have thought it was the frankly unmoral character of his temperament that made his occasional speeches about reformation so irresistibly comic to his young companions. Once and once only he puts on a snuffle, where it has a special piquancy as he is trying to persuade his friends to commit a robbery; but the very point of the jest lies in the assumption of sanctimoniousness for the nonce, the thing being so far from his natural character. It is part of his wit.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure [the robbery on Gadshill], that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed.

The same thing is true of Falstaff's Biblical references. They also are part of his wit, and they have not even a flavour of sanctimoniousness. Nor are they so numerous as Mr. Bowden implies.[1] The only quotation from the Bible is frankly profane, and could never have been taken by the audience as a hit at Puritanism. "Watch to-night, pray to-morrow." (II. iv.) Besides this there are a few references of the vaguely allusive sort, which would have been within the compass of any ordinary person, who was content to make them material for a jest. He compares his tatterdemalion army to "prodigals lately come from swine-keeping" and Bardolph's face to "hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple." On other occasions he refers to Adam's innocency and Pharaoh's lean kine; but there is nothing recondite in such allusions, and certainly nothing to justify the title of "Bible Christian." Else that name will have to be stretched to include Beatrice and Benedick and Borachio, the Duke in *As You Like It*, Gratiano, Page and Ford, Sir Toby Belch, Hamlet, and many others.

But, of course, we should have heard nothing about Falstaff's Puritanism had it not been for the fact that in the first draft of the play he was called Sir John Oldcastle; and so Shakespeare can be credited with a cheap sneer at the old Lollard.[2] It is true that when his descendants objected, Shakespeare changed the name and apologised:—"Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." (2 *Henry IV*, Epilogue.) But it is easy to say—and Mr. Bowden says—that the apology was ironical. The plain man will be content to believe that Shakespeare found the name of Sir John Oldcastle, as companion of the prince, in the old play upon which he founded *Henry IV*, and took it, as he took the names of "Ned" and "Gadshill," because he saw no reason to change them; perhaps, also, as Prof. Herford suggests, in order to give Falstaff "an apparent *locus standi* on the historic stage by means of a historic name." Whether, until public resentment was roused at the supposed degradation of a Protestant hero, Shakespeare realised that this Sir John Oldcastle was Lord Cobham the Lollard, cannot now be known.

[1] Mr. Bowden attributes to Falstaff the quotation about "Wisdom crying out in the streets," but this is made by Prince Hal (1 *Henry IV*, I. ii. 99). Is Shakespeare holding him up to ridicule as a Bible Christian?

[2] Canon Ainger, who wrote an ingenious essay on Falstaff's antecedents, assumes without any authority that there was a tradition of Oldcastle's fatness. As a matter of fact the Oldcastle of the *Famous Victories* is neither fat nor witty. Shakespeare has taken from that play nothing but the name.

Prof. Ward thinks it is quite likely he was unaware of this; and certainly from the point of view of the theatre it was suicidal policy to excite the never-sleeping hostility of the Puritan magnates of the city.

A somewhat more substantial case is made out by Mr. Bowden for Shakespeare's alleged sympathy with Rome, from the changes he introduced in re-casting the old play of *King John*. Shakespeare omits all the ribald abuse of monks and nuns, which is a prominent feature of the earlier play; he omits also such fine Tudor sentiments as this: "As I am king so will I reign next unto God, Supreme Head both over spiritual and temporal; and he that contradicts me in them, I will make him hop headless." But while Shakespeare undoubtedly refuses to make of his play a mere Protestant tract, can it be said that he reveals in it any sympathy with the papal cause? If the character of the legate Pandulph is made less of a caricature, is it made any more attractive? Prof. Herford seems to hit the mark exactly when he says of the two plays: "The earlier dramatist treats the crafty legate with malignant hatred, as a curse happily evaded; the latter manages him with fine irony as the wielder of an imposing but not really formidable authority, easily rendered innocuous, incapable of injuring a people true to themselves." Shakespeare had enough respect for historical verisimilitude not to antedate by some three centuries the English breach with Rome, and not to represent any of the English nobles, even Faulconbridge, as disrespectful to a Cardinal legate. But is it credible than any Roman Catholic dramatist would have allowed Pandulph to play so ignominious a part as Shakespeare has assigned him? After John has made his submission, Pandulph says (V. i. 17):—

> It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
> Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:
> But, since you are a gentle convertite,
> My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
> And make fair weather in your blustering land.
> On this Ascension-day, remember well,
> Upon your oath of service to the pope,
> Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

But the next scene shows him quite powerless to fulfil his boast. Earlier in the play we have John's defiance of the Pope, which contains the lines—

> And from the mouth of England
> Add this much more,—that no Italian priest
> Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;

and following on this the solemn excommunication :—

> Then by the lawful power that I have
> Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate;
> And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
> From his allegiance to a heretic:
> And meritorious shall that hand be called,
> Canonized and worshipped as a saint,
> That takes away by any secret course
> Thy hateful life.

As to the second of these passages Mr. Bowden urges that it represents the poet's own feelings towards Elizabeth; in which case it must be reckoned a very undramatic expression of them, for the speech would have aroused no sympathy in the audience, who still had occasion to remember Pius V.'s bull of deposition. But there is no evidence at all that Shakespeare detested the Queen, while Sonnet 124 is evidence that he detested the ultramontane policy. The first passage Mr. Bowden considers a concession to Protestant sentiment, prompted by the dramatist's concern for his own safety. But in that case, one asks why he should have meddled with the subject of King John at all, which obliged him to please his audience by affronting his own conscience. Alternatively, Mr. Bowden argues that as King John was a villain, he must not be held to express the sentiments of the dramatist. But Shakespeare is always careful to make it plain to the audience when he does not agree with his villains. Has the audience any doubt as to the dramatist's opinion about John's treatment of Arthur? Hubert's conduct and the barons' revolt are commentary enough. But when John defies Pandulph, he does so "from the mouth of England," and no English voice is roused in protest at the time or afterwards. These are very elementary considerations; but Mr. Bowden's special pleading recognises no principles of criticism, even the most elementary.

There is one further argument for Shakespeare's Romanism, on which a word must be said, drawn from the respectable light in which he represents his Friars, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *The Two Gentlemen*, and *Measure for Measure*, compared with the fun he makes of the Protestant parsons, Sir Nathaniel and Sir Hugh Evans. The reply to this argument is really very simple; it is that the friars have a serious part to play, and in the case of Friar Laurence, who is the only one of them whose character is developed, an almost tragic part; and therefore Shakespeare would have been false to his art if he had admitted any traits of character to lessen the impression of seriousness and dignity. Shakespeare's

romantic drama is, for the most part, from Italian sources, and Shakespeare's scene has gained in romantic remoteness by making his religious persons those of the earlier faith, and especially by making them friars instead of the ordinary secular clergy. There is, in fact, a vagueness and staginess about the Shakespearean "friar," which does not convince one that the dramatist had an inside knowledge of the Roman ecclesiastical system. In *Twelfth Night*, because the parson has been represented in a somewhat ridiculous light through the Clown's borrowing of his gown and voice, Olivia's marriage is solemnized by a "chantry-priest," intro- for the purpose. On the other hand, it cannot be said that the Protestant clergy are held up to ridicule, although as they figure in the unromantic scenes of the comedies Shakespeare makes a little mild fun of them. Mr. Bowden is drawing on his imagination when he calls them "weak-minded pedants, timid and time-serving." There is not much timidity about the choleric Welshman, and though his dialect is made amusing enough, there is nothing weak-minded or silly in his conversation. Sir Nathaniel is an earlier sketch, and in *Love's Labour's Lost* there is a great deal more verbal wit than drawing of character; but even here there are traits that we are glad to recognise in the parson. When the schoolmaster proposes to make an "extemporal epitaph" on the death of the deer, the good man, knowing the tiresome jests that the horns could lend themselves to, begs him to "abrogate scurrility." Mr. Bowden has read his text so carelessly that he accuses Sir Nathaniel of "dreading to speak concerning the fathers." On the contrary he is proceeding to quote from one of them, when he is interrupted by the schoolmaster, who prefers to keep most of the talking to himself.

> *Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and as a certain Father saith—
>
> *Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the Father.

We may readily admit that in the masque of the Worthies, into which he was drawn by the vanity of his friend, he was "a little o'erparted" as Alexander, but Protestants at least will be content to take the word of his parishioner Costard, that he was "an honest man; a marvellous good neighbour, faith; and a very good bowler."

On the whole, then, I can see nothing in the reasoning that would made Shakespeare a Puritan, and even less, if possible, in that which would make him a Roman Catholic. He makes the clown

in *All's Well that Ends Well* (I. 3)[1] speak of "young Charbon" (i.e. chair bonne) the Puritan, and old Poysam (i.e. poisson) the Papist as though they represented two extremes to which he himself was in a mean. We know that he had learned the Church Catechism because he makes Hamlet speak of his hands as "pickers and stealers" (III. ii. 348), and there may be another reference in Biron's "special grace" (I. i. 153). We know that he had stood godfather, according to the rite of the Church of England, to a friend's child.[2] He was himself baptised according the same rite, and I can see no reason for refusing to believe that he remained until death a member of the Church of his baptism.[3] How far he was an orthodox member of that communion is another and far more difficult question, which cannot here be considered.

H. C. BEECHING.

[1]One would like to consider a good deal of the Clown's talk in this scene as mere actor's "gag" of the kind Hamlet protests against (III. ii. 42); but unhappily he is "foul mouthed," as the Countess rightly calls him, all through the play. Later in the scene there seems to be an approving reference to one of the many orders for the wearing of the surplice which followed upon Parker's *Advertisements*: "That man should be at woman's command and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt: it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going forsooth." The topical sense of this passage may be exhibited in a paraphrase: "It wont hurt me to obey my mistress any more than it will hurt the Puritans to obey the Queen, though they object to the 'regiment of women.' They may keep their heart as proud as they please in their black gown, but they must be content to wear the surplice over it according to order."

[2]In his will he leaves "to my godson William 20s. in gold."

[3]In some notes by an Archdeacon Davies, of Saperton, Gloucestershire, between 1688 and 1708 occurs the sentence "He died a Papist." This would mean that Shakespeare was reconciled to the Roman Church on his death-bed. But even Halliwell-Phillipps, who held that Shakespeare was Romanist in sympathy, allows the impossibility of any such reconciliation at New Place, considering the well-known Puritanism of his daughter and her husband, and the penalties for proselytising. He suggests that Shakespeare may have gone so far as to decline the offices of the vicar. The tradition seems to me on a level with that preserved by another local clergyman, to the effect that the poet died from the results of a drinking bout, which happily can be refuted by the fact that he made his will in January, corrected it in March, and died in April.

THE STAGE OF THE GLOBE.

IN order to obtain a full understanding of any distinct mode of artistic expression, it is necessary to track it to its source, and to study the conditions under which its original utterances were shaped and its character and conventions took their everlasting bent. Thus romance first becomes intelligible when you have learnt the life-history of the minstrel folk who gave it birth; and the refrains and rhythms of lyric yield a new meaning, as you discern in them the uplifting of choric feet about the sacred tree, or the swaying bodies of the oarsmen at the rowlock or the women at the loom. Above all is this true in the case of forms so elaborate as those of drama, whose very existence depends upon the substitution of costly co-operation for the freedom of the single-handed entertainer, and whose traditions early attain to a stability based upon the conservatism of a syndicate and the permanence of an architectural structure. If then one desires to differentiate the drama of the Renascence from the drama of the Middle Ages on the one side or the drama of the Restoration on the other, it is almost inevitable to begin by determining the nature of the stage upon which the Renascence plays were produced, and estimating the reaction which its dimensions and arrangement must have had upon the putting-together and the presentation of these.

Such an investigation is congenial enough to a generation whose historic sense has been rendered acute by contact with the pregnant conceptions of evolutionary science and philosophy. More than one attempt has been made in recent years to reconstruct a Shakespearean stage and to remodel histrionic methods, perverted by the misunderstandings of two centuries, in harmony therewith. As in all matters concerning Shakespeare, German enterprise has taken a foremost and honourable share in this endeavour. As far back as 1840 Karl Immermann produced *Twelfth Night* upon a stage designed by himself for the purpose at Düsseldorf. Immermann's experiment was an isolated one, and he did not as a matter of fact arrive at anything very closely approaching what we can imagine a

Shakespearean stage to have been. It was not until 1888 that the discovery by Dr. Karl Theodor Gaedertz of a drawing of the interior of the Swan theatre, of which more will be said below, stimulated a really wide-spread interest in the matter. The famous Munich Shakespeare-Bühne, organised by Karl von Perfall and Jócza Savits, was opened with a performance of *King Lear* on June 1, 1889, and yielded a long series of Shakespearean and other plays up to 1905. The example of Munich was followed more spasmodically at Breslau and Prague; and at Paris, in a production of *Measure for Measure* at the Théâtre de l' Œuvre in 1898. The English Elizabethan Stage Society, under the direction of Mr. William Poel, initiated its Shakespeare stage with a performance of *Measure for Measure* in 1893, and endured until 1905. In America the Department of English of Harvard University built an Elizabethan stage for a revival of Ben Jonson's *Epicœne* in 1895, and rebuilt it in accordance with the latest research for Mr. Forbes-Robertson to play *Hamlet* upon in 1904. It must of course be borne in mind that these ventures, with the possible exception of the Harvard one, were conceived in the interests of histrionic reform rather than in those of pure archæology. The two objects are related, but ought not to be confused. The representation of Shakespeare's plays on the modern theatre has no doubt come to disaster, partly owing to the substitution after the Restoration of a picture-stage for a platform-stage, and partly owing to the bad taste of nineteenth-century stage-managers—notably Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Beerbohm Tree—who have persisted in elaborating scenic effect along lines of cost rather than of beauty, with results to the structure and movement of the plays no less ruinous than the havoc wrought by eighteenth-century adapters upon their texts. Obviously such reforms are required as will enable the dialogue of a play to be given in its entirety and in the order in which it was written; will prevent breaches of continuity in the progress of each act; and will restore declamation to its proper place in the equipment of the mime. I have seen nothing more ridiculous than a recent revival of *Richard II*, in which the performer of John of Gaunt, instead of coming forward to the footlights and spouting the patriotic harangue at the beginning of the second act, spoke it in the arms of his attendants, and with realistic representations of the feeble gestures, the halting utterance, and the broken accents of a dying man. Probably the actors themselves are more to blame than even the carpenters and the scene-shifters; but clearly if any kind of scenic illusion lends to the mutilation either of the words or of the spirit of a play as Shakespeare wrote it, that particular

kind of scenic illusion stands self-condemned. On the other hand, it seems to me a mere pedantry to maintain that no scenic illusion can possibly be appropriate in the performance of Shakespeare's plays upon a modern stage, which was not available in the sixteenth century. The Elizabethan companies were limited by their poverty, by their mobility, and by the imperfect development of mechanical invention. It is difficult, in view of Shakespeare's apologies in the choruses to *Henry V.* for his "wooden O" and its "unworthy scaffold," and for the

> Four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,

that must needs body forth the great name of Agincourt, to feel that he would not have gladly welcomed more spacious and decorative opportunities. And have not his lavish passages of description, such as that of Cleopatra's barge upon the Cydnus, again and again the air of verbal scene-painting, making its appeal to the imagination through the ear in default of the eye? Probably the scenic reformer's best course is, while preserving the essentials of the Shakespearean theatre, so far as he can discover them, to allow himself to be guided in details by his own sense of beauty rather than by a minuter respect for archæology. After all, perhaps it comes to much the same thing in the long run. Mr. Gordon Craig hangs his stage with curtains, because they are more beautiful and mysterious than painted scenes, and in so doing he half unconsciously reproduces the folded arrases of the Globe.

To the scholar, on the other hand, the archæological detail is important for its own sake and quite apart from any artistic use that may, by reproduction or adaptation, be made of it. The disinterested curiosity of his imagination will not be at rest until he knows precisely how it was all done at the time; and the very difficulty of the enquiry is his lure. This difficulty does not arise so much from any paucity of material, as from the failure of the material which exists to group itself into a coherent picture. The sources of information are, indeed, both varied and numerous. In the first rank are the few engravings and drawings which show the interior of a playhouse. Of these there are only four dating from before the end of the seventeenth century; and one of them, that of the Red Bull in 1672, is already too late to throw much light upon the Shakespearean period. Two little wood-cuts are found upon the title-pages respectively of William Alabaster's *Roxana* (1632) and Nathanael Richards' *Messallina* (1640). These have received less attention than the drawing of the Swan already referred

to, which is a contemporary copy by one Arend van Buchell of Utrecht of an original sketch made by his friend John de Witt during a visit to London about 1596. Hardly less valuable than such representations are the specifications for the building of the Fortune in 1600 and of the Hope in 1613, which are contained in builders' contracts and preserved amongst Alleyn's papers at Dulwich. Much is to be gleaned from the innumerable allusions in controversial pamphlets concerning the stage, or in literary works, such as the chapter on "How a Gallant should behave himself in a Playhouse" in Thomas Dekker's *The Gull's Hornbook* (1609) and the prologues to several of Ben Jonson's comedies. Finally there is the vast store of evidence furnished by the stage-directions which are found to a greater or less extent in nearly all the early printed editions of plays. Some of these may have been added for the benefit of the reader in the process of preparing a play for press; but the majority appear to be genuine directions inserted by the author or the bookholder into acting copies for the guidance of the actors and the tiremen; or, in the case of pirated editions, notes of the action made from amongst the audience as it actually took place upon the stage. They are full of indications illuminating, if indirect, of the properties used, of the doors by which entrances and exits were effected, and of the stage-devices of curtains and traverses and arrases, of trap-doors and descending thrones, of scenes "within" and scenes "above," by which the plots were advanced and changes of locality secured. It is unfortunate that, when the material so gathered comes to be arranged and interrogated, the inferences drawn from it prove singularly inconclusive and conflicting. It has long been apparent that generalities about the Elizabethan stage run a risk of being misleading. The methods of presentation were probably more various than can be comprehended in a single formula. Fundamental similarities of principle must have been consistent with considerable divergences on minor points, such as the number of the doors or the position of the curtains. This is hardly surprising, when one reflects on the wide diversity of experience which was available for the assistance of the early designers of stages. Doubtless the inn-yards in which the London companies had been accustomed to play for over a quarter of a century formed their principal models; but in adapting these they could draw upon suggestions from many quarters, from miracle-play platforms of every shape and size with their *domi* and their *sedes*, from the pageants, moveable and stationary, of processions and royal entries, from notions of the Roman theatre gathered by scholars from Vitruvius and the commentators upon Terence, from the make-

shifts of guildhall and banqueting-house, and from the rings of scaffolding which accommodated the spectators at bear-baiting and at bull-baiting. Clearly the way in which plays were given at Court, when all the resources of the Revels Office, with its carpenters and its painters and its wire-drawers, were at the disposal of the company, must have differed much from the way in which they were furnished forth from the company's own stock of costumes and properties, before the city apprentices and their lady-loves. Clearly also the arrangements and the manners of the so-called "private" houses, such as the Blackfriars, were not quite those of the great open public stages. And it is not always obvious for which type of performance the stage-directions of any particular print may have been intended. Even the great stages themselves may have been distinguished from each other by peculiarities of structure and contrivances which it is now impossible to recover. So that in the end the general enquiry as to the nature of the Shakespearean stage reduces itself to the more particular enquiry as to the nature of the stage of the Globe; and one's reliance upon the stage-directions even of plays clearly traceable to the Chamberlain's or the King's company can only be hesitating, when it is remembered that some of the extant versions of these plays may have been specially prepared for Court, or for the provinces, that even during the latter years of Shakespeare's life the company regularly performed at the Blackfriars as well as at the Globe, and that in its more unsettled early days it made its appearance, certainly or probably, upon the boards of Newington Butts, the Rose, the Cross-Keys, the Theater, and the Curtain.

Certain misconceptions may at once be got rid of. Malone, by just such a critical misapplication of stage-directions not really referring to the public stage as is here deprecated, was led to assume the existence of a front curtain, which, however, he conceived, instead of being dropped like that now in use, to have opened in the middle and to have been drawn backwards and forwards on an iron rod. Hardly anyone now, with the exception of Mr. Sidney Lee, believes in this front curtain, which indeed, in view of the relation of the stage to the auditorium, must, if it existed at all, have been accompanied by similar curtains running along the sides of the stage from front to back. But it did not exist. Such curtains as were used, were hung, roughly speaking, at the back rather than at the front of the stage and divided it from a room behind, which served as the tiring-house of the actors. We learn that at the Fortune the curtains were of worsted, and that it was the rude custom of the audience to fling tiles and pears against

them before the beginning of the play, in order to allure the actors forth. Similarly it is clear that scenes, in the modern sense of cloths painted in perspective, fastened upon rollers, and shifting to indicate change of locality, although they were introduced from Italy at the beginning of the seventeenth century and were used in masques at court and in university plays, found no footing upon the public stage until D'Avenant opened his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields after the Restoration.

Some more positive notion of the structural character of the Globe may be gleaned from the builder's contract for the Fortune, which has already been mentioned. In 1600 the Globe was the latest new thing in theatres, and in entering into his agreement for the Fortune with Peter Streete the carpenter, Henslowe was careful to specify that the Globe should be taken as the model alike as regards the arrangement of the galleries and stair-cases, the contrivance and fashioning of the stage, and all other minor points not particularly set out. The only alterations of design asked for by Henslowe were that the scantlings or standard measurements of the timber should be rather stouter than those of the Globe, and that the main posts of the stage and auditorium should be shaped square and carved with figures of satyrs. It has been thought that the Globe was a round theatre, but as the Fortune was certainly square, and as Henslowe does not suggest any dissimilarity of shape, this must be held doubtful. If it was square, the "wooden O" of *Henry V.* must refer to some earlier theatre, probably the Curtain. In view of Henslowe's allusions to the Globe, it is reasonable to accept the features and the dimensions of the Fortune, as set out in the specification, for a fair indication of the approximate features and the dimensions of its rival. If so, the Globe was eighty feet square without and fifty-five feet square within. The frame-work was composed of three tiers, stories, or galleries of seats. These were respectively twelve, eleven, and nine feet high, and each of the upper ones jutted forwards ten inches in front of that beneath. The galleries were reached by staircases, and parts of them were divided off by partitions so as to afford four gentlemen's rooms or boxes and a sufficient number of twopenny rooms. The stage was forty-three feet wide and projected forwards to the middle of the floor-space or yard. It had a tiring-house, and if this occupied a depth of twelve and a half feet, which would have been equal to that of the galleries, it would have left a depth of twenty-seven and a half feet for the stage. It will be seen that the stage was completely surrounded on three sides by the auditorium. Over the stage was a "shadow or cover." This,

with the galleries and their staircases, was tiled and fitted with gutters to carry away rain-water backwards. The yard was evidently uncovered, and as the performances were in the afternoon, artificial lighting was thereby rendered unnecessary. The stage and the lowest story of the frame-work were paled in below, and the latter was also protected by iron pikes. The building was plastered outside; the rooms were ceiled; and the tiring-house was provided with glazed windows.

These data, valuable as they are, are not exhaustive. They leave us in the dark as to the position of the curtains, and as to the arrangements for entrances and exits and for changes of locality. Conjecture on these points has generally helped itself by transferring to the Globe some or all of the features disclosed in John de Witt's drawing of the Swan. This drawing in many respects confirms the indications of the Fortune contract. It shows the three tiers of seats and the stage surrounded by these and projecting into the middle of the yard. The general outline of the auditorium is round or oval instead of rectangular; and, perhaps in consequence of this, the width of the stage is not, as in the Fortune, markedly greater than its depth. In fact, after allowing for perspective, the proportions seem to be reversed. There are no palings round the stage, and two solid trestles which support it are visible. There is a "shadow or cover," but this appears to be little more than a penthouse extending over the back of the stage and to be carried by two heavy round columns with square bases planted in the floor of the stage about a third of the way from the back wall. I say "appears," because, as will be seen, I have my doubts. The back wall itself is marked *mimorum aedes*, and in it are shown two pairs of large folding doors which doubtless give upon the tiring-house. Above these runs an open balcony divided into six boxes, in which persons are represented sitting. This is approximately on the level of the second gallery. The "shadow" slopes down from the level of the third gallery, and above it towers a hut or cabin, with a door looking over the roof of the auditorium, at which stands a figure who seems to be blowing a trumpet. A flag with a swan upon it floats from the roof of the cabin. No curtain is apparent in any part of the stage.

The Fortune contract and the Swan drawing have been the starting-points for various efforts of imaginative reconstruction. The dominant theory may be taken to be that which is summed up and illustrated with a conjectural ground-plan and elevation in Dr. Cecil Brodmeier's *Die Shakespeare-Bühne nach den alten Bühnenanweisungen* (1904). It is also represented by the Harvard stage,

as described and figured by Professor G. P. Baker in the German Shakespeare Society's *Jahrbuch* for 1905. According to this theory, the stage was divided into an inner and an outer part by a "traverse" or curtain moving to right and left on a rod, which was fixed between two columns placed as they appear to be shown by De Witt. The outer stage was used for the large number of scenes which take place in a garden or street or some other, often not very clearly defined, out-of-doors locality, and make very little, if any, demand for furniture or properties. The inner stage, for which the "shadow" served as a roof, was hung at the back with arras, and was used for the representation of interiors. It is held that the continuous succession of scenes within each act of a play was rendered possible by the alternating use of these two spaces, since the inner stage was approached by doors from the tiring-house, and could be set and re-set with suitable properties whilst action was proceeding on the outer stage in front of the traverse. Some of these outer scenes, in consequence, are of the nature of what a later theatrical jargon calls "carpenters' scenes," serving rather to facilitate the process of alternation than notably to advance the plot. A still further variety of action was rendered possible by the gallery which ran along the back wall of the inner stage above the arras. This formed a third or upper stage, and on it passed such scenes or parts of scenes, on the walls of cities, in Juliet's balcony, and the like, as are commonly indicated in stage-directions by the terms "above" and "aloft." The traverse between the columns was high enough to shut out the upper stage, as well as the inner stage, from view; but the former also had its own short traverse, by means of which it could, if desired, be put out of action when the inner stage was in use.

The theory here expounded has had to face a good deal of criticism, particularly in some interesting articles on *Some Principles of Elizabethan Staging*, contributed by Mr. George F. Reynolds to *Modern Philology* for 1905. I cannot trace the controversy in detail. To me the theory appears, in the main, sound, both as regards the three divisions of the stage, and as regards the method of securing continuous action by the alternating use of these divisions. It is not necessary to assume that the management of the alternation was always perfect, or that other, and sometimes more primitive, devices for overcoming the awkwardness of incongruously juxtaposed scenes were not occasionally resorted to. "You shal haue *Asia* of the one side, and *Affrick* of the other," writes Sidney in 1581, "and so many other vnder-kingdoms, that the Player, when he commeth in, must euer begin with telling

where he is: or els, the tale wil not be conceiued." In Sidney's time the players helped themselves and their audiences by hanging up sign-boards over the entrances, in order to indicate the locality to which the speakers who used each entrance were supposed to belong; and it must not be taken for granted that, a quarter of a century later, the conservatism of the mimes had wholly learnt to dispense with this piece of *naïveté*. My own criticism of the Fortune-Swan-Globe reconstruction must be limited to a single, but not, I think, an unimportant point. I do not see how the central traverse, between the inner and the outer stage, can possibly have come where Dr. Brodmeier and the Harvard architect put it. To this arrangement there are two principal objections. In the first place, how were entrances and exits effected when the traverse was closed and the outer stage alone in use? Dr. Brodmeier's plan only permits of them through the traverse itself. There were occasions when this would have been grotesque; as, for example, Act II, Scene iii, of *Cymbeline*. The inner stage represents Imogen's bedchamber in which the trunk scene has just taken place. On the outer stage Cloten is serenading Imogen. Cymbeline enters and says:—

> Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
> Will she not forth?

Obviously he cannot himself have just entered through that door.

I suppose that at Harvard such exits and entrances were managed round the edge of the stage beyond the columns, and through the side curtains of the inner stage. The grotesqueness would be avoided by this plan, since only a few of the audience would see the use made of the side curtains. But indeed the side curtains raise more difficulties than they solve; and this brings me to my second objection. The galleries in which the audience sat ran, as De Witt's drawing shows, right round the house until they came into contact with the back wall of the stage. If the traverse was closed and the tiremen were arranging beds and other properties upon the inner stage, the sides of the inner stage must have been closed also, or all the preparations would have been visible. This was recognised at Harvard, and supplementary traverses were provided, running back from the columns to the stage-wall. In Dr. Brodmeier's plan the sides of the inner stage are permanently closed, in order that he may obtain side entrances to the inner stage. But it does not seem to have been considered how this would affect the line of vision of the spectators at the stage end of the auditorium. The depth from the columns to the back wall

seems to be taken as from a third to a half of the whole depth of the stage, say from ten to fourteen feet. A fair number of Dr. Brodmeier's spectators would never see anything upon the inner or the upper stage, and would be seriously incommoded when action was proceeding on the side of the outer stage farthest from them. The corresponding spectators at Harvard would be rather better off, because the side traverses would be drawn to give them a view of the inner scenes. But they also would often have their view of the outer stage blocked; and at the best surely these solid columns, with curtains clinging about them, must have proved very inconvenient obstacles to vision from various parts of the house, and must have provoked at least as much irritation and bad language as the largest *matinée* hat. My personal belief is that there were no columns and that therefore the traverse could not hang between them. I think of the Globe as a very simple affair, with a large open outer stage, forty-three feet wide by twenty-seven and a half deep, and a flat back wall hung with arras. Above is the balcony or upper stage with its short traverse; beneath the two doors to the extreme right and left, and between them another traverse, some thirty feet long, a parting in the middle of which furnishes the third door which some stage-directions imply. When this traverse is drawn, it discloses an inner stage contrived in the twelve and a half feet depth of the tiring-house and hung around with more arras. As this inner stage is what Mr. Reynolds calls an alcove, its traverse does not interfere with the use of the two principal doors or of the upper stage. It is not so large as the inner stage of the reconstruction already discussed, but surely quite large enough to represent a lobby, a study, a bed-chamber, a shop, a friar's cell, or the inside of a tomb. If a banqueting-hall or a court of justice was needed, it held the seats of state, and the rest of the action spread over the outer stage. Possibly it was raised two or three steps above the outer stage. It did not necessarily contain all the moveable properties; such things as tables for a feast could easily be carried on to the outer stage, and carried away naturally enough when done with. The fact that all the action would be visible is really, I think, a great argument in favour of the simpler Globe.

And now, how did this notion of the forth-standing columns on the stage come about? The only possible evidence for them is that of the Swan drawing. I think it is just conceivable that De Witt did not mean them to be supported on the stage at all, but to be part of the structure of the back wall and to be flush or nearly flush with the rest of this. If so, he drew them very badly. But then he

drew the rest of his illustration very badly; and after all, he does not seem to have intended it as anything more than a rough note for the purpose of illustrating a certain analogy which he fancied that he discovered between the structure of the Swan and that of the Roman *theatrum*. "Cuius quidem formam," he says, "quod Romani operis umbram videatur exprimere supra adpinxi." It may even be doubted whether he did not do his drawing from memory after he got back to his inn. The trumpeter, for instance, would not really have been sounding when the action had already begun. Moreover, it is only Arend van Buchell's copy that we have, and not De Witt's original. Altogether the drawing cannot be insisted upon very much as regards the exact position of the columns. This is especially so, in view of the fact that there are other grounds for thinking it highly improbable that there were any columns supported by this particular stage. In addition to the builder's contract for the Fortune in 1600, the Dulwich papers contain another made by Henslowe in 1613 with the carpenter Gilbert Katherens for the building of the Hope. In this the model quoted in the specification is none other than the Swan. Katherens is to make the Hope "of suche large compasse, fforme, widenes, and height" as is the Swan. The outside staircases are to be like those of the Swan, and the partitions between the rooms are to be made as they are made at the Swan. The instructions as to the stage are noticeable. It is to be "a stage to be carryed or taken awaie, and to stande vppon tressels good substanciall and sufficient for the carryinge and bearinge of suche a stage." Similarly, Katherens must "builde the Heavens all over the saide stage to be borne or carryed wthout any postes or supporters to be fixed or sett vppon the saide stage." The "heavens" are, of course, the same as the "shadow or cover" of the Fortune. The reason for these arrangements at the Hope was that the building was to serve for bull-baiting and bear-baiting as well as for plays, and that for these purposes a permanent stage would be in the way. I have no proof that the Swan was used for baiting, although it was certainly used for acrobats, fencers, and spectacular entertainments; and it is possible that the moveable stage and the heavens supported from above may have been features of the Hope which were not copied from the Swan. But on the whole I think that the presumption is the other way, particularly as the Swan stage is not paled in and its trestles are conspicuous in De Witt's drawing. Obviously, if the stage was moveable, it could not support De Witt's columns. The Hope also was to have "turned cullumes uppon and over the stage," and I believe that in both theatres these columns formed part of the decoration of the stage-wall. If they did

not stand forward on the stage at the Swan, the reason, sufficiently flimsy beforehand, for putting them in that position at the Globe disappears altogether. They were not needed for support of the heavens, as the analogy of the Hope shows; and if these, at the Globe, were supported from the stage at all, the most convenient method would have been by comparatively slender posts rising from its outermost corners. I am assuming that the heavens of the Globe and the Fortune, like that of the Hope, covered the whole stage, and were not a mere penthouse such as is shown in the Swan drawing. Here again I believe that De Witt misrepresents the Swan, and that the heavens projected farther and sloped down much less than he indicates. Were it otherwise, they would obstruct the view from part of the topmost gallery; and it really must be assumed that even an Elizabethan architect meant the spectators to see something. Dr. Brodmeier's plan fails to guard against this obstruction. In the Harvard theatre the top gallery is well below the heavens, but these do not extend over more than the inner stage.

Many minor questions in connection with the structure of the Globe call for solution. Were stools allowed for spectators upon the stage, and if so where were they placed? Where was the trap through which spirits arose and vanished? Was the balcony used solely as an upper stage, or did it also contain a music-room, and possibly the "lords' rooms" or private boxes? And if the music-room and the lords' rooms were not there, where were they? What was the nature of the "top" or "tower" above the balcony, and how was the "creaking throne" with its *deus ex machina* brought down from the heavens to please the groundlings? These are alluring themes, but within the limits of this paper it has seemed best to keep to fundamentals.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

THE SONNETS.

THE Sonnets of Shakespeare present so many problems to the student that a writer who attempts to treat them shortly must confine himself to a statement of his own conclusions upon each question that arises, without much consideration of what can be urged on the other side. In following this course I may plead as excuse that I have already discussed these problems at length in another place.[1] Accordingly what follows will be limited to the attempt to make the position which I believe to be the true one intelligible to those who have no special knowledge of the matters in debate.

1. Allowing, as everyone must allow, that the real interest of the Sonnets lies in their unequalled poetry, the question nevertheless cannot fail to present itself to every reader, how far he is justified in finding in them an element of autobiography. He asks whether he may assume that at least the apparent groundwork of story underlying them may be taken as matter of fact; that is to say, that Shakespeare was at some time during his life in London attracted to, and fascinated by, a brilliant youth, who on his side took pride and pleasure in the poet's friendship; or whether this is a mere invention, devised by the dramatic instinct of Shakespeare as a mould for lyric effusions, which could find no convenient vehicle in his dramas. How can such a question be determined? No argument, one way or the other, can be based on the use of the sonnet-form; for, if a large number of Elizabethan sonnets are clearly, and some avowedly, mere exercises in a fashionable form made for fashionable patrons, on the other hand, Spenser's sonnets were written during his courtship of the lady who became his wife, and Sidney's were written (with what degree of earnestness is in dispute) to Lady Rich. The answer can be found, I believe, in an examination of the poems themselves. The first 126 sonnets form a series, not so complete as to create suspicion of

[1] *The Sonnets of Shakespeare*, with an introduction and notes by H. C. Beeching. Boston, U.S.A., and London, Ginn & Co.

a dramatic pose, and yet with enough continuity and common feeling to make it certain that they were addressed to the same person. They reveal themselves as occasional poems, or groups of poems, which require for their full interpretation a knowledge of details which has perished with the occasion. What does the poet mean in Sonnet 36 by his "bewailed guilt"? No one knows. What was the friend's offence in Sonnet 34? Does Sonnet 40 refer to a repetition of the same, or to a new offence? How are the charges made in these sonnets to be reconciled with the assertion in 70 of the friend's "pure unstained prime"? Who are the rival poets spoken of, and with such minute particularity, in the group 78-86? These and similar obscurities lead to the belief that the story of the Sonnets represents a real experience; for, indeed, a dramatist of Shakespeare's skill and genius could hardly have written an imaginary drama of passion, in which there were so many broken links. A further argument in support of this view may be drawn from the marked change of style which begins with the hundredth sonnet. This and the sonnets that follow are plainly later in date than those that precede, and they profess to be written after an interval, and open with an apology for silence. Such a confirmation of the story at one point justifies us in assuming that there is a similar basis of real experience for the whole. The theory, therefore, that the Sonnets are nothing more than literary exercises must, in my judgement, be rejected.

2. Another theory, recently advanced, accepts the view that the Sonnets are addressed to a real person, and to a youth; but claims that he was no mere personal friend of the poet, but his patron. It asserts that the language of intimate affection, which is so striking throughout, was a well understood convention of the day, employed by every literary *protégé*, while the praise of the patron's *beaux yeux* was the usual "beggarly thanks" for value received. It must be acknowledged that the evidence adduced in support of the former assertion is of the scantiest; it consists chiefly of the eulogies of Queen Elizabeth by Ralegh and other courtiers, which were extravagant enough certainly, but had a unique cause and justification. The other statement, that flattery was apt to take the form of praise of the patron's good looks was true enough of the baser sort of poets; but on this theory how are we to explain language at the other pole from flattery? lines like:

> Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
> Art left the prey of every vulgar thief. (48)

or,

> You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,

Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse. (84)

or,

But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The solve is this, that thou dost common grow. (69)

A passionate friendship would account for much plain speaking, but would any possible condition of patronage? If it is remembered that Shakespeare's patron, Lord Southampton, was one of the greatest peers in England, at a time when all social degrees, even that between peer and gentleman, were very clearly marked; and that Shakespeare belonged to a profession which, by public opinion, was held to be degrading, it will hardly need saying that such addresses from a player, however fashionable, to a patron, however complaisant, were simply impossible. The only argument for this theory of any weight is drawn from the series of sonnets which complain of the friend's attraction to some other poet or poets. The complaint, however, is not that the friend extended his patronage to a rival, but that he took pleasure in this rival's flattering verses; and this is not the same thing. On any theory, of course, and whoever the youth was, it was to Shakespeare as a poet that he was drawn; so that he may well have been attracted by other poets also; and there is nothing unlikely in what the sonnets suggest, that when some other poets became for the moment more fashionable, he grew colder to Shakespeare, and courted the new genius.

What is it then, we must ask, which sets people inventing such wild theories as this about patronage, instead of letting the Sonnets supply their own interpretation? Oddly enough, it is the idea that such a passionate friendship as the Sonnets display would be humiliating to the poet, and would cast a slur on the dignity of his character. But if Shakespeare's good fame is to be the canon by which his poems are to be interpreted, may we not reply, that the notion that Shakespeare spent all this magnificent poetry on a mere patron by way of flattery, and did his best to monopolise his bounty, is far more insulting to him? We may grant that a friendship of the sort presented in the Sonnets, not being, in Tennyson's phrase, "equal-poised," had not, and could not have, the elements of stability; but we must insist that there was nothing in it humiliating or unworthy. It was, I believe, a friendship of a kind not uncommon with imaginative natures. A poet is a man with keener senses and stronger emotions than other men; he is more sensitive to beauty, especially the beauty of youth; and, as the poetry of the whole world may convince us, he is especially sensitive to that beauty's decay. Hence it is not uncommon to find in poets of

mature years a strong disposition to consort with young people distinguished in some special degree for beauty or grace or vivacity, as though to atone for the slow sapping of youthful strength and ardour in themselves. Moreover, poets are sensitive to appreciation, and there is a peculiar sweetness in praise and admiration from the young. We have something of a parallel to what seems to have happened in Shakespeare's case, in the somewhat violent friendship that sprang up between the poet Gray and Bonstetten, a Swiss youth of quality, who won Gray's heart at Cambridge; a friendship which may have taken from the dignity of the don, but was in no way degrading to the poet. That Shakespeare understood the possibility of such an "infatuation"—if the word be preferred—he has shown us in his account of the affection of Antonio for Bassanio, in the *Merchant of Venice*, and of another Antonio for Sebastian in *Twelfth Night*; and when to the very cogent consideration that Shakespeare himself saw nothing unmanly in such romantic friendships, we add the recollection that they were not against the sentiment of Elizabethan England,[1] we shall hesitate to reject the obvious interpretation that the Sonnets put upon themselves.

3. On the assumption, then, that the Sonnets are addressed to a real person, who was a real friend, the further question arises whether the friend can be identified. I believe that he cannot. The Sonnets indicate that he belonged to a higher rank in society than Shakespeare's own; *e.g.*, 37 would be without point unless the friend had advantages of fortune which were denied to the poet; 96 implies that he occupied a position which made his conduct liable to popular discussion; and 124 implies that he was some one whose acquaintance the poet might be charged with cultivating for the sake of its worldly advantages. But there must have been not a few young gentlemen in London at the time, with a taste for the theatre and an interest in men of letters, to whom these conditions would apply. Nevertheless the natural desire for certainty, although certainty cannot be had, has led students to attempt the task of identification. Almost as soon as the Sonnets began to be seriously studied, the suggestion was made that the poet's friend was no less a person than the young William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke. It was pointed out that one or two punning Sonnets (135, 143) make it probable that the friend's Christian name was "Will,"[2] and that the person to whom the Sonnets are inscribed as their

[1]See, for example, the correspondence between Hubert Languet and Philip Sidney.

[2]The italics in the *editio princeps* show that a play of some sort was intended.

"begetter"[1] (which would seem to mean their "inspirer," as it could not mean their author), is a "Mr. W. H." It was then ascertained that the first seventeen sonnets would have a relevancy to the fact that in 1597 negotiations were on foot to marry Lord Herbert to a daughter of the Earl of Oxford, and that the young nobleman displayed great reluctance. However, in the way of this identification of Shakespeare's young friend with William Herbert, there are difficulties: (1) that sonnets of Shakespeare are referred to by a critic as early as 1598, which was the date of Herbert's coming to London: (2) that Herbert was always Lord Herbert never *Mr.* Herbert.

A second suggestion, which has received much support, independently of the patron theory discussed above, is that the friend was Lord Southampton. On this hypothesis the punning sonnets have to be otherwise interpreted, and another interpretation found for the "begetter" of the Sonnets; but in its favour is the well-known fact, supported both by tradition and by the dedication prefixed to the *Lucrece*, that Southampton had admitted the poet to his friendship. The first series of sonnets, urging marriage, would apply as well to Southampton as to Pembroke, because he also objected to marry when a bride was proposed to him by his guardians. And, of course, the group about the Rival Poet would apply specially well to Southampton, who was a generous patron of men of letters. But against this identification there is the serious objection, that Southampton, who was born in 1593, was only nine years younger than Shakespeare, and at the probable date of the bulk of the son-

[1]The dedication is as follows: "To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets Mr. W. H. all happinesse and that eternitie promised by our ever-living poet wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth T.T." The part played by Mr. W. H. in regard to the sonnets cannot be determined until we have fixed the sense of the word "begetter" in this place: and that is a question still in debate. In Elizabethan English "beget" has occasionally, though very rarely, the simple meaning of "get," without any idea of creation. Hence "begetter" has been explained to mean the person who procured for the press—"*convey* the wise it call"—a manuscript copy of the sonnets; a necessary but not dignified function when a book was to be printed without the author's consent. The dedication might in that case be paraphrased:—"T.T. [*i.e.*, Thomas Thorpe], the publisher, wishes happiness, &c., to his friend, Mr. W. H., to whom alone he owes it that he is able to offer to the public the following sonnets." Such a paraphrase is not impossible, but it is hard to understand how a man of this world, wishing to make that simple acknowledgement, should have hit upon so vague and equivocal a phrase as "the only begetter of these insuing sonnets." A still greater difficulty in the way of this interpretation lies in the palpable fact that "our ever-living poet" had promised "eternity" not to the thief who purloined his poems, but to the friend to whom they were addressed. There is just the possibility that Thorpe intended to say that as long as Shakespeare's sonnets were read, so long would the thief's good offices be held in grateful remembrance by an obliged world. But here again, if he had meant that, would he not have said so? And would he not have associated his own name as publisher with the same "eternity"? I incline, therefore, to the belief that "beget" has here its natural and usual sense of "create," and that the "only begetter" of the sonnets is their "inspirer," the person to whom they were addressed. Daniel dedicates his first book of poems to the Countess of Pembroke in a sonnet in which he speaks of them as

Begotten by thy hand and my desire,

and a few lines before as "my humble rimes which thou from out thy greatness dost *inspire*."

nets (1597-8)—a point which falls next to be considered—was four or five and twenty, and thirty before they close. If Sonnet 107 refers, as seems certain, to the death of Elizabeth in 1603, the envoy (126), which from its exceptional form must have been written to close the series, cannot be earlier than this; but it speaks, as does 108, of Shakespeare's friend as a "boy"; and although the point of the Sonnet is that his good looks have outlasted the usual term, it is difficult to believe that, even in poetry, a man of thirty could be so described.[1] Moreover in 1596 and 1597 Southampton was out of England on expeditions with the Earl of Essex.

4. Critics have as yet come to no agreement as to the date of the Sonnets, perhaps because they allow their judgement to be biassed by partiality for one or another theory as to the person addressed in them. The only certain pieces of external evidence are (1) that the earliest contemporary reference to them comes in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, and (2) that two sonnets (138, 144) were printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim* by a literary pirate called Jaggard in 1599. Internal evidence is scanty; even the reference in 107 to the death of Elizabeth is disputed. But the evidence of style points to a late date. I venture to think that the critics who date the first twenty-six sonnets as early as *Venus and Adonis* are misled by their affinities in point of motive; for the writing is distinctly finer than anything in that poem, and the thought and experience are riper. The mastery of rhythm displayed in 5 and the melancholy of that and 12 point to a much later date (24 may be early). I have called attention elsewhere to a kind of evidence which ought to lead to certain results, but it requires somewhat delicate handling. Every writer knows the perverse facility with which a phrase once used presents itself again, and Shakespeare seems to have been not a little liable to this literary habit. It is not uncommon for him to use a word or phrase twice in a single play and never again. There is a strong probability, therefore, if a remarkable phrase or combination of phrases occur both in a play and a sonnet, that the sonnet and the play belong to the same period. The greater number of repeated expressions hitherto recognised come in *Henry IV*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *Hamlet*; and it is known that *Henry IV* was written in 1597, that *Love's Labour's Lost* was revised that same year, and that *Hamlet* is later still. To take an example, the phrase "world-without-end" makes a sufficiently striking epithet, but it is so used both in Sonnet 57 and in *Love's Labour's Lost* (V. ii.

[1]The "wretched boy" and "luckless boy" of Spenser's *Astrophel* have been adduced as a parallel, but they are addressed not to Sir Philip Sidney himself but to

"Young Astrophel, the rustick lasses' love."

799). The unfortunate thing is that this play, though revised in 1597, was written much earlier, so that no argument ought to be based on its parallels, which are many and interesting, without attention to the style of the passages in which they are found; a consideration which would seriously complicate the investigation. But the date of *Henry IV* is beyond dispute. Compare, then, Sonnet 33,

> Anon *permit* the *basest clouds* to ride
> With ugly rack on his celestial face.

with 1 *Henry IV*, I. ii. 194,

> The sun
> Who doth *permit* the *base* contagious *clouds*
> To smother up his beauty from the world.

Compare, again, besides the individual expressions, the concurrence of the images of a feast and a robe in the following:

> Therefore are *feasts* so *solemn* and so *rare*,
> Since, *seldom* coming, in the long year set,
> Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
> Or captain jewels in the carcanet.[1]
> So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
> Or as the wardrobe which the *robe* doth hide,
> To make some special instant special blest.
> *Sonnet* 52.

> My presence, like a *robe* pontifical,
> Ne'er seen but wondered at; and so my state,
> *Seldom* but sumptuous, showed like a *feast*,
> And won by *rareness* such *solemnity*.
> 1 *Henry IV*, III. ii. 56.

To take an example from a later play, in *Othello* (I. i. 63) there is a conjunction of the word "outward" with the curious synonym "extern," which occurs only there and in Sonnet 125. It seems to me a reasonable conclusion that these parallel passages are in each case of the same date. But this use of *repeated expressions* must not be confused with a general parallelism of sentiment or image from which little or nothing can be argued. It is, for instance, quite idle to compare for our present purpose two such passages as

> Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
> When well-apparell'd April on the heel

[1] It has been pointed out, as a sign that this sonnet is of early date, that "carcanet" occurs only here and in *Comedy of Errors*, III. i. 4. But no conclusion could possibly be drawn from the recurrence of a single word in two places of a poet's works.

Of limping winter treads.
Romeo and Juliet, I. ii. 26.

and

When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim
Has put a spirit of youth in everything.
Sonnet 98.

or

Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.[1]
Sonnet 33.

and

The eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
Midsummer Night's Dream, III. ii. 391.

because what is common in each case is little more than a commonplace. The only conclusion that ought to be drawn from the comparison is that the passages in the Sonnets have gained just that touch of the exquisite, of perfection, which the earlier use of the image lacked.

The argument, which I have thus illustrated, depends for its validity upon a large number of instances confirming each other; and it cannot be developed here. But the general argument from style can be shortly stated, and this is much more convincing to those whose ear is trained to appreciate it. I am persuaded that if we would find a parallel in the plays to the balance of style and substance, thought and imagination, that is so striking in the greater number of the sonnets, we must turn not to the rimed scenes of the early plays but to the more lyrical passages of the blank verse in plays of the middle period; such lines, for instance, as these from the *Merchant of Venice*:

A day in April never came so sweet
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer came before his lord;
II. viii. 92.

or these from the same play:

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins.
V. i. 60.

But as there are a few sonnets which seem earlier than the majority

[1]This line occurs in the same sonnet (33) as the passage quoted above, the date of which seems to be fixed by a parallel in 1 *Henry IV*.

(24, 46, 47), so there are others which seem to be later. Just as in the plays we see the perfect balance between the lyrical and intellectual impulse begin to be overset in *Hamlet*, while in such plays as *Coriolanus* and *Troilus and Cressida* the intellectual interest has triumphed, so among the Sonnets we can distinguish some, notably the group 71-74, which correspond to the *Hamlet* period, and others, such as 117-124, which suggest affinities with *Troilus and Cressida*.

5. A much canvassed question is, who is the poet spoken of in the section 78-86 as Shakespeare's rival? I am inclined to think there are two. Sonnet 82 clearly refers to more than one. In 83 Shakespeare's own silence is contrasted with the "praises" of "both your poets." In 78 they seem to be distinguished as the poet who has "learning" and the poet who has "grace." If this is so, the one is described in 85 as writing

> With golden quill
> And precious phrase by all the Muses filed;

the other in 86 as distinguished by "the proud full sail of his great verse." Perhaps they are contrasted again in 79 and 80. A possible candidate for the graceful poet would be Samuel Daniel, who was an "arts-man" (78, l. 12) and was in the habit of presenting his poems to distinguished people with a special dedication in each case, and he may have thus honoured Shakespeare's friend. For the "learned" rival the favourite is George Chapman, who published in 1598 the first instalment of that version of Homer which so delighted Keats. It has been supposed, too, that Chapman is more likely than any of his contemporaries to have dabbled in spiritualism, as the poet described in 86 seems to have done. At any rate in 1598 he wrote a poem to the celebrated Doctor Harriot, of whom Marlowe had said that he could juggle better than Moses. But the question cannot be settled.

6. A word may be added in conclusion on the sequence of the Sonnets. They fall into two groups, the first 126 being addressed to the unknown youth, the remainder, forming an appendix, being addressed to, or written about, the woman who figures so ill-omenedly in the main series. Most critics are agreed that the sonnets of the first series are approximately in the order intended by the poet, but some few appear to be misplaced; 36-39 do not explain their position, 75 would come better after 52, 77 and 81 interrupt the series on the rival poets, and 97-99 have no connexion with what precedes or follows. The sonnets in the appendix do not form a connected series. They are concerned for the most part with an incident handled in 40-42, and describe the

poet's attraction and repulsion for this woman, who without great beauty and without virtue, had laid a spell on him. The mood varies from tender or playful supplication, to pathetic remonstrance, or fierce denunciation, mingled with brutal jests. The two concluding sonnets, which are alternative versions of a Greek epigram, have no connexion with the series, and the 146th, which, on the model of the concluding sonnet of Astrophel and Stella, would be the *Envoy*, comes next to a merely pretty piece of *vers de société*. It looks as if all the sonnets not addressed to the friend had been thrown together without arrangement. The text of the *editio princeps*, the Quarto of 1609, is full of stupid misprints, a proof that the poet himself was not concerned in its publication.

H. C. Beeching.

THE PORTRAITS OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE passion to know what manner of man Shakespeare really was—the yearning that has even given rise to a demand on both sides of the Atlantic that his curse should be braved and his bones exhumed—has resulted in a collection of portraits so vast and so curious that we cannot but marvel at the credulity of people who are willing calmly to accept as true likenesses a host of portraits utterly inconsistent and incompatible as types of one and the same man. In order to flatter this unreasoning adaptability, resemblances have been traced where no resemblance exists, equal faith is expressed in portraits which in their bony structure are absolutely inter-contradictory, and a too ready ear is given to transparent explanations of pedigrees and to stories which judicious reflexion would inevitably dismiss.

There are, of course, the two portraits the authenticity of which is unchallenged. There is the group which, with some show of serious evidence, claim, although they do not deserve, the respect due to life-portraits, whatever may be thought of them as early portraits that are true even though executed after Shakespeare's death. There is the more numerous class of genuine works, more or less co-temporaneous, representing unknown gentlemen, to which, either honestly by tradition, tentatively by guess-work, or impudently by bad faith, the name of Shakespeare has been associated without any sort of authority or seriously-attempted justification. Then there are the spurious portraits, deliberate fabrications entire or in part—that is to say, either pictures wholly made up by the forger, or genuine pictures of men or women altered or tricked up into so-called portraits of the Poet. English, German, and Italian hands have been busy in this wholesale trade of imposture, and it is hard to say who has shown the greatest skill at the business. Of the numerous ideal pictures, memorial portraits as they may be called, nothing need here be said, save that, interesting as they may be in themselves, they pretend to no value as historical documents.

Of the "group" first mentioned, each on its first appearance has been received by different classes of too easily persuaded critics and students with all the blind faith and enthusiasm of the true believer; so that there has been a Chandos party, a Jansen party, a Felton party, a Hunt party, an Ely Palace party, and a Droeshout Original party, each of which has been prepared to maintain *à outrance* the superior authenticity of its own fancy, and deride the pretensions of the rest so far as they were at the moment known. Of the works which have at some time aroused the widest interest a selection has here been made by the Editor to supplement the authentic portraits—no doubt as wise a choice as could have been made. But I may say at once that a long and minute study of the portraits of Shakespeare in every medium and material has led me, otherwise hopeful as I was at the outset years ago, no distance at all towards the firm establishment of the reputation of any one of them as a true life-portrait, and that the healthy but not irreconcilable scepticism which should be the equipment of every honest inquirer, has unhappily in my case been subjected to no undue strain.

The Droeshout Engraving.

The authority of the engraving by Martin Droeshout in the First Folio is not to be gainsaid. This leading portrait was published by Shakespeare's friends and partners in the Globe Theatre; it carries their guarantee; and as it was issued in the life-time of Mrs. Shakespeare, a few months before her death, in all probability it had her approval, too. If Ben Jonson's dedicatory lines, "To the Reader," are to be taken seriously—as sincerely laudatory—the portrait had his acceptance as well; but this emphatic testimonial has been subjected to analytical dissection in order to ascertain if the full significance apparent in his words really belongs to them.

> This Figure, that thou here seest put,
> It was for gentle Shakespeare cut.

Does this mean, it has been asked, that the engraving was cut to represent Shakespeare—or that it was cut to his order, long before, and possibly rejected by him? And again:

> Wherein the Graver had a strife
> With Nature to outdo the life.

How much importance are we to attach to praise so generous and lavish, not to say fulsome? The truth is that the expression,

according to the phrase of to-day, was almost a *cliché*. Shakespeare had himself used it thirty years before in *Venus and Adonis*:

> Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
> His art 's with Nature's workmanship at strife.

The phrase, rather for its felicity of expression than for its unvarnished truth, no doubt, remained a favourite form of dedication for many years, and Dryden did not hesitate to apply it to Sir Godfrey Kneller:

> Such are thy pieces, imitating life
> So near, they almost conquer in the strife.

As for the concluding lines, many parallels might be found:

> O could he but have drawn his wit
> As well in brass, as he hath hit
> His face, the print would then surpass
> All that was ever writ in brass.
> But, since he cannot, Reader, look
> Not on his Picture, but his Book.

More than thirty years before Malherbe had placed below de Leu's engraving of Montaigne a quatrain curiously suggestive of the same idea:

> Voici du grand Montaigne une entière figure;
> Le peintre a peint le corps, et lui son bel esprit;
> Le premier, par son art, égale la nature;
> Mais l'autre la surpasse en tout ce qu'il écrit.

Examples of dedications similarly laudatory are so numerous that, taken along with them, Ben Jonson's lines convey in effect no particular impression save that of amiability—amiability as much towards the bold publishers as the young artist. Reasoning from this basis, many have believed that the force of Jonson's testimony is seriously diminished, and argue that too much reliance need not be put upon it. It is even suggested that Jonson may have written his lines without ever seeing the print, so that he found himself stultified by the engraving, just as Carlyle's ecstatic praise of Steiler's portrait of Goethe is rendered absurd by the accompanying engraving that caricatured it. It must be borne in mind that poets of good standing were frequently retained to write eulogistic verses under engraved portraits, a practice that prevailed over a long period, both antecedent and subsequent to the date of this plate.

However this may be, we may be pretty sure that Ben Jonson

formed his opinion not at all upon the print as it appeared in the title-page of the First Folio, but upon that early proof which Halliwell-Phillipps first brought to light. The difference between the two "states" is very striking. The harsh lights which fall in so unreasoning and unintelligible a manner all over the face in the Folio print, and invest the forehead with what Mr. A. C. Benson aptly calls its "horrible hydrocephalous development," are not seen in the proof. The hard drawing of the eyebrows, the speckled moustache and pimply or unshaven chin, find no place in the entirely human and sympathetic face presented to us in the proof—a document which will be seen to be of the highest importance when we come to consider the "Droeshout (or Flower) Painting" in the Shakespeare Memorial Gallery. The ear is an unexplained deformity in both plates; but the untouched proof must remain the test of authoritative Shakespeare portraiture which, relatively to it, must to a considerable extent be denied to the print. All the additional work—the strengthening, the cross-hatching, the added shadows—doubtless fitted the plate to give the numerous impressions that would be required of it; but it robbed it of the finer and more sympathetic expression we see in the proof, and imparted an appearance of age to what was previously a youthful face.

When Martin Droeshout engraved the plate in 1622 he was twenty-one years old. The volume, it must be remembered, was issued early in 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death. It is the earliest of the engraver's known plates, and his hall-mark is to be recognized in the hatchet-like treatment of the corners of the eyes—just as we see it in his "Buckingham," his "Munjoy Blunt," and other plates. The dress, which has given rise to so much discussion, discloses monstrous faults of perspective such as we could expect only, yet not less resent, in a young man's work: perhaps it was reproduced from that preliminary limning which Sir George Scharf suggested, I believe with truth, might be the original of the portrait. Likely enough, the young engraver felt it incumbent upon him to copy his original and import no corrections of his own, and so the extraordinarily bad drawing of the body became perpetuated. Commentators have supposed, on what grounds does not appear, that it is a stage dress; but it is clearly enough the recognised, well-established dress of wealthy men, persons of high estate, such as we see in Van Somer's portrait of Henry, Prince of Wales, in that of the Earl of Essex wrought in 1597 (now in the National Portrait Gallery), and in Cecil's portrait of Sir John Kedermister [*sic*] in the British Museum.

The root-fact of this portrait, it must be remembered, is the

perpendicular rise of the forehead, clearly denoting the shape of the skull—a definitive test of all other portraits of Shakespeare, confirming the Stratford bust in Holy Trinity Church and involving all other likenesses in serious discredit. In conclusion, Sir George Scharf's belief—in sharp divergence though it is with the contention of many other critics—seems to be justified by the character inherent in the engraving before us: the plate was executed from a drawing and was not taken from an oil painting.

The Chandos Portrait.

The claim of the Chandos portrait, now in the National Portrait Gallery, to be a true likeness from the life rests mainly on a pedigree or pedigrees which make a serious draft on our credulity. It is hard to believe that this dark face, of distinctly Italian type, represents one of the pure English Shakespeare stock of the Midlands. Comparing it with the alleged portrait of Shakespeare at the Shakespeare Memorial, called the "Venice portrait," admittedly of Italian origin, we find an affinity of type (though with less of accent, I admit, in the Chandos) that is very suggestive. The Chandos pedigree is tainted at the outset. It is obviously more easy to concoct a pedigree than a portrait, and when that pedigree is founded not on documentary evidence but on a vague tradition, the truth becomes more elusive than ever. That the Chandos picture is an early seventeenth century painting is not denied, but more specific statements of its origin unfortunately carry little conviction. One tradition declares it to be the work of Shakespeare's fellow actor, Burbage, an amateur painter whose self-portrait in the Dulwich Gallery is, I believe, of uncontested authorship. If Burbage painted the Dulwich portrait the other is not by him. To mention but one detail, the ignorant drawing of the eyes in his own picture precludes the possibility of his having executed the well-drawn, skilfully-rendered eyes in the other. For, despite all criticism to the contrary, the Chandos portrait, although not a work of the highest class, is a very able rendering of a head, excellent alike in character, expression, and illumination. Oldys recorded a story that the picture was painted by Cornelis Jansen, thus sweeping away the other attribution—even assuming that he knew anything about its history, for there is a difficulty in the tallying of dates. Moreover, Jansen probably arrived in England only two years after Shakespeare's death, so that the claim of a life-portrait is annihilated by the assertion. The weight of such evidence as there is seems to be in favour of another authorship, that of John or Joseph

Taylor, who—notwithstanding that he is known to have died intestate—is alleged to have bequeathed it by will to Sir William D'Avenant. From that time forward, however, the history of the painting is clear enough, and it is attested by the copy of it which Sir Godfrey Kneller made for Dryden between 1683 and 1692—at the instance, it has actually been said, of D'Avenant himself, who had been dead for some twenty years! This copy, a fine work, is not a very accurate transcript, but it is invaluable in showing that, contrary to the repeated assertions of former writers, unacquainted with this version, the Chandos portrait has not been radically or even materially altered by successive restorers or retouchers. The picture, indeed, is in fairly pure condition: the legend of excessive restoration having its origin in the defective photograph taken of it at the National Portrait Exhibition in 1864 and since then widely circulated.

In this portrait (less, perhaps, in the Kneller copy) we have a receding forehead and pointed chin which are in direct contradiction to the Droeshout portrait. But the baldness is much the same, and the edge of the hair where it falls away is similarly so sharply defined as to suggest a shaving of the head. Whether this really is so, whether it was a stage custom, or adopted in accordance with a quaint fashion of the day, is a matter into which it is impossible to enter here; but it must be remembered that Hentzner, a contemporary writer quoted by Granger, has recorded that "the English in the reign of Elizabeth cut the hair close on the middle of the head, but suffered it to grow on either side." It might be argued that this, and the abandonment of the fashion in the reign of James II, would account in some measure for the clashing of testimony in portraits of Shakespeare as to the bare or covered scalp. The presence of the gold ear-ring—a feature to be found in no other serious portrait of the poet except the Lumley portrait, for the "Dunford portrait," in which it is also found, is an admitted "make-up"—must not in itself be held to tell against the character of the picture. We have here a well-recognised fashion of the day. Although worn usually with a jewel-drop by the wealthy, as in the portraits of Charles I, Henry II of France, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, Sir Walter Raleigh, Henry, Earl of Oxford, and many more, it is to be found as a simple gold ring in the pictures of the Earl of Southampton, the first Marquess of Worcester, Sir John Hawkins, the Duke of Buckingham, and a dozen other portraits that might be named. The fashion extended over two centuries, and if it be conceivable that the actor aped the manners of the exquisites of his day, there is no reason to rule out the picture, as some have sought to do, by reason of the adornment.

If it be true that D'Avenant owned the Chandos portrait, and put it forth deliberately as a trustworthy record of his godfather's face, the fact must be held to weigh heavily in its favour. On the other hand, type and character apart, its feature-measurements differing wholly in proportion from those of the Droeshout engraving and the Stratford bust, raise an obstacle it is impossible either to surmount or to circumvent, for it is absolutely incredible that all three can represent the same man. On the other hand, it agrees in the main with the Lumley portrait, the representation and consideration of which, however, do not come within the scope of the present paper.

The Stratford Bust.

Equally with the engraving by Martin Droeshout the bust in Holy Trinity Church at Stratford enjoys the prestige of contemporary approbation by Shakespeare's friends: the print being the graphic manifesto, as it were, of his professional associates, and the bust, of his intimate relations. This bust is set in a wall-monument, and is believed, on the authority of Sir William Dugdale, to be the work of Gerard Jansen, or Garrat Johnson, the Flemish tomb-maker of Southwark—he with whom Nicholas Stone had collaborated in similar work the year before Shakespeare's death. The treatment of the figure presents no novel features. It closely resembles in idea and arrangement that in the monument of Stow in St. Andrew Undershaft, and is clearly based on the earlier effigies of Dean Colet and Alexander Nowell in Old St. Paul's. These resemblances in sepulchral monuments were common—that between the effigy of William Aubrey (in St. Paul's), who died in 1595, and Speed (in St. Giles', Cripplegate), who died in 1629, may be cited as an example.

It is supposed that the poet's son-in-law, Dr. John Hall, commissioned the work, and provided the sculptor with a death-mask for his use; but of the truth of this statement there is no direct evidence; nor are there any solid grounds for belief that the so-called "Kesselstadt Death-Mask," which many scholars and Shakespeare lovers of repute have accepted—rather rashly, I think—as authentic, is the mask in question. It is claimed that certain measurements exactly tally between the two faces; but linear measurements may tally—as a circle and an oval—without any correspondence in the actual forms; and as in the death-mask the forehead recedes while that in the bust tends towards the perpendicular, and as nose and upper lip differ radically in shape and

form, it is impossible, I think, to admit a connexion which is based upon the slenderest tradition.

The bust—more correctly, the half-length statue or "half-effigy"—has not come down to us without some interference from the restorer; but there is nothing to prove, as has been alleged, that the restoration has been radical. Some repair is recorded in 1649; but that repair must have been to the monument rather than to the bust itself, nothing but two fingers of the right hand having apparently been broken. They were the fingers which, according to Dyce, originally held a pen of lead: an ordinary quill is now placed between fingers and thumb, and is renewed year by year. That broken bit, it is said, was filched at the time, but after a while it was sent back and reverently replaced. In 1748, however, says Halliwell-Phillipps, so much decay was observable in parts of the effigy that it was considered advisable to have it entirely renovated; but it must be borne in mind that so many of Halliwell's statements are of the hypothetical and picturesque order, that entire reliance is not always to be placed on his assertions. Moreover, Wheler (in *Stratford*, 1806) clearly mentions the repair as referring only to the monument. In the year 1748, we are told, the bust was carefully restored to its "original colouring," at the expense of a company of actors who played *Othello* at Stratford in order to raise the necessary funds for what they deemed to be a sacred duty. In November, 1793, Edmund Malone had the bust painted (not "white-washed," as has so often been asserted), "a good stone colour." This was done with Mr. Davenport's [the vicar's] permission, and so "I brought it back to its original state." There is, however, no ground whatever to assume that the original state was white. Painted statuary, it must be remembered, was common in Shakespeare's day. So in *The Winter's Tale* (V. iii),

> *Paulina.* O, patience!
> The statue is but newly fixt, the colour's
> Not dry. . . .
> Good my lord, forbear:
> The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
> You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
> With oily painting.

It is, I think, mainly because the bust was destined for colour that the modelling has been left in so initial or primitive a stage, and that the eyebrows, which some writers have incorrectly stated to be not indicated at all, have been so lightly carved. In 1861 Simon Collins, a picture restorer, who has been regarded not without suspicion, especially in respect to what is known as the Stratford,

or Hunt, portrait in Shakespeare's Birthplace, was engaged to remove Malone's white paint and restore the original colours. The removal was done with solvents, and the colours of the restoration in 1748 were found in fairly good condition beneath. Collins' new restoration was said to be effected not by complete repainting, but by stippling the bare patches and ragged edges into harmony with the rest. The result was pronounced distressing at the time; it is not even now satisfactory despite the mellowing of half a century; but the fault lies mainly with the eyes, with their full and staring pupils, the bold arches of the eyebrows, and the thin and formless lips.

There is, of course, no means of determining whether the bust was first modelled from a posthumous mask, as believed by Chantrey and others, or from a painting as suggested by Malone, nor need undue consideration be given to the tradition mentioned by Sir Anthony Carlisle that it was a blacksmith, not unlike Shakespeare, who sat for it: a similar legend attaches to the "Zoust portrait." There is no doubt that there was the need of some living model to sit to the sculptor, and it may as well have been a blacksmith, chosen for fancied resemblance to the poet, as any other. The effigy is in soft stone, not in alabaster as averred by Dugdale—whose "scrupulous accuracy, united with stubborn integrity," according to Dr. Whitaker, has elevated the great chronicler's *Antiquities of Warwickshire* (1656) "to the rank of legal evidence." My own experience of Dugdale is very different.

The measurements of the head and bust are very puzzling, for the face-measures are inconsistent with the size of the head. That, so far, is in favour of a mask-theory, for a death-mask is modelled from the face only, as far as the ears and the top of the forehead, and the head and neck measurements have to be evolved by the sculptor without plastic authority. By permission of the Vicar, the Rev. G. Arbuthnot, I have measured the bust with care, and I find that round the head, just above the swell of the hair, is no less than twenty-four inches, round the neck as much as seventeen, and eleven and seven-eighths from ear-lobe to ear-lobe. This is somewhat over the normal size; yet the features are no more than the average, if that: four inches and a half between the extreme points of the eye sockets; the nose two inches long, the mouth two inches wide, and the top lip no more than three-quarters of an inch full, or seven-eighths bare! In proportion these face measurements, I take it, do not differ greatly from those of Scott, except that his upper lip was longer. Indeed, contrary to general belief, the lip-length in the Shakespeare bust is but slightly excessive,

if at all; it is a matter of appearance mainly, owing to the shaven space between the nose and moustache, and between moustache and lip. Let any clean-shaven man draw such a moustache on his lip with burnt cork, and the truth of this contention will become instantly apparent. D'Avenant himself wore such a moustache and his lip appears prodigious. In Robert Fisher's painting of John Wilson the musician, in John Taylor's portrait by his namesake nephew, in Charles the Second's likeness by Honoré Pelle, above all in the portrait of the mathematician Leeuwenhoek, where this long-prevailing fashion is carried to an extreme, and in a score of other portraits that come to mind, the same effect is to be observed. For the rest, the body is relatively under life-size and the hands are small out of proportion to the head. As to the open lips, which have been held by some to represent the agony of death stamped on the mould taken from the face itself after death, it seems impossible to accept the contention that the practised sculptor based himself upon nature so stupidly as to record the rigidity of the contracting muscles, on the face of a living man who is represented in robust health, engaged in the act of composition; nor can I find any of those alleged evidences peculiar to a death-mask. On the other hand, one may more easily accept the suggestion of an eminent sculptor that the face is based on a life-mask such as was commonly taken for sculptors' use down to the time when the introduction of photography rendered the irksome process unnecessary. The comparative shortness of the nose has frequently been accounted for by a supposed breakage of the end of it. It may be said that there is no indication whatever to support such a theory; there is no doctoring of the nostrils, and the *columna nasi* betrays no subsequent meddling, such as would be necessary to remedy an accident. On the other hand, as every sculptor and painter knows, any accentuated thickness of the nose will appear to shorten it, and such we find in the Stratford bust.

Perhaps the most striking difference between the bust—which, so far as we know, is the earliest portrait of Shakespeare, having been set up before the year 1623—and the Droeshout line engraving, is the absence in the former of the median furrow and the median lobe of the upper lip which are so noteworthy a feature in the print; and only a degree less important is the thinness of the under lip which Droeshout shows as full and pouting. As to this no explanation can be attempted, except that it was the sculptor's mannerism as it is seen also in his recumbent figure of John Combe in Stratford Church; but it may be pointed out that in respect to these two heads, horizontal lines drawn across the top of the skull,

through the eyes and mouth, wholly correspond, while the noses show but little variation. Another difference lies in the hair; the sculptor *suo more* shows formal curls in place of the lank pear-shaped mass of locks of the engraving; but the fashion of hirsute adornment and its sculptural treatment offer little that can be regarded as firm evidence for the discussion of likeness.

A word as to the dress. The style and cut of it justify none of the speculations which have been hazarded as to whether or not it is a uniform of the players' company. It is a costume such as was commonly worn by the gentry of the day. It is the habit worn by Combe, by Speed, by Stow in their sepulchral portraits, all but the occasional ruff, for which is here substituted a plain "falling band." The "wings," or epaulettes, it should be noted, are not elaborately "milled" as in the reproduction from the cast figured in this edition (see Vol. III), while the doublet is formally ornamented with slashings, primitively represented, that do not appear in the illustration. On the other hand, the whitened cast displays a certain dignity and air of distinction that do not breathe from the coloured bust, but justify, or at least excuse, the rapturous homage paid to it, notwithstanding its artistic defects, by men such as Chantrey, Landor, Haydon, and Washington Irving.

The "Droeshout" (or Flower) Painting.

The portrait presented to the Shakespeare Memorial Gallery by Mrs. Charles Flower in 1895, on the public-spirited advice of Mr. Edgar Flower, has given rise to heated discussion as a result of the claim made on its behalf, and maintained more or less stoutly by certain connoisseurs of repute—namely, that it is the original oil painting from which Martin Droeshout made his line engraving for the First Folio. According to the inscription in cursive script—*Willm Shakespeare*, 1609—it was painted seven years before the poet's death and fourteen years before the publication of the Droeshout print. If this pretension could be substantiated, it is clear that we have here the only life portrait in existence that is confirmed by a second portrait attested by Shakespeare's contemporaries. The fervour which characterised the debate is therefore intelligible enough, but it is unlikely that it would have reached so high a temperature had all the facts available been taken into consideration.

To the pedigree of the picture, such as it is, little importance could be attached by any disputant on either side. It was bought from the executrix of Mr. H. C. Clements of Sydenham, to whom

(or to a relation of whom) it is alleged to have been presented by a descendant of Shakespeare's family, in whose possession it had been since the Poet sat for it. Such is the statement; no names were given; none was known to Mr. Clements' successors; and no record of any of them appears to have been kept. The picture, according to a faded paper pasted on the back of it, was exhibited in London in the middle of the eighteenth century, when "thousands went to see it"—but of this exhibition I have failed to find any report. It was lent to the Alexandra Palace and was slightly damaged in the fire that occurred there, and it has since been seen at the Crystal Palace, the Society of Antiquaries, and the Shakespeare Memorial. Like so many reputed portraits of Shakespeare it was formerly ascribed to Cornelis Jansen—a ridiculous attribution. A reason for the obscurity in which a picture of such great contingent value was allowed to remain has been accounted for by "the Puritan ascendency and civil wars, and extinction of the family in direct line which caused most of the personal relics to be dispersed"; but the position of the picture would be stronger without so incomplete and unconvincing an explanation.

The portrait is painted on an old panel of English elm, prepared with a thin coating of gesso, worm-eaten, and with many marks of damage about the surface. It is an ancient panel which had previously served for a portrait of a lady in a high ruff—the line of which can be detected on either side of the head—clad in a red dress, the colour and glow of which can be seen under the white of the wired band in front. The dress worn by Shakespeare is of black, embroidered with gold; but this embellishment is far less elaborate and detailed than appears in Droeshout's engraving. The face has not so much colour in it as is common to oil portraits, but not less than we expect to see in fresco work. If it be true, as has been stated, that megilp has been used in the painting, and that the hair is executed in bitumen, which I doubt, the fact would tell fatally against the genuineness of the picture; but the allegations have not been proved.

But even though, as is possible, the picture belong to the earlier half of the seventeenth century, all the circumstances, judicially considered, seem to tell against its having been executed from life, and in favour of its having been painted from the engraving. Let us examine the chief points, one by one.

In the first place, the character of the picture is hardly consistent with a portrait from the life. There are none of those little exploring touches, as it were—the little experimental touches which, within my experience, invariably accompany that earnest searching

for expression, the sincere effort to realize the accidents of a face—in fold of skin, in muscle, and in colour, that together secure likeness. In this portrait we have a boldness and firmness of handling, a deliberateness of execution, eloquent of the confidence with which the artist has gone to work—just such confidence as results from the painter having "squared off" his drawing straight from the print, and then gone ahead, without misgiving or hesitation, guided by his traced outlines. This would account in great measure for the hardness, almost woodenness of the portrait. Moreover, the head is full of departures from the print, which are all in the nature of artistic improvements.

An engraver is a copyist whose first business and chief merit it is to adhere, with the closest possible accuracy, to his original. If he make a change at all it is done with anxious deliberation, in order to effect an improvement, not to introduce errors that do not occur in the painting before him. Yet nearly every difference in detail between the two works is to the disadvantage of the print.

The lighting of the head in the Droeshout print, as I have said before, is unintelligible. The light strikes from the top-front-left, and casts queer and contradictory lights and shadows in unexpected places. In the painting this is corrected; a broad system of illumination has been cast over the whole; the absurd crescent-shaped light under the right eye in the print (the right as we look at it) is broken up and dispersed, and the heavy shadow on the left cheek is suppressed. It surely cannot be contended that a young engraver would deliberately alter the simple logical lighting before him into the complex series of unjustifiable lights and shadows in the plate? In the print the ear is a deformity; in the painting it is normal; can it be believed that the engraver purposely departed from the proper form before him in order to substitute the monstrous shape he has introduced? His exaggeration of the lachrymal fossa and caruncle in the corner of the eye, into a hatchet-like form is corrected in the picture; and the medial lobe of the upper lip, too accentuated to represent life, has also been softened out by the painter. Again, the form of the mass of hair on the left, with its diagonal drop in the engraving, is brought into better perspective in the painting; while on the right, the disturbing high light on the top of the wired band has been nursed into shadow. In every case the engraver is the more exaggerating draughtsman; and it is absurd to assume that he went out of his way to introduce and elaborate errors that were not in the copy before him. Again, although in both portraits the body is much too small for the head, the drawing and direction of the arm on the left, and es-

pecially of the "wing" shoulder-piece on the right, are less outrageous in the painting than in the print.

All these considerations lead us irresistibly to the conclusion that the painting was made from the engraving, bringing it more into harmony with the facts of nature; and not that the engraver distorted and falsified the plain facts before him with no other object than to produce a plate full of incongruities and absurdities.

Again; the picture in its upper left-hand corner bears the inscription already cited: *Willm Shakespeare*, 1609. (In the photogravure in Vol. IV, this inscription, plain enough in the painting, is well-nigh invisible; it has become smoothed out, together with all the imperfections of the surface, characteristic of the picture itself—all except the upper part of the crack that annihilates the second *a* in *Shakespeare*.) If the picture were painted first the engraving should reproduce that inscription. It would be an item of interest in the plate and would, had it been there, but follow many an example of similar portrait engraving of the period. The fact that the inscription—assuming it to be contemporary, and not, as some have contended, a later addition—does not appear in the plate is an additional argument in favour of the priority of the engraving.

So far, it may be presumed, the main facts were before the group of experts, who were at first inclined to accept the newly-discovered painting as the "Droeshout Original": this much I judge from the private correspondence which I have been permitted to read, and from the public discussion which ensued. But a circumstance of the highest importance was entirely overlooked during this campaign, when attention was concentrated on panel, pigments, and inscription rather than on external evidence. This was the rare, or "unique" early proof of the engraving, discovered by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps and now in America. This proof now becomes witness-in-chief.

Between the proof and the subsequent print as it appears in the folios there are some slight but significant divergences. Of these, for our immediate purpose, the most eloquent are in the eyebrows, the moustache, and the wired band. In the proof, showing the plate as at first completed, the eyebrows are fair; in the finished print, dark; in the picture, dark. In the proof the right eyebrow is short; in the print, long; in the picture, long. In the proof it is fairly straight to where the frontal bone joins the *pyramidalis nasi*; in the proof, arched; in the picture, arched. The moustache in the proof is narrow; in the print, broad; in the picture, broad. On the wired band there is no shadow cast by the

head; in the print there is shadow; in the picture there is shadow. There are minor details, but we may neglect them and confine ourselves to those here mentioned.

Now, to what conclusion are we forced by these incontrovertible facts? Clearly, that the proof was *not* taken from the picture; for otherwise it would have agreed and not disagreed with it in the main facts—the dark, arched eyebrows, the broad moustache, the cast shadow. It was, therefore, taken from some other original in agreement with it, and not from the Flower portrait from which it so flagrantly departed. If the proof was from some other original, so, too, must the print—the self-same plate—have been; and the Flower portrait, with its improvements on the Droeshout defects, yet in design fundamentally identical, is the copy from the print as completed for the Folio, and not the original of it. Otherwise—a *reductio ad absurdum*—it must be the original also of the proof, with its striking disagreements.

All this, however, is not intended to rule out the Flower or Droeshout picture as a record of high interest and incidentally of great value. It is possibly the first of all the poet's painted portraits, and from its inherent qualities it has a serious claim on our curiosity and respect.

The Ely Palace Portrait.

The Ely Palace portrait—less correctly called the "Ely House portrait"—received its name from the dwelling wherein it reposed from the time of its discovery in 1845 to the death of its owner, the Right Reverend Thomas Turton, Bishop of Ely, in 1864. Its alleged history, like that of many another Shakespeare portrait, is as to its earlier portion alike vague, unsatisfactory, and unconvincing. We are asked to believe, on no evidence whatever, that it was in the possession of some friends of Shakespeare who lived in an old house in Little Britain. It remained with the descendants of the original owners until the early part of the nineteenth century, when it was sold after the death of the last member of the family. The broker who bought it disposed of it in its condition of dirt and neglect to the Bishop of Ely in 1845; and when the Bishop had it cleaned, the inscription "Æ 39 ♓ 1603" was found painted in black letters near the top left-hand corner—an inscription to be deciphered on the picture only in a certain light, and necessarily in the reproduction wholly invisible. On the death of the Bishop the picture which he so much prized was bought for a hundred pounds by Mr. Henry Graves, and by him was presented

to the Birthplace, of which he was a trustee. The earlier portion of the story was said to be the result of inquiry made after the picture was in the Bishop's possession, and after the discovery of the inscription. It thus differs but little in the circumstances of this lame pedigree from the story attached to not a few other Shakespeare portraits, proved frauds on which inscriptions have also been discovered after cleaning: a coincidence which suggests a manipulation with which most persons who have greatly concerned themselves with pictures are tolerably familiar.

But in this instance the portrait is not a proved fraud. On the contrary, it has been received with considerable respect, and by several men who are competent to judge the painting is regarded as entirely genuine. Being discovered many years before the so-called "Droeshout Original" or "Flower portrait" came to light, it was hailed in many quarters as the original of Martin Droeshout's print, thus dispossessing the Felton portrait (soon to be discussed) of the dignity which many persons, from Steevens downwards, had attributed to it. On the other hand, its claim has been scornfully dismissed by others who see in it, if not a downright fabrication (a charge which cannot, I think, be sustained), a "make-up" out of an original portrait of some other worthy. Indeed, there can be no doubt as to the antiquity of this panel. The picture has been extraordinarily ill-used; it has been skinned rather than cleaned, and the restorations, especially about the chin, are unfortunate. It is agreed that the expression is more intellectual than that in the Droeshout versions, but it is so at the expense of strength and character. Indeed, it is curiously vapid and weak; it may be sweet, almost womanly, but it is surely wholly un-Shakespearean. The eyes are not so large as in the Droeshout, the head is not seen from quite the same angle, the nose is more to the front, the nostril is smaller, and the ear is normal in shape. The shape of the underlip, abnormal in its narrowness relatively to the length of its fellow, and strangely abrupt in its perpendicular rise to meet the parting of the lips, is a phenomenon common to all three portraits.

But a circumstance of the highest significance is the curious resemblance between the Ely Palace portrait and the early proof of the Droeshout print in two essential particulars. The right eyebrow (as we look at the portrait) is certainly continued farther to the right than in the proof, but like it, and unlike the finished print and the Flower picture, both of which show a clear arch flowing unbroken into the line of the nose, it displays a distinct break, or angle, where the brow meets the upper part of the nose. Again—the more startling fact—the moustache reproduces the narrower

line of hair that distinguishes the early proof. Now, that proof, so far as I am aware, was first recognised and identified in or about 1864; yet this picture, which, as we know, first came to light in 1846, reproduces it. It is not altogether surprising, therefore, that an able American writer has claimed the Ely Palace portrait as the true Droeshout original. Yet, considering that the head is admittedly at a somewhat different angle from that shown in the print, it is impossible to accept the contention that the engraver copied this portrait, all the while modifying the angle of all the forms he was imitating. The suggestion, artistically considered, is inadmissible. The alternative, therefore, is irresistible, that the picture, if after Martin Droeshout, was painted not from the print in the folio, but from the proof—which in those days perhaps was not so rare. If so, by way of accounting for the younger look and smaller moustache, the year 1603 was cunningly adopted, as against the 1609 of the Droeshout painting and its full moustache. Furthermore, had the engraver worked from the Ely Palace picture he could assuredly not have substituted the very slightly undulating outline on the left of the face next to the eye for the extremely marked indentations of outline that distinguish both the Droeshout print and the Flower portrait. The difference of these outlines is too great to be accounted for by the very slight change in pose. And it is further to be observed that the shape of the mass of hair on the left is identical with that in the print, and has not been modified as in the Flower picture. The painter has contented himself with a revision of the eccentric illumination of the picture, with a correction of the abnormal eyelids and the deformed ear, and—so far as can be seen through the heavy darkened varnish of the coat—of the impossible perspective of the lines of the body-decoration. As regards the last-named particular, it is absurd to suppose that an engraver, working from a properly-drawn coat covering a living man, deliberately altered the lines so as to make it grotesque in its perspective. The picture, therefore, followed, and did not precede the print; but as to the age of it, its condition is such as to make it impossible now to determine.

The Jansen, or Somerset, Portrait.

While the greater number of Shakespeare portraits suffer from lack of pedigree, the so-called "Jansen" has the misfortune to be saddled with three. According to one, it is conjectured that it was painted for Henry, Earl of Southampton, and when the owner's property was divided between the Dukes of Portland and Beaufort

it descended, ultimately, to Mr. Charles Jennens, the eccentric editor of *King Lear*. The other story is that it belonged to Prince Rupert, on whose death it devolved on his natural daughter, Ruperta, afterwards the wife of Emmanuel Scrope Howe. From their descendants, apparently, it passed into the hands of Mr. Jennens of Gopsal. As not the slightest evidence is offered for the authority of these statements, they may impartially be dismissed. The one solid fact is that the painting first came to light in the possession of Mr. Jennens, who, although directly challenged on the point, evaded, in his public defence, any explanation of the picture's history or any statement as to how it came into his hands. That was before the year 1770, when his *King Lear* was issued, with Earlom's beautiful little mezzotint as the frontispiece. Boaden would have us believe that when Mr. Jennens died in 1773, Gopsal was inherited, and the picture with it, by Mr. Penn Assheton Curzon who had married Mr. Jennens' niece, and that from him it passed to the Duke of Somerset. On the other hand, Woodburn, a prominent picture-dealer of his day, declared that the dealer Spackman bought it, and about the year 1809 sold it to the elder Woodburn who, as we know, had it engraved by Dunkarton in 1811, after disposing of it to the Duke of Hamilton. From this point its history is clear enough. In the year 1819 the Duke bequeathed it to his son-in-law, the eleventh Duke of Somerset, who married Lady Charlotte Hamilton, and through the twelfth Duke (who always declared it to be the best portrait of Shakespeare in existence) it has descended to his daughter, the Lady Gwendolen Ramsden.

But is it a portrait of Shakespeare at all? It must here be explained that the plate in the present edition is not direct from Earlom's mezzotint, but from Cooper's mezzotint from it. There are considerable differences between these two plates, but not more, perhaps, than between Earlom's and the original. Indeed, not a single engraving after this beautiful picture, except the indifferent little engraving by T. Wright, comes anywhere near the painting in respect of expression and forms; and even that is absurdly deficient in light and shade and artistic presentation. In short, those who have seen engravings only can form little idea of the picture itself, and have no right to judge it. The eyes, far more almond-shaped than in Cooper's engraving, gaze not into ours, but over our right shoulder; the eyebrows are more like shadows, and are not so much on, as under, the supra-orbital ridges. The shape of the nose, with a tendency to aquiline, is severer, and, like the whole face, reveals none of the decisive modelling as indicated by supple

shadows here seen in the photogravure. The nostril is more apparent; the lips straighter and more compressed; the moustache and beard are shown rather by hairs than masses of locks, and the hair, like the dress, is practically lost in the background. The scroll and its legend, "*Ut magus*," does not appear at all in the picture, and never did; that was Earlom's addition.

Now, compare the painting, so different from the engravings from it, with the authentic portraits. The construction of the face and its proportions differ entirely from the Droeshout line engraving. Although the shape of the skull above the eyes has a fair, but not a close, resemblance to that of the other, the little piercing eyes contrast strangely with the large, open corneæ of the Droeshout. The small upper lids and the large space between lid and eyebrow are the exact contrary to what we find in the print; the nose is far longer and more refined, and differently constructed; the upper lip is shorter, and the whole shape of the face is narrower and more pointed to the chin; while the left side of the face, with its strongly indented outline in the Droeshout, finds no counterpart in the Jansen picture.

Again, it is not possible to set the painting and the bust side by side and contend that they represent the same man, so sharp is the contrast between the extraordinary delicacy and sweetness of face and feature and the elegant shape of the whole head in the Jansen, and the burly plumpness of the other.

Nor, indeed, can we be assured that the portrait is by Jansen at all, although it is in all respects worthy of the master, displaying his best characteristics. The tender handling, the good colour, and the subtly indicated forms, are qualities we associate with Jansen at his best. The high colour of the cheeks melting into the ivory flesh tones, the ruby lips so carefully painted, the incisive drawing of the whole so deftly softened almost into vagueness, the black background; these things we may look for in a fine example of the artist. The inscription on the picture may be genuine or not; that need not affect our judgement or our conclusion. If Jansen were born in London—*Londinensis* Sandrart, his contemporary, calls him—he would be seventeen years old according to some biographers, according to others twenty. It is scarcely likely, though not of course impossible, that so young a man could paint so unusually accomplished a portrait. As his first-known English pictures are dated two years after Shakespeare's death, the circumstance may be claimed as confirmation that he only arrived from Holland in that year, and consequently he could not have painted the poet. But as it has been pointed out, there is no proof that the portrait is intended for

the poet at all; yet it certainly has all the appearance of a life portrait. On the other hand, allowing that it does represent Shakespeare, it would be difficult, I submit, to resist an argument that the picture may be a posthumous portrait founded on some then existing likeness. The inscription, if genuine, is not against it; for it would only attest that this was how the sitter looked at such and such a date. We know that Jansen occupied himself in making copies as well as originals, and what is more likely than that Leonard Digges employed him to make a picture of the great poet whom he had eulogized with so much reverence and enthusiasm in the First Folio? Remember, on the outbreak of the civil war Jansen—who had also painted the poet's friend Ben Jonson—went to live at Bridge near Barhamdown, by Canterbury, and that there he executed portraits of his neighbours, Sir Dudley Digges, judge and diplomatist, Leonard's brother, and others of the family. The circumstance has not, I believe, been noticed before; but it cannot be doubted that we have here a possible link between Shakespeare and Jansen.

As to the inscription on the picture, I cannot but express my doubt as to one figure at least. At first sight the "46" may be mistaken for "40"; on close examination the impression of suspicion is confirmed, for the "tail" of the 6 looks like an addition, seeming to spring from the o too near the highest point of its curve. I am not the only one who has lately observed this; and the fact naturally shakes belief in the authenticity, or at least the value, of the whole lettering.

The picture as it stands is undoubtedly a very beautiful and challenging portrait of an exceedingly refined head, elegant almost to the point of effeminacy, a delicate type of Jacobean culture. It is the parent of many copies (one of which may be a replica) both in painting and in engraving; but its identity with Shakespeare, it is to be regretted, cannot on any existing ground be regarded as established.

The D'Avenant Bust.

In the eyes of those who accept what is known as the "Kesselstadt Death-Mask" as the genuine cast of Shakespeare's face, the D'Avenant bust is regarded as of commanding value and singular interest. The circumstance that these inter-confirmatory objects were both discovered in the year 1849, that both came into the possession of Professor (afterwards Sir Richard) Owen, and that the first public announcement of the discovery of the bust was made,

it appears, in the *Westminster Review* for October, 1854, in a statement, inaccurate in detail, obtrusively linking the two together, is a triple coincidence that may not imply much. Professor Owen's honesty was above suspicion; but he was curiously opinionated, especially in respect to these "Shakespeare portraits," and we have the evidence of a friend who called to see the bust, which Owen insisted was contemporary, that "Owen was a man not to be contradicted." But this point, on the present occasion, must not be dwelt upon further than for it to be pointed out that there is undoubtedly a certain general resemblance between the two, save for a falling away to be expected in a death-mask, and for a more upright forehead in the bust.

The name by which the bust is known, connecting it with Shakespeare's godson, is loosely applied, based rather on a hope than on proved fact. That the bust was found in the old Duke's Theatre (in Portugal Row), a playhouse which a hundred and eighty years before had been D'Avenant's, is enough in some minds to establish it as his property, and commissioned or at least approved by him. The vicissitudes of the theatre have scarcely been taken into sufficient account. At first a tennis court, it was opened by D'Avenant as a theatre in 1662, and was retained as a playhouse by him (except in the years of the Plague and Fire of London, 1665 and 1666, when it was closed) until 1674, when he left it, and it reverted to its use as a tennis court. In 1695 it was refitted as a theatre, and in 1714 was pulled down, re-built, and devoted to opera and the like. From 1732 it was used for opera, balls, and exhibitions, till in 1756 Giffard re-opened it as a theatre. Later on it became in turn an auction-room, a barracks, and so forth, and when many years later it was taken as a warehouse by the great china firm of Spode and Copeland, only the outer walls remained of the original fabric. In 1848 the College of Surgeons acquired the place for a third Hall for their museum, and when it was being razed, a terra-cotta bust, believed to represent Ben Jonson, was found smashed behind the demolished partition of brick (the *Westminster Review* declared the partition, with more likelihood, to be of plaster) above (but according to the Duke of Devonshire, 'under') "one of the stage doors." Why there should be more than one stage door, why the bust of Ben Jonson was discovered under one of them (presumably under the projecting arch), and that of Shakespeare should be produced unharmed from 'over' the corresponding one, and, above all, why—if the bust ever belonged to D'Avenant—he, being the Poet's godson and admirer, abandoned the precious sculpture in position

when he quitted his theatre in 1674, are not easily to be explained, nor lightly to be credited.

The account goes on to show that William Clift, F.R.S., the curator of the Hunterian Museum of the College, and Richard Owen's colleague, was called in to superintend the rescue of the Shakespeare bust, forthwith acquired it for himself, subsequently bestowing it on Owen, his son-in-law, who ultimately sold it to the Duke of Devonshire, president of the Garrick Club. The Duke lent it to Sir Joseph Paxton for exhibition at the Crystal Palace, where two casts were made of it, and in November, 1855, he presented it to the Club, where it was received and set up in January, 1856.

The history of the bust, therefore, before 1849 is wholly conjectural. An old drawing of the theatre shows two doors with lunettes above, in which busts might well be placed; and it is not unlikely that when on Giffard's departure the theatre was used as a barracks or ball-room, they were covered up instead of being removed. The story is so strange that some have hazarded that the bust may have been the work of Spode and Copeland; but china manufacturers do not make terra-cotta busts, and the statement of the existing firm regretfully refutes the possibility that lies in this suggestion.

Who, then, is the author of the Shakespeare? When first I saw it the name of the great Nicolas Coustou rose to my lips. It is clearly a French work—an opinion shared by several of our leading sculptors. All agree it is not Flemish, and certainly it is not English or German. Professor Lanteri instantly declared it to be the work of Roubillac, the pupil of Coustou, working in his master's manner, but with more *verve* and "nervousness" in handling, more *spirituel* and decorative in treatment, and less dignified and sculptural in aspect, than the work of his master. Professor Lanteri had himself had to make several copies of the work of "Little Roubillac," and recognised at once the peculiarities of handling all over the surface; while the treatment of the hair, the flesh, the draperies—with the wide plain intervals between the thin, sharp, "snappy" folds—all proclaim Roubillac's method. The type of Chandos portrait he has copied, no doubt, is somewhat different from that which formed the base-portrait of the Shakespeare statue he made for Garrick now in the British Museum, which is of the Arlaud type. Here it is rather the true Chandos, modified perhaps by the copy which Sir Joshua Reynolds made of it and which was in his possession, as well as a copy said to be made by himself. It must be borne in mind that the head on the British Museum

so framed. The picture originally appeared in the "European Museum," in King Street, St. James's, kept by one J. Wilson, who exhibited it along with other pictures for the space of three months before bringing the collection to the hammer, when No. 359 was inscribed as "A curious portrait of Shakspeare, painted in 1597." Wilson appears to have had so little faith in it that he let it go for five guineas to Mr. Samuel Felton of Drayton, Shropshire, and Curzon Street, Mayfair, and on the purchaser pressing him for the history of the picture he wrote to the effect that it was purchased out of an old house known by the sign of the Boar in Eastcheap—forgetting that the Boar's Head had been burnt down in the Great Fire. Two years later he modified his story so far as to assure Steevens that it had been "found between four or five years ago, at a broker's shop in the Minories by a man of fashion whose name must be concealed"; with which stories, in spite of their familiar character and unconvincing vagueness, the astute and cynical Steevens expressed no dissatisfaction. He vigorously championed the portrait on behalf of the print-publisher, W. Richardson (who was about to issue two engravings of it), and as usual found many connoisseurs and Shakespearean scholars to subscribe to its authenticity. Mr. Felton sold the picture for forty guineas to Mr. George Nicol, after having refused to let Lord Ellesmere have it for a hundred. It then passed into the possession of Mr. Westmacott, solicitor, of Bedford Row; after whose death it was offered by auction, in April, 1870, when it was bought in for fifty guineas, and in due course found its way to the present proprietor. These prices bear witness to the little esteem felt for a picture which had been ascribed to Burbage, and had been puffed into notoriety as "the undoubted original" with singular success, establishing its position for a considerable time.

Bad faith attended the whole affair from the beginning. Richardson, in advertising the print he had had made of it by an excellent line-engraver, Thomas Trotter, foisted it on the world with the guarantee that it was "an accurate and finished engraving" executed with "scrupulous fidelity." As a matter of fact it flagrantly misrepresents the picture. It cannot compare for fidelity with the stipple engraving, here reproduced, made by J. Cochran for Wivell's "Inquiry" in 1827. The shape of head and face is different—they are shortened and rounded; the thickened nose protrudes far more than the somewhat flattened, yet refined, feature in the picture, and a weak and undecided expression (recognised as "benevolence" by its supporters) replaces the quiet gravity of the whole, not only in the eyes but in the firm, determined mouth

and compressed lips of the painting. But the fraud (no milder word is fitting to the occasion) of the engraving which was to secure the public verdict for the picture, consists mainly in setting the head on the Droeshout print body which does not exist in the picture—so deluding the spectator into the belief that here indeed was Droeshout's copy. That the imposition was deliberately made is proved by Richardson's impudent appeal to "fine ladies and gentlemen of the present age" not to be "disgusted at the stiff garb of our author . . . The dress that Shakespeare wears in this ancient picture, *might* have been a theatrical one," and so forth. Now, in the picture, he wears no such garb, nor is so much of the body as can be seen constructed in the same way. In fact the shoulder line issues, not from far below the chin, as in the Droeshout print, but from the cheek itself, at a point parallel with the lower portion of the nose. Indeed, the head is buried deep between stooping shoulders. The consequence is that the wired band, so absurdly ill-drawn and misunderstood as loudly to betray it as an addition, is placed in a position in which it could not be worn.

But there is a far graver error in the picture, an error which carries refutation with it. It will be borne in mind that the two authentic portraits, the Stratford bust, and the Droeshout print, the "Droeshout Original" or "Flower" portrait, and the "Ely Palace" portrait, all agree in this—that the moustache is vigorously brushed upwards towards the eyes, according to a popular fashion of the day—a practice which continued fairly general late into the seventeenth century. Yet, in this Felton portrait the moustache grows downwards! If this were true in the reputed "original," how came Droeshout to reverse the direction of the growth when engraving from a picture painted from the life—ignoring equally the testimony of the bust? And why, with these curly locks before him, did he make no attempt to represent them, but engrave instead the straight waveless hair with its artificial pear-like curve?

Now it seems to have been entirely overlooked that in the year 1790—two years, be it observed, before the discovery of the picture—there had been published a line engraving as frontispiece to Ayscough's three-volume edition of the Dramatic Works, advertised as containing "a striking likeness of Shakespeare." This rather rare print is inscribed "Engrav'd by W. Sherwin from the Original Folio Edition | WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. | Publish'd Septr. 1, 1790 by Iohn Stockdale." Now here for the first time we see the turned-down moustaches of practically the exact form which we see in the pictures, and here, more remarkable still, Droeshout's lanky locks

are also translated into curls—the exact kind of curls we see in the picture. The double agreement is so close, being virtually identical, that it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that it was this engraving that inspired the Felton portrait—not in its entirety, perhaps, but in those essential features which made it into a portrait of Shakespeare. The panel, no doubt, is genuine enough; probably, as Fuseli said, it was originally a Flemish portrait; and excellent material for a clever "mystification," aided by all the resources of the redoubtable "Westminster ovens," which would turn a picture, new in the morning, into a dried, cracked, and judiciously mellowed old master by night. W. H. Ireland, the author of "Chalcographimania" (p. 99), referred to this painting with contempt; and it will not be denied that he should be a good judge of a forgery.

The sugar-loaf skull here represented is, of course, prodigious; yet, although it surpasses that in the Droeshout print, it does not equal in height Sir Walter Scott's. A comparative measurement from the top of the head to the eyes, in relation to the whole length to the chin is 15 in the Felton to 17 in Scott; while similar measurements in the three show the following: Droeshout, 19; Felton, 21; Scott, 23. An excellent copy of the picture was made by Josiah Boydell; and another, identified with James Boaden, copied very skilfully by his son John Boaden, has been for some time on exhibition at the Shakespeare Memorial Gallery in Stratford, under the title of "The Napier Portrait."

M. H. Spielmann.

BRIEF NOTES ON THE TEXT.

I had intended to give a copious commentary on the text; but the space has been more profitably filled by the foregoing essays (which in nearly every instance have o'erflowed the measure), and I must perforce content myself with these few brief notes.

THE TEMPEST.

I. i. 65, 'long heath, *broom*, furze.'—The Folio gives 'Long heath, Browne firrs.' Hanmer read, 'ling, heath, broom, furze'; and I have adopted his 'broom' (perhaps wrongly).

I. ii. 298, 'spriting': changed (needlessly) by modern editors to 'spiriting.'

I. ii. 301-2, 'Go make . . . but *thine and* mine.—Steevens (following Rowe) boldly threw out the words 'thine and,' and (with the later Folios) read, 'like to'.

I. ii. 379, &c., 'Foot it featly,' &c.—In the Folio the passage stands:

> '*Foote it featly heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare the burthen.* [Burthen dispersedly.
> *Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke, bowgh-wawgh.*
> Ar. *Hark, hark, I heare, the straine of strutting Chanticlere cry cockadiddle-dowe.*'

Mr. P. A. Daniel was the first to suggest that 'cry' in '*cry cockadiddle-dowe*' was a stage-direction (a suggestion that I have adopted).

I. ii. 470, 'My foot my tutor!'—Sidney Walker's correction 'fool' for 'foot' seems to be quite unnecessary (though Dyce accepted it); for the expression was proverbial. Malone quoted from Lyly's *Euphues*:—"Then how vain is it, that the foot should neglect his office, to correct the face."

II. i. 36, '*Ant.* So: *you've* paid.'—Folio '*you 'r* paid.' If we follow the Folio in making Antonio the speaker, I think we must ac-

The Tempest (continued)—

cept Capell's simple correction 'you 've' for 'you 're.' Theobald and many later editors give the words to Sebastian:—'*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid. (The stake was 'A laughter.')

II. i. 57-9, 'rariety . . rarieties.'—So Folios 1, 2: modern editors change to 'rarity . . . rarities' (needlessly).

II. i. 99, 'O widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.'—This looks like a quotation from an old song.

II. i. 233, 'Professes to persuade.'—These difficult words were struck out by Steevens, who regarded them 'as a mere gloss or paraphrase on "he has a spirit of persuasion."'

II. ii. 160, 'ab*b*ominable.'—The spelling is always 'ab*b*ominable' in the Folio (from false etymology, *ab* and *homo*). I determined, perhaps unwisely, to keep the old form, but find that I have not been consistent, for I have admitted 'abominable' more than once.

II. ii. 174, 'scamels.'—I am reluctant to abandon 'scamels'; but, as nobody has succeeded in finding another instance of the use of the word, I suppose we must accept the emendation 'sea-mells' (water fowl).

II. ii. 185, 'Nor scrape *trenchering*.'—So the Folio: modern editors usually read '*trencher*' (but the old maudlin reading seems to suit the drunken Caliban).

II. ii. 186, ''Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban.'—Folio 'Ban' ban' Cacalyban.'

II. ii. 188, 'high-day.'—So Folio: usually altered to 'hey-day.'

III. i. 15, 'Most *busiless* when I do it.'—I have adopted Theobald's ingenious emendation, though I am not satisfied with it: the Folio reads 'Most *busie lest*, when I doe it.' Spedding conjectured 'Most busiest when idlest.' For other conjectures see notes in the *Cambridge Shakespeare*.

IV. i. 64, 'pioned and twilled brims.'—So the Folio. In spite of Milton's 'Ladon's lilied banks' *(Arcades)*, I am not inclined to change 'twilled' to 'lilied'; and though I can give no clear meaning to 'pioned' I hesitate to accept 'peoned' (for 'on the banks of what rivers do peonies grow?' asks Henley). A satisfactory explanation has yet to be found.

IV. i. 91-2,

'Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her *deity*.'—

For 'deity" we should (I think) unquestionably read 'diety,' to rime with 'society.' The form 'diety' is not found in the Folio, but it was of very common occurrence. In Barnabe

The Tempest (continued)—

Barnes' *The Divil's Charter*, 1607, I. iii, we have:

'this times impietie,
May soone sincke downe vnder the *diety*.'

I have noted two instances of its use in W. Rowley's *All's Lost by Lust*, 1633:

'Can lust be cal'd love; then let men seeke hell,
For there that fiery '*diety*' doth dwell.'—(Sig. C. 4.)

'Descend thy spheare, thou burning *Diety*.'—(Sig. D. 2.)

The Quarto of *Troilus and Cressida* in IV. ii. 27 reads 'dieties' for 'deities.' Thomas Heywood rimes 'deity' with 'piety' in *Pleasant Dialogues*, 1637:

'And then I'll offer, in my thankfull piety,
Another well-fed goat unto thy deity.'
(Pearson's Reprint, vi. 200.)

A careful search would discover dozens of instances where 'deity' was written or pronounced 'diety.' Seemingly the form 'diety' long survived the Elizabethan age; for in Young's *Night Thoughts* (Bell's *British Poets*)—the edition printed at the Apollo Press, Edinburgh, in 1777—I find

'What can awake thee, unawak'd by this,
"Expended *Diety* on human weal"?'
(Young's *Poetical Works*, Vol. I, p. 92.)

But here, I allow, it may be merely a misprint.

IV. i. 128, '*windring* brooks.'—So the Folio; changed by Rowe to 'winding' and by Steevens to 'wand'ring.'

IV. i. 193, 'Come, hang them on this line.'—Probably 'line' is not a clothes-line but a lime-tree (cf. 'line-grove,' V. i. 10).

V. i. 39, 'mushrumps.'—I keep this old form of 'mushrooms.'

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Dramatis Personæ.—At the end of the play in the Folios is a list of 'The names of all the Actors.' In this list and throughout the text 'Proteus' is called 'Protheus.' 'Panthino' in the list is called 'Panthion,' but in the text the name 'Panthino' is twice found.

I. i. 99, 'a stray.'—So Theobald; Folio 'astray.'

I. ii. 53, 'What *fool* is she.'—'The first Folio reads 'What '*foole* is she,' doubtless to indicate an ellipse of the indefinite article, which, for the sake of the metre, was to be slurred over in pronunciation.' *Cambridge Shakespeare.*

Two Gentlemen of Verona (continued)—

II. i. 72-4, 'garter his hose; . . . put on your hose.'—The Cambridge Editors are convinced that the text is corrupt; and several emendations have been proposed. Certainly the repetition is insipid; but there are worse things in Lyly's comedies, and Mr. R. W. Bond has shown how deeply the young Shakespeare was influenced by Lyly's mannerisms.

II. iii. 28, 'a wood woman.'—Theobald's correction: Folio 'a would-woman.' ('Wood' = mad).

II. iv. 193, 'Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise.'—Folio 1 'It is mine, or Valentines praise?' Later Folios 'Is it mine then, or Valentineans praise?' The correction 'mine eye' is Warburton's; 'Valentinus'' is Malone's (Blakeway's).

II. v. 1, 'Welcome to *Padua*.'—'Padua' is a mistake for 'Milan'; so, too, 'Verona' in III. i. 81 and V. iv. 129.

III. i. 319, 'She is not to be *kiss'd* fasting.'—The word 'kiss'd' was added by Rowe.

III. ii. 49, 'weed.'—So Folio; Rowe 'wean,' Keightley 'wind.'

IV. i. 50, 'An heir, and *near* allied.'—So Theobald: Folio 'And heire and *Neece*, alide.'

IV. i. 75, 'crews.'—Collier MS. gives the specious emendation 'cave.'

V. iv. 144, 'plead a new state.'—Difficult and perhaps corrupt. Steevens put a full stop at the end of the previous line, and made 'Plead' an imperative (addressed to Valentine).

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

The Quarto, of 1602, despite its imperfections and corruptions, preserves passages—omitted from the Folio—that were undoubtedly written by Shakespeare. Following the example of Theobald and Malone, I have restored some of these to the text. Such a line as 'I will retort the sum in equipage,' II. ii. 4, is surely Pistol *up and down*.

I. i. 118-9, 'they carried . . . pocket.'—Inserted from Quarto.

I. i. 233, 'contempt.'—Theobald's correction of Folio's 'content.'

I. i. 236, 'faul' (= fault).—So Dyce; Folio 'fall.'

I. iii. 9, 'Pheezar.'—'No doubt for Vizier,' says Hart (*Arden* edition).

I. iii. 19, 'Hungarian.'—So Folio; Quarto 'Gongarian.'

I. iii. 21-2, 'His mind . . . of it.'—Inserted from Quarto.

I. iii. 26, 'minim's.'—Bennet-Langton's emendation; Folio 'minutes.'

I. iii. 48, 'studied her *well* and translated her *well*.'—So Pope;

The Merry Wives of Windsor (continued)—

Folios and Quarto 3 'give *will* . . . *will*:' Quartos 1, 2 'studied her *well*,' omitting the rest.

I. iii. 101, '*mien*.'—So Theobald; Folio 'mine'; Cambridge Editors suggest 'mine *anger*.'

I. iv. 20, 'wee face.'—Capell's emendation 'whey face' is attractive.

I. iv. 21, 'Cain.'—Commentators say that Cain (like Judas) was represented in tapestry with a sandy-red beard; but evidence of this has not been adduced. Rowe read 'Cane.' Quartos 'Kane.'

II. i. 5, 'physician.'—Theobald's correction of Folio's 'precisian,' which H. C. Hart defends.

II. i. 26, '*fat* men.'—The word 'fat' (which seems to be needed) was added by Theobald.

II. i. 48, 'These knights will *back*.'—The word 'hack' is commonly explained as 'become cheap or vulgar,' and a satirical reference to the 'Knights of Cales' (created in 1596 by the Earl of Essex) or to James the First's knights has been suspected; but the reading is doubtful. Mr. Deighton proposes 'tack,' remarking that Mrs. Page affects nautical metaphors, as 'he would never have *boarded* me in this fury,' 'if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again.'

II. i. 133, 'frights *humour*.'—So Quarto; Folio 'frights *English*.'

II. i. 205, 'mynheers.'—Theobald's conjecture; Folio 'An-heirês'; H. C. Hart proposes 'Ameers.'

II. ii. 4, 'I will . . . equipage.'—Inserted from Quarto.

II. ii. 27, 'bold-beating.'—Hanmer proposed 'bull-baiting.'

II. iii. 83, 'Cried I aim?'—Folio 'Cride-game' (which H. C. Hart defends); corrected by Warburton to 'Cry aim,' which suggested the present reading to Douce. 'Cry aim' was a term in archery.

III. i. 5, 'pittie-ward.'—No explanation of this word has yet been found. The later Folios read 'pitty-wary'; Capell proposed 'city-ward.'

III. iii. 227, 'In . . . shame'—Inserted from Quarto.

III. v. 10, 'bitch's blind.'—Theobald's correction (perhaps unnecessary) of Folio's 'blind bitches.'

IV. ii. 21, 'lines.'—So Folio; Theobald's 'lunes' has been generally adopted, but see *New English Dictionary*; Quartos 1, 2 'vaine.'

IV. v. 51, 'Ay, sir Tike.'—Farmer's correction (which H. C. Hart calls 'grotesque'); Quartos 1, 2 'I tike'; Folio 'I Sir: like.'

IV. v. 72, 'cozen-germans.'—Quarto 1 'cosen garmombles.'

The Merry Wives of Windsor (continued)—

(Doubtless a reference to Count Frederick of Montpelgard's visit to Windsor in 1592: for a full discussion of the subject see H. C. Hart's *Introduction* in the *Arden* edition.)

V. v. 24, 'bribe-buck,' *i.e.* buck sent for a bribe.—So Theobald; Folio 'brib'd-Bucke.' (The meaning is still doubtful.)

V. v. 36, 'Enter Sir Hugh,' &c.—The early Quartos make Mistress Quickly the Queen of Fairies; in the Folio the stage-direction is simply 'Enter Fairies.' From IV. vi. 20 and V. iii. 11 we learn that Anne Page was to play Queen of Fairies (a part ill-suited for Mistress Quickly).

V. v. 93-4, 'It is . . . iniquity.'—Inserted from Quartos.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

The text of this play exhibits many incurable blunders. In the very first speech of the Duke (I. i. 7-9 'then . . . work') we are confronted with a desperate crux, which has baffled all the commentators. Sometimes whole lines seem to have dropped out.

I. ii. 133, 'morality.'—So Rowe (after Davenant); Folio 'mortality,' which Mr. H. C. Hart (*Arden* edition) retains, remarking 'Shakespeare has the word "mortality" very often, "morality" nowhere. In *Henry V.*, IV. iii. 107, "mortality" has the meaning of deadliness, which is the sense here.'

I. iii. 42-3, 'And yet my *nature* . . . it (Folio 'in') slander.'—I have no admiration for the Duke, but this difficult passage presents him in a peculiarly odious light. Sometimes I have thought that for 'nature' we should read 'creature[;]' an easy change; the sense then being that the Duke regards Angelo as an agent who can at any moment be removed from office if by his conduct he seems likely to bring dishonour on his master's name.

II. i. 39, 'brakes of *vice*.'—So Malone for Folio's 'Ice'; but the passage is unintelligible.

II. iv. 91, 'toss.'—So Johnson; Folio 'loss.'

II. iv. 94-5, 'manacles . . . *all-bridling* law.'—When I corrected the Folio's 'all-building' to all-bridling' I was not aware that the same change had previously been proposed by Mr. K. Deighton (*Conjectural Readings*).

III. i. 91, 94, 'priestly.'—Warburton's correction of the Folio's 'prenzie' (an unknown word).

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

II. i. 110-12, 'and though gold . . . and so no man.'—In the Folio the passage stands:

> 'Yet the gold bides still
> That others touch, and often touching will,
> Where gold and no man.'

Theobald's correction 'Wear gold' is obviously right; but I am not satisfied with the other changes.

IV. ii. 35, 'A fiend, a *fairy*, pitiless.'—Theobald read 'fury' for 'fairy,' and is followed even by the conservative Cambridge Editors; but (as Johnson remarked) 'there were fairies like hobgoblins, pitiless and rough.'

IV. iii. 13, 'have you got *rid of*.'—The italicised words were added by Theobald.

IV. iii. 25, 'fob.'—So Rowe; Folio 'ſob'; Hanmer 'bob.'

V. i. 5, 'reverend.'—Folio 'reverent.' The Cambridge Editors here keep 'reverent,' but in l. 124 (where Folio 1 gives 'reverent') read 'reverend.' The old printers used the forms 'reverent' and 'reverend' indifferently.

V. i. 150, 'both.'—This easy correction of Folio's 'with' seems to be needed, but I cannot find that any editor has proposed it.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

I. i. 40, 'birdbolt.'—Quarto 1 and Folios 'Burbolt,' a common variant of 'birdbolt.'

II. i. 200, 'it is the base *thought*, bitter disposition.'—Kinnear suggested 'thought' for the old editions' 'though.' The correction may be supported by *Merchant of Venice*, II. vii. 49-50,

> ' 'Twere damnation
> To think so *base* a *thought*.'

II. iii. 36. 'Enter Don Pedro,' &c.—The stage-direction in the Folio is interesting: 'Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jacke Wilson' (who sang Balthasar's song). It is not quite clear whether musicians accompanied Balthasar or he sang to his own lute; but against the Cambridge Editors, I incline to think that musicians were present.

V. i. 102, 'wake your patience.'—None of the various explanations given of this passage is satisfactory. 'Wait your patience' ('wait till you are patient') would be a simple but unconvincing correction.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

I. i. 106, 'earth.'—So Theobald (to give a rime to 'birth'). Old editions 'showes' and 'shows.'

I. i. 191, 'having.'—Theobald's correction (perhaps unnecessary) for 'heauen.'

II. i. 212-3, '*Biron.* Is she wedded or no?
Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.'

Nobody (if my memory serves me) has noticed that there is an allusion to an old proverb 'Wedded to will is witless,' which is the first line of a song in William Byrd's *Psalms, Songs and Sonnets*, 1611.

III. i. 142, '*Biron.* O, my good knave.'—Several of Biron's speeches begin with 'O.' The Cambridge Editors reject this 'O' as superfluous, remarking that it seems to have 'crept into the text from the last letter of the stage-direction "Bero."' See their *Note IX.*, which is most ingenious but not convincing. The nervous 'O' may express Biron's perturbation of mind.

III. i. 196, 'a *whitely* wanton.'—As Rosalind was a brunette the reading *wightly* (nimble)—proposed in edition 1 of Cambridge Shakespeare, and since withdrawn—will continue to find supporters.

IV. iii. 13-14, 'mallicholy.'—This whimsical form (used deliberately, I think, by the humorous Biron) is changed by modern editors to the commonplace 'melancholy.'

IV. iii. 180, 'groan for Joan.'—I much prefer this reading (with its intentional jingle) to 'groan for love,' which the Cambridge Editors adopt from the Duke of Devonshire's copy of Quarto 1.

IV. iii. 302, 'prisons.'— Theobald's correction of 'poysons.'

V. i. 27-8, 'Laus Deo,' &c.—I follow Theobald's emendation: for the various readings see Cambridge Shakespeare.

V. i. 65, '*circum circa.*'—Theobald's correction of '*unum cita.*' Mr. Hart ingeniously proposes '*unciatim.*'

V. ii. 67, 'pert-aunt-like.'—In sheer desperation I blushingly gave this grotesque reading ('aunt' to be taken as in 'summer songs for me and my aunts'). Yet in the 1611 edition of Chapman's translation of the *Iliad*, ii. 782, I have since found a compound word that is exactly on all-fours with 'pert-aunt-like'. The line runs—'*Proud-girl-like* that doth ever bear her dower upon her back'. (In the 1598 edition, *Seven Books*, the reading was 'Like a proud gyrle that euer' &c., and why Chapman made the change is a mystery.) Quarto 1 reads 'perttaunt like'; Folios and Quarto 2 'pertaunt like.' Many

Love's Labour's Lost (continued)—

emendations have been proposed; none satisfactory. Mr. H. C. Hart, *Arden* edition, confidently reads 'pendant-like' ('pendant' being spelt 'pendaunt'), which is certainly better than Theobald's 'pedant-like,' Hanmer's 'portent-like,' Capell's 'pageant-like,' &c.

V. ii. 733, '*pace* of time.'—I read 'pace of time,' as I fail to find any sense in the old editions' 'parts of time.'

V. ii. 756, 'strange.'—So Capell for 'straying'; but Mr. Hart adduces good reasons for retaining the old reading.

V. ii. 809, 'Hence *ever* then.'—For 'ever' Quarto 1 gives the strange word 'herrite.' Possibly 'herrite' may be a misprint for 'eremite,' and (omitting 'then') we should read—'Hence, eremite, my heart is in thy breast' (*i.e.* hence, when I am living as a lonely hermit, my heart, &c). The Princess had said,

> 'Go with speed
> To some forlorn and naked hermitage.'

(But it may be objected that Shakespeare does not use the word 'eremite.')

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

I. i. 188, 'My hair should catch your hair.'—Without hesitation I adopt (with Hudson) this emendation of Lettsom. The usual reading 'My ear should catch your voice' is defended by Cunningham (*Arden* edition), who remarks 'It was surely necessary for Helena's ear to catch Hermia's voice before her own tongue should catch the sweet melody of her rival's.' Of course; but was it worth saying? If only 'favour' (personal appearance) were catching like sickness, then Helena would fain catch Hermia's (1) hair (2) eyes (3) voice. Helena was fair; Hermia a brunette (Cf. III. ii. 257 'Away, you Ethiop').

II. i. 101, 'winter cheer.'—Theobald's conjecture; old editions 'winter heere.'

II. i. 109, 'Hiems' chin.'—I see no need to alter 'chin' to 'chill' (Theobald) or 'thin' (Tyrwhitt). Malone aptly cited Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book II.:

> . . 'Forladen with the isycles, that dangled up and downe
> Upon his [Winter's] gray and hoarie beard, and snowie frozen crown.'

II. i. 251, 'lush.'—Theobald's correction for the old editions' 'luscious' and 'lushious.' (In *Tempest*, II. i. we have 'lush and lusty').

A Midsummer Night's Dream (continued)—

III. ii. 48, 'plunge in *the deep*.'—So the old editions. Cunningham confidently adopts Coleridge's (or Maginn's) correction 'knee-deep'; but people do not 'plunge' knee-deep. Besides, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, I. i. we have—

> 'as he that leaves
> A shallow plash to *plunge* him *in the deep*';

a passage which had evidently escaped Mr. Cunningham's memory.

III. ii. 204, 'neelds.'—I am vext to find that I adopted Steevens' spelling 'neelds' for the old editions' 'needles' (which can be easily pronounced as a monosyllable at a pinch).

III. ii. 257, 'No, no, sir.'—Difficult and corrupt; I follow the wording of the Folio (which, however, makes one line of 'No no . . loose'). Mr. Cunningham reads 'No, no, he'll *kill thee*,' making Hermia the speaker; but this heroic remedy will not commend itself. See *Cambridge Shakespeare*.

IV. i. 35, 'fetch thee *hence* new nuts.'—'Hence' is a modern addition (*metri causâ*): others prefer 'newest' or 'mellow.'

IV. i. 112, 'they bay'd the *bear*.'—So the Quartos and Folios; but Theobald, followed by a host of editors, reads 'boar'—perhaps rightly. Cunningham has a good note in favour of the boar.

IV. i. 190, 'gemel.'—I have accepted Warburton's 'gemel' for the 'jewel' of old editions. See the notes in the 1821 Variorum Shakespeare.

V. i. 59, 'hot ice *and wondrous strange snow*.'—The italicised words lie under strong suspicion, but no satisfactory correction has been proposed. Some hardy unabashed emendator may suggest '*a wonder strange enow*.'

V. i. 91, 'And what poor duty cannot do.'—One's fingers itch to fill up the line by adding 'willing' or 'simple' after 'poor'; but we shall be tinkering the verse in a hundred places if once we begin.

V. i. 138, 'by name Lion hight.'—Theobald's transposition for 'Lion hight by name.' If the old reading be retained, we must suppose that a verse has been lost.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.—VOL. III.

I. i. 84, 'alablaster.'—The forms 'alablaster' and 'alabaster' were used indifferently.

II. ii. 155, 'aleven.'—'Aleven' (for 'eleven') appears to have been an Elizabethan vulgarism.

Merchant of Venice (continued)—

III. ii. 22, 'peize the time.'—To 'peize' a thing is to weigh it; hence (as in the present passage) to keep it hanging in the balance,—to suspend, to delay. There seems to be no need to adopt Rowe's emendation 'piece.'

III. ii. 30, 'amity and *league*.'—I cannot resist Sidney Walker's correction 'league' for 'life.' He suggests that the compositor's eye caught the word 'life' from l. 34. In *Richard III*, I. iii., we have 'league' and 'amity' in conjunction:—'In sign of league and amity with thee.'

III. ii. 99, 'Veiling an Indian beauty.'—A world-without-end crux; but I am becoming half-persuaded that the old reading is right and that all the pother of the commentators is unnecessary.

IV. i. 74, 'bleak.'—So Quartos 1, 2 ('bleake').

AS YOU LIKE IT.

I. i. 94, 'Good *morrow*, Monsieur Charles.'—Dyce (following Sidney Walker's suggestion) added 'morrow.'

I. ii. 262, the *smaller* is his daughter.'—Malone's correction of 'taller' (which must be changed).

II. iii. 8, 'bony.'—So Warburton; Folios 'bonnie' and 'bonny.'

II. v. 51, 'Ducdame.'—It is claimed that this is an Irish burthen: see the letter on 'Shakespeare and Irish Music' in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1906.

III. ii. 152, 'pulpiter.'—Spedding's happy correction (adopted by Cambridge Editors) of Folio's 'Jupiter.'

III. ii. 374, '*loving*.'—Sidney Walker's correction of 'living.'

IV. iii. 87. 'Like a ripe sister.'—Corrupt; but I have not ventured to insert in the text Lettsom's correction 'a right forester.'

V. iii. 96, 'deservings.'—I substitute 'deservings,' a word frequently used by Shakespeare, for 'observance' (which is repeated from l. 94).

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Induction, Scene ii. 18, 'Burton-heath.'—Now called Barton on the Heath.

Induction, Scene ii. 22, 'Wincot.'—Not Wilmcote (where Shakespeare's mother had lived) but a hamlet in the parish of Quinton. See Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*, Illustrated Library Edition, pp. 130-1.

Induction, Scene ii. 93, 'John Naps of *Greece*.'—'Greece' is iden-

The Taming of the Shrew (continued)—

tified by Halliwell-Phillipps, with Greete near Winchcomb, Gloucestershire.

I. i. 32, 'Aristotle's *ethics*.'—I have not hesitated to accept Blackstone's correction of 'checks' (which cannot be explained or defended).

II. i. 102, 'Lucentio is *my* name.'—Theobald's conjecture; the Folio reads '*your*' and makes Baptista the speaker.

II. i. 109, 'to my *two* daughters.'—'*Two*' was added in the second Folio.

II. i. 115, 'And . . . come to woo.'—A slightly altered form of the refrain of an old song. Halliwell-Phillipps found it in a MS. of the time of Henry VIII. An early printed version of a song 'I have house and land in Kent,' in Ravenscroft's *Melismata*, 1611, where it is called the 'Wooing Song of the Son of the Yeoman of Kent,' has at the end of each stanza 'I cannot come every day to woo.'

II. i. 208, 'as *he* takes a buzzard.'—Mr. Warwick Bond (*Arden Shakespeare*) reads 'she' and remarks 'Katharina means "A fool may well think her meek and manageable as she thinks him," or else "as she takes a buzzard *for a buzzard*," *i.e.* a fool for a fool.' (I see from the *Cambridge Shakespeare*, that Kinnear had proposed 'she.')

III. ii. 16, 'Make friends invite *guess*, and.'—The First Folio reads 'Make friends, inuite, and'; after 'invite' the Second Folio puts 'yes' (which I take to be a misprint for 'guess,' the old form of 'guests').

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

I. i. 57-58, 'How . . . wishes.'—In the Folio l. 57 follows l. 58: I adopt Theobald's transposition.

I. i. 163, &c., 'Not my virginity.'—This speech is very corrupt, hopelessly unintelligible. I have it as it stands (spelling and punctuation apart) in the First Folio.

I. ii. 67, 'labourer.'—I regret that I accepted Warburton's unnecessary correction of Folio's 'labourer*s*.'

I. iii. 93-4, 'yet no hurt done! . . . no hurt.'—The repetition of 'no hurt' is very suspicious. Mr. K. Deighton says: 'I would read "Though honesty be *a* [Folio 'no'] puritan yet it will do *honour*"; *i.e.* though honesty be a stickler about ceremonial observances, yet it will pay honour where honour is due.' See the full note in his *Conjectural Readings*, second Series, 4-5.

I. iii. 134, 'nor.'—Folio 'or.'

All's Well That Ends Well (continued)—

I. iii. 160, &c. 'You are my mother.'—Violent alterations are needed to make this speech intelligible.

II. i. 13, 'Those *lated*.'—In reading 'lated' for the Folio's 'bated' I seem to have put myself into the trick of singularity. Hanmer proposed 'bastard'; Bulloch 'thus fated.' I can make no sense of the Folio's 'bated,' and think there is something to be said for 'lated.' 'Higher' Italy—in its degenerate and forlorn state—might cry with Antony (*Antony and Cleopatra*, III. xi., 3-4.—)

> 'I am so *lated* in the world, that I
> Have lost my way for ever.'

II. i. 61-2, '*fee* . . . *bought*.'—Theobald's corrections for Folio's 'ſee' and 'brought.' Perhaps there is no need to change 'brought'; but what emendator had such a gift of divination as 'piddling Tibbald'?

II. i. 101, 'one.'—Added by Sidney Walker.

II. v. 48, 'have worth or wit.'—Folio 'haue or will.' (A word has evidently dropped out before 'or,' and 'will' is an easy misprint for 'wit.') Singer conjectured 'have wit or will.'

III. i. 17, 'nation.'—Rowe's correction of Folio's 'nature.'

III. iii. 107, 'still-piecing.'—An obvious and satisfactory correction (anonymous), adopted by Steevens and Dyce, of the First Folio's 'still-peering'; later Folios 'still-piercing.'

V. iii. 153, 'sir, *sith*.'—Dyce's correction of 'sir, sir.'

TWELFTH NIGHT.—VOL. IV.

I. ii. 39, 'dear loss.'—Sidney Walker's correction of Folio's 'deere loue.' In *Tempest*, V. i. 146, we have 'the dear loss'; and in *Richard III*, II. ii. 78, 'so dear a loss.' But in the present passage the Folio's reading has been ably defended.

I. ii. 40-41, 'the company And sight.'—Hanmer's transposition of Folio's 'the sight And company.'

I. iii. 116, 'a nobleman.'—Theobald's correction of Folio's 'an old man.' In *Winter's Tale*, III. iii. 105, Theobald again read (rightly in my judgement) 'nobleman' for 'old man.'

II. v. 37, "the lady of Strachy.'—Of this much-vexed passage no satisfactory explanation has been found. Lady Strachey suggests to me that it may refer to a misalliance, which would be well in the memory of the audience at the Temple,—that of the Lady Mary Grey with Thomas Keys, not 'a yeoman of the wardrobe' but the Queen's Serjeant Porter. The

Twelfth Night (continued)—

marriage was discovered in 1565, and Lady Mary died in 1578, some twenty years before the performance of the play.

III. iv. 31, 'To bed! . . . I'll come to thee.'—Mr. W. J. Craig was the first to note that we have here a scrap from an old song. He quoted from Brome's *English Moor* (Works, 1873, II. 15). I am able to supply an earlier reference to this song (which has yet to be recovered) from *Tarleton's Jests*. In the story 'How Tarlton and his oastesse of Waltham met' we are told—'Well, to have their custome she agreed to everything, like a subtill oastesse; and it fell out that Tarlton having her in a roome at her house askt her which of those two beds were big enough for them two. This, said she: therefore, *goe to bed, sweet-heart, Ile come to thee*. Masse! saies Tarlton, were my bootes off, I would indeed.' The *Jests* were entered in the Stationers Registers August 4, 1600, but no edition earlier than 1611 is known.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

I. ii. 70, 'no.'—Added in Second Folio.

I. ii. 307, 'his.'—Theobald's correction of Folio's 'her.'

II. i. 90, 'federary.'—Not improbably a misprint for 'fedary' (feodary).

II. ii. 30, 'lunes.'—The only passage in the Folio where 'Lunes' occurs. See note on *Merry Wives*, IV. ii. 21.

II. iii. 177, 'it.'—I keep the old form of 'its.'

III. iii. 105, 'nobleman.'—See note on *Twelfth Night*, I. iii. 116.

IV. Chorus. 2, 'masks.'—Theobald's correction ('mask') of Folio's 'makes.'

IV. iii. 13, 'swoon.'—So Theobald; Folio 'sworne.'

IV. iii. 363, 'Ethiopian's.'—Probably we should read 'Ethiop's' with Dyce.

IV. iii. 724, '*with* stampt coin, *not* stabbing steel.'—P. A. Daniel 'not with . . . but'; Deighton would transpose 'stampt coin' and 'stabbing steel.' The old reading can hardly be defended.

IV. iii. 734, '*or* toaze.'—So later Folios; Folio 1 'at' for 'or.' For 'toaze' Dyce reads 'touse.'

IV. iii. 743, 'pheasant.'—Dyce 'present.'

V. i. 59, 'we offend her.'—So Theobald: Folio 'we offenders.'

KING JOHN.

I. i. 93, 'that half-face.'—Theobald's correction of Folio's 'halfe that face.'

King John (continued)—

II. i. 144, 'shows.'—Theobald's correction of Folio's 'shooes.'

II. i. 358, 'equal-potent.'—So Dyce (Sidney Walker conj.). Folio 'equall Potents.'

II. i. 371, 'King'd of our fears.'—Tyrwhitt's correction of Folio's 'Kings of our feare.'

II. i. 424, 'niece.'—So Singer (Collier MS.); Folio 'neere.'

II. i. 434, 'O.'—So Hanmer; Folio 'of.'

III. i. 69, 'makes his owner *stout*.'—Hanmer's correction of the Folio's 'stoope,' which Malone vainly tried to defend.

III. i. 209, 'new *untrimmed*.'—Dyce reads 'new-uptrimmed'; Theobald 'new and trimmed.' I incline to follow Dyce. Of course Steevens (reading 'untrimmed') takes occasion to display his learned lubricity.

III. i. 259, 'a *chafed* lion.'—I have no hesitation in accepting Theobald's correction 'chafed' for the Folio's 'cafed.' Even the cautious Cambridge editors follow Theobald; but Steevens and Malone defend 'cased' (caged) with apposite quotations.

III. i. 263-297, 'So makest thou,' &c.—It would need an audience of Schoolmen to appreciate the riddling subtlety of Pandolpho's pleading. I have not disturbed the text of the Folio.

III. iii. 8-9, '*their* imprison'd angels set *thou*.'—Pope added 'their' and Theobald 'thou.'

III. iii. 39, 'Sound *one*.'—So Theobald for Folio's 'Sound on' (which many editors prefer). The Ghost in *Hamlet*—'the bell then beating *one*'—supports Theobald. Sidney Walker gave 'ear of night' for Folio's 'race of night.'

III. iv. 2, 'convented.'—Mason's correction of Folio's 'conuicted.'

III. iv. 154, 'scape.'—Pope's correction of Folio's 'scope.'

IV. ii. 117, 'ear.'—It is doubtful whether the First Folio reads 'care' or 'eare': later Folios 'case.' See note in *Cambridge Shakespeare*.

RICHARD II.

I. ii. 70, 'cheer.'—So some copies of Quarto 1; later editions 'hear' or 'heare' (which is found, say the Cambridge Editors, in the Devonshire copy of Quarto 1).

I. iii. 150, '*sly slow* hours.'—The Second Folio gives 'flye slow"; and Pope read 'fly-slow.' The original reading is distinctly the better.

II. i. 18, 'his state . . . found.'—The text of Quartos 3, 4. For various readings see *Cambridge Shakespeare*.

Richard II. (continued)—

II. i. 44, 'infection.'—Malone accepted Farmer's tentative emendation 'infestion' (but no other example of this word has been found).

II. i. 98, ''nointed.'—Here the old editions read 'anointed,' but in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii., and *Winter's Tale*, IV. iii., the Folio gives the clipped form.

III. iv. 22, 'weep.'—Pope's conjecture for the old editions' 'sing.' (The Cambridge Editors' defence of 'sing' seems to me far-fetched.)

III. iv. 57, '*We* at.'—The word 'We' was added by Capell.

III. iv. 63, 'all.'—Added in the Second Folio.

IV. i. 154-318, 'May it please . . . king's fall.'—First printed in Quarto 3 (1608).

IV. i. 181-2, 'Here . . . crown.'—The arrangement of the Cambridge Editors: one line in the early editions. Some editors treat 'seize the crown' as a stage-directon (perhaps rightly).

IV. i. 319-320, 'On Wednesday . . . yourselves.'—Quartos 1, 2 read:

> 'Let it be so, and loe on Wednesday next,
> We solemnly proclaime our Coronation,
> Lords be ready all.'

V. iii. 21, 'a.'—Added by Capell. (Quartos 2, 3, 4 read 'sparkles'; the other early editions 'sparks.')

HENRY IV.—PART I.—VOL. V.

I. i. 4, 'stronds.'—This old form of 'strands' is still kept in 'The Trinity House of Deptford Strond.'

I. i. 5, 'entrance.'—Mason's emendation 'Erinnys' was stoutly championed by Steevens, but to-day has very few supporters.

I. ii. 188, 'to-night.'—Capell's correction of 'to-morrow night.'

II. i. 75, 'oneyers.'—Quarto 1 'oneyres.' No satisfactory explanation has yet been supplied; and the various emendations proposed (including Theobald's 'moneyers') fail to please.

II. iv. 119, 'Didst thou never see Titan,' &c.—By printing with Warburton 'pitiful-hearted Titan' in a parenthesis, we make 'a dish of butter' the antecedent of 'that melted'; but Theobald's bold emendation 'pitiful-hearted butter' gives better sense. For 'sun' ('sonnes' in Quartos 1, 2) Malone first read 'son' and afterwards 'son's'; but, as Blakeway remarked, to suppose Falstaff 'like Apollo, overcome by the solicitations of Phaëton, is, if at all admissible, to say the best of it, very

Henry IV.—Part I. (continued)—

flat.' Probably the text is incurably corrupt: the emendations recorded in the *Cambridge Shakespeare* are insipid.

II. iv. 226, 'nott-pated.'—Here the old editions read 'knotty-pated,' but at l. 70 'not-pated' (in the sense of 'polled or cropped'). See Douce's *Illustrations*, I. 427. Others, reading 'knot-pated' in l. 70 and 'knotty-pated' in the present passage, take the meaning to be 'thick-headed.'

II. iv. 227, 'tallow-keech.'—Johnson's conjecture for 'tallow-catch' or 'tallow catch.' 'A *keech* of *tallow* is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandlers' (Percy). Others read 'tallow-ketch' *i.e.* cask of tallow.

II. iv. 243, 'eel-skin.'—Hanmer's correction of 'elf-skin.'

II. iv. 525, '*Poin.*'—This and the following speeches of Pointz are assigned to Peto in the old copies. The change was made by Johnson; but it must be allowed that the respectful manner in which the speaker addresses the Prince suggests Peto rather than Pointz. In III. iii. 197, I again follow Johnson in reading Pointz for Peto.

IV. i. 98, 'wing.'—Rowe's correction (by no means certain) of 'with.'

V. ii. 8, 'Suspicion.'—Rowe's correction of 'Supposition'; but the line is inharmonious, and some words may have dropped out.

V. iii. 1, 'the.'—Added by Hanmer.

HENRY IV.—PART II.

Induction, 35, 'hold.'—Theobald's correction of 'hole.'

I. iii. 36-38, 'Yes, in &c.'—For various readings see *Cambridge Shakespeare.* I adopt Johnson's 'in' for Folio's 'if.'

II. iv. 95, 'tame cheater.'—Plainly there is a quibbling allusion to *cheetah*: otherwise the following words are pointless. See *Note VI* in *Cambridge Shakespeare.*

II. iv. 161, 'pamper'd jades of Asia.'—I have not printed Pistol's garbled scraps from old plays and songs between inverted commas.

III. i. 24, 'slippery shrouds.'—I now regret that I adopted Pope's tame emendation 'shrouds' for 'clouds.'

III. ii. 311, 'invisible.'—The old copies read 'inuincible"; but Rowe's correction seems to be necessary (though it is not adopted by Mr. Craig in the *Oxford Shakespeare*). 'Invisible' and 'invincible' are frequently confused. Steevens, who here

Henry IV.—Part II. (continued)—

defends 'invisible,' wished to read 'invincible' in *King John*, V. vii. 16 (against the authority of the old copies).

IV. i. 34, 'heady.'—Warburton's conjecture for 'bloody.'

IV. i. 50, 'greaves.'—Steevens' conjecture for 'graves,' which the Cambridge Editors still retain.

IV. v. 132, 'softly pray.'—Here the Cambridge Editors mark a new scene.

IV. iv. 208, 'packt.'—Dyce improves the metre by transferring this word to the end of the line.

HENRY V.

I. ii. 72, 'To *fine* his title.'—So the debased Quartos; Folios 'find,' which many editors prefer. 'To *fine* his title,' says Steevens, 'is to make it *showy* or *specious* by some appearance of justice.'

I. ii. 94, 'imbare.'—Theobald's (Warburton's) reading of Folio's 'imbarre' (which in Folios 3, 4 became 'imbar'). 'Imbare' (lay open) gives a good antithesis to 'hide them in a net' of the previous line. But recent editors prefer 'imbar,' which Mr. Craig explains as 'to secure, or perhaps to exclude.' Quartos 1, 2 'imbace'; Quarto 3 'embrace.'

I. ii. 173, 'spoil.'—So Quartos; Folios 'tame.' Editors usually adopt (why?) Rowe's correction 'tear.'

I. ii. 175, 'curst.'—Here again I follow the mangled Quartos (which sometimes give a better reading than the Folio). I cannot reconcile myself to the Folio's '*crush'd* necessity,' which I take to be a stark misprint, though not so ridiculous as 'tame' in l. 173.

I. ii. 234, 'waxen.'—Quartos 'paper.'

II. i. 5, 'smites.'—Farmer's highly probable correction of 'smiles.'

II. i. 24, 'tired *mare*.'—Again the Quartos preserve the true reading, while the Folio absurdly gives 'name.'

II. iii. 16, ' 'a babbled of green fields.'—The most famous of Theobald's emendations; it will always hold its place in the text, though we can feel no confidence that it is what Shakespeare really wrote. The Folio gives 'a Table of greene fields' (for which a far-fetched interpretation has been found).

III. vii. 14, '*qui a*.'—Capell's correction of 'ches.'

IV. Prologue, 45. '*Then* mean and gentle all.'—Theobald's obvious correction of '*That* meane,' to which some conservative editors still cling.

IV. ii. 49, '*gimmal*-bit.'—So Johnson for Folio's 'Iymold'; but I

Henry V (continued)—

probably ought to have read 'gimmal'd bit.' See *New English Dictionary*.

IV. ii. 60, 'guidon.'—'The conjectural reading "*guidon*" . . . is found in Rann's edition without any name attached.' *(Cambridge Shakespeare.)* Folio 'Guard: on.'

IV. iv. 4, '*Qualtitie calmie custure me.*'—I leave this gibberish as I find it in the Folio. Malone thought there was a reference to an old Irish burden of a song,—'Calen o custure me' or 'Callino Castore me.' Perhaps; but I am not convinced.

IV. vii. 72, 'look.'—So Collier MS.; Folio 'booke.' 'Look' in the sense of 'look for' was common. But Mr. H. A. Evans remarks in the *Arden* edition that 'the change is unnecessary'; and I am now inclined to agree.

V. i. 82, 'Nell.'—The old copies' 'Doll' cannot be retained.

V. ii. 245, 'queen of all Katharines.'—Capell's conjecture; Folio 'Queene of all, Katherine.'

V. ii. 361, 'paction.'—Theobald's emendation: Folios 1, 2 'Pation,' Folios 3, 4 'Passion.'

HENRY VI.—PART I.

I. ii. 101, 'a deal.'—So Pope; Folio 'a great deale.' Dyce omits the 'of' after 'deal,' and the temptation to follow him is strong.

I. ii. 145, 'ever.'—Capell's correction of Folio's 'reuerently.'

I. iv. 10, 'wont.'—Tyrwhitt's correction of Folio's 'went.'

I. iv. 95, 'like thee, Nero.'—So Malone. Folio 1 omits 'Nero'; Folio 2 'Nero like will.'

I. v. 30, 'timorous.'—So Pope; Folio 'trecherous.' But the corruption may lie in the words 'half so' and 'treacherous' be wrongly placed. Query, 'Sheep run not *faster* from the *treacherous* wolf'? ('Faster,' not by the eye but by the ear, might be confused with 'half so.')

V. iii. 70-1, 'Ay beauty's princely majesty is such, Confounds the tongue, and *mates the senses' vouch.*'—The italicised words are my own emendation (which I venture to consider unassailable) of the Folio's corrupt and meaningless '*makes the senses rough.*' My reading 'mates the senses' vouch' means 'upsets the clear testimony of the senses.' *Mate*, signifying *amaze* is common enough, *e.g.*, *Macbeth*, V. i., 'My mind she has *mated* and amazed my sight'; and for *vouch* as a substantive cf. *Henry VIII*, I. i., 'and make my *vouch* as strong As shore of rock.' Mark, too, that my emendation restores the rime ('such . . . vouch').

Henry VI—Part I (continued)—

But I clench the matter with Horatio's '*sensible* and true *avouch*,' *Hamlet*, I. i. Whatever judgement we may pass on other parts of 1 *Henry VI*, this passage—as I have amended it—shows that in the scene between Suffolk and Margaret the language is thoroughly Shakespearean. (This emendation was announced by me in Sylvanus Urban's Notebook, *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. CCC, pp. 422-3, when I was Sylvanus.)

HENRY VI.—PART II.

II. iii. 30, 'helm.'—Johnson's correction of Folio's 'Realme.'

II. iv. 5, ''Tis.'—Added by Lettsom.—'almost.' So Quarto (*First Part of the Contention*); omitted in Folio.

III. i. 140, 'suspect.'—Capell's correction of Folio's 'suspence.'

III. ii. 26, 'Meg.'—Capell's correction of Folio's 'Nell.' Again in ll. 79, 100, 120 of the present scene I have substituted (with Rowe, &c.) Margaret for Eleanor, for I see no point in perpetuating the old printers' palpable blunders. The contention of the Cambridge Editors that 'the mistake is, in all probability Shakespeare's own' seems very far-fetched. Even if Shakespeare's memory was so bad that he at times forgot the names of his chief characters, surely the actor who had to speak the lines would have quickly put him right. Besides, the audience would have grown derisive if such silly mistakes kept recurring.

III. ii. 80, 'statua.'—When 'statue' is to be pronounced as a trisyllable, I have—with Dyce and others—adopted the form 'statua'; but I am very doubtful about the propriety of the change.

IV. i. 70, 'Pole! Sir Pole! lord!—'Pole' is of course to be pronounced 'Pool' (and is so printed by some editors). One is tempted to read—with Johnson—'Lord Pole' for 'lord.'

IV. ii. 116, 'Sir John Mortimer.'—In these Jack Cade scenes it is interesting to compare the Quarto with the Folio. Here the Quarto continues:

> 'Is there any more of them that be Knights?
> *Tom.* I [Ay] his brother.
> He Knights *Dicke Butcher*.
> *Cade.* Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,
> Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher.
> Now sound vp the Drumme.'

Theobald restored this passage to the text.

IV. ii. 159, 'main'd'= maim'd.

IV. iii. 8, 'a week.'—So Quartos; omitted in Folios.

HENRY VI.—PART III.

II. v. 37, '*months* ere I shall shear the fleece.'—So Rowe for Folio's 'yeares.' We do not wait years to shear a sheep; yet both the Cambridge and the Oxford Editors keep 'years.' My Stratford-on-Avon butcher tells me that sheep are usually shorn at the age of twelve months. In his obliging answer to my enquiries he writes that 'there are certain breeds of sheep whose wool grows to a great length, which necessitates their being shorn before they attain that age. These are called "shearlings"; and when the time comes for other breeds of sheep to be shorn, the shearlings have to be done again and are then called "two shear."'

II. v. 38, 'days, months.'—Rowe was probably right in reading 'days, weeks, months.'

III. i. 24, 'adversity.'—Dyce's correction of Folio's 'Adversaries.'

III. ii. 170, 'Until . . . head,' *i.e.*, 'until that *which* my mis-shaped trunk bears,—*to wit* this head.' So I read for the Folio's 'Vntill my mis-shap'd Trunke, that beares,' &c. For other emendations see *Cambridge Shakespeare*.

V. vi. 41, 'fate.'—Added in Folio 2.

V. vi. 51, 'An indigested.'—The Folio gives 'To wit, an indigested.' If we keep the words 'To wit,' which Dyce threw out, we ought to restore the original Quarto reading 'To wit: an vndigest.' When 'vndigest' was corrected to 'indigested and' the 'To wit' was inadvertently retained (or so lightly scored through that a transcriber might think that it still formed part of the line).

RICHARD III.

I. iii. 16, '*Enter* . . . Derby.'—Lord Stanley had not yet been created Earl of Derby. He is variously styled Derby and Stanley in this play, and with the Cambridge Editors I have kept both forms.

I. iv. 25, 'Ten thousand.'—So Quartos; Folios 'A thousand.' For the accumulative 'thousand . . . ten thousand' cf. *Titus Andronicus*, II. iii., 'a thousand hissing snakes, ten thousand toads.'

I. iv. 54, 'shriekt.'—I prefer this reading of the Folio to the 'squeak'd' of the Cambridge Editors (who here follow the Quartos). But in this play it is not easy to make a clear choice of readings. Sometimes I follow the Folio, sometimes the earlier copies. Readers must refer to the notes in the *Cambridge Shakespeare* for the multitudinous *variæ lectiones*.

Richard III (continued)—

I. iv. 256-68, 'What shall . . . my lord.'—I follow the Folio, merely altering the punctuation; making 'As . . . distress' an unfinished sentence, and omitting (with the Quartos) 'no' after 'Relent' in l. 262. For other arrangements see *Note VII* in *Cambridge Shakespeare*.

III. vii. 219-20, 'Come, citizens: zounds, I'll entreat no more.
Glo. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.'

This line of Gloster ('O, do not swear,' &c.) is one of the most characteristic lines in the whole play; but it was omitted from the Folio, when the players (to shield themselves against the charge of profanity) altered 'zounds, I'll entreat' to 'we will entreat.' I am grieved to find that so admirable a scholar as Mr. Craig has, in his devotion to the Folio's readings, omitted from the *Oxford Shakespeare* a line that had given keen delight to countless readers. (The ink was hardly dry from writing this note when news reached me that my old friend W. J. Craig was dead. Heavy is the loss to Shakespearean scholarship, but heavier to the friends that loved him from their very heart of hearts.)

HENRY VIII.

I. i. 167, 'rinsing.'—Pope's correction of Folio's 'wrenching.'

I. ii. 67, 'business.'—So Warburton for Folio's 'basenesse.'

I. iv. 6, 'first, good company, good wine.'—Hanmer 'first, . . . *then*, good wine.'

II. iii. 14, 'quarrel, fortune, *do* divorce.'—Steevens proposed 'quarrel fortune *to* divorce.'

II. iv. 62, '*defer* the court.'—So Folio 4; earlier Folios 'desire.'

II. iv. 183, '*bottom* of my conscience.'—So Theobald (Thirlby conj.) for Folio's '*bosome* of my conscience'; comparing Holinshed 'Which words, once conceiued within the secret *bottome* of my conscience.' (See Boswell-Stone's *Shakspere's Holinshed*, pp. 463-4.)

III. i. 38, 'wise.'—Rowe's correction for Folio's 'wife.' (The passage is obscure whichever reading we follow.)

III. ii. 343, 'chattels.'—Theobald's correction of 'castles.'

IV. ii. 100, 'earthy *colour*.'—Sidney Walker for Folio's 'earthy *cold*' (which I now prefer).

V. ii. 45-6, 'frail and *culpable*; of *one* flesh.'—The Folio reads 'and capable of *our* flesh.' Mason proposed 'culpable'; and the change of 'our' (probably caught from the previous line) to

Henry VIII (continued)—

'one' is my own. For other emendations see *Cambridge Shakespeare.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—VOL. VII.

I. ii. 160, 'one.'—So Theobald for 'Two.'

I. ii. 285, 'lies.'—Mason proposed 'dies.'

I. iii. 54, 'Returns.'—Pope's correction of 'Retires.' Dyce read 'Retorts.'

I. iii. 69, 'Though.'—Hanmer's correction of 'Thou.'

I. iii. 73, '*mastic* jaws.'—To suppose that Shakespeare is here girding at Dekker (the author of 'Satiro*mastix*') or Marston (who had used the *nom de plume* 'Therio-*mastix*') seems to me misapplied ingenuity. Mr. Sidney Lee remarks: '"Mastic" is doubtless an adjective formed without recondite significance from the substantive "mastic," *i.e.*, the gum commonly used at the time for stopping teeth.' See the admirable discussion in his Life of Shakespeare, ed. 1899, pp. 185-6.

I. iii. 114, 'lord of imbecility.'—Mr. Daniel would read 'law'd' or 'slave'; Mr. Deighton proposes 'dar'd' *i.e.*, defied. But compare this line and the next with *Timon of Athens*, IV. i. 13-15,

> 'Son of sixteen,
> Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,
> With it beat out his brains!'

I. iii. 238, 'Jove's accord.'—Malone had 'not the smallest doubt' that we should read 'Jove 's a god'; but Theobald's suggestion that 'Jove's accord' is equivalent to '*Jove annuente*' seems reasonable.

II. i. 113, 'brach.'—Rowe's correction of 'Brooch.'

II. iii. 75, 'shent.'—So Theobald: Quarto 'sate,' Folio 'sent.'

II. iii. 125, 'lunes.'—So Hanmer for Folio's 'lines'; but see Note on *Merry Wives*, IV. ii. 21. (Quarto 'course, and time.')

III. ii. 197, 'inconstant.'—Hanmer's correction (perhaps unnecessary) of 'constant.'

III. iii. 4, 'through the sight . . . to love.'—So the Quarto and Folios 1, 2, 3. If we change 'love' to 'Jove' ('loue' and 'Ioue' in Folio 1 being nearly identical) the passage would still be desperately obscure. Folio 4 boldly reads 'things to come.' Mr. Deighton proposes 'things of lore,' *i.e.*, matters of soothsaying; but that expression is uncouth, and Shakespeare, if my memory serves me, never uses the word 'lore.' It seems best to keep the old reading until some happier emendation than any yet suggested has been found.

Troilus and Cressida (continued)—

III. iii. 197, 'Pluto's gold.'—Here, and in *Julius Cæsar*, IV. iii., even the Cambridge Editors change 'Pluto's' to 'Plutus''; quite unnecessarily, for Elizabethan poets frequently make Pluto the God of Gold. Should any reader think that the confusion arose from misprinting, let me refer him to Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, Second Sestiad, ll. 326-7:

> 'Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took
> Than *Dis* on heaps of gold fixing his look.'

Liddell and Scott remark that 'Pluto was identified with Plutus, and was also considered as the god of riches, cf. Soph. *Fr.* 259, *Ae.* Pl. 727.' Shakespeare sometimes uses the word 'Pluto,' sometimes 'Plutus'; and excellent classical authority supported him. Mr. R. B. McKerrow points out to me that Bateman in his *Golden Book of the Leaden Gods*, 1577, writes 'By *Pluto* is mente, the vnsaciable gotten ryches y^t^ force possesseth.'—(C 2^v^.)

IV. i. 79, 'not sell.'—Warburton's correction of 'to sell.'

IV. ii. 4, 'sleep *kill* those pretty eyes.'—Pope read 'seal.' If any change is needed I would read 'kiss' with Ingleby (and would refer the reader to Dekker's tender lullaby 'Golden slumbers *kiss your eyes*'); but 'kill' is perhaps better here.

IV. iv. 16, '*O* heavy.'—Pope added 'O' before 'heavy,' and was the first to read the lines as verse.

V. iii. 20-1, 'it is . . . thefts.'—Tyrwhitt's correction (the best yet proposed) of the Folio's corrupt 'it is as lawfull: For we would count giue much to as violent thefts.' The passage is not in the Quarto.

V. x. 37, 'traders and bawds.'—This excellent emendation 'traders' for 'traitors' was suggested to me by my friend Mr. W. J. Craig.

CORIOLANUS.

In *Coriolanus* the diction is often exceedingly difficult and obscure; but these difficulties and obscurities seem to be due not so much to textual corruption (though some passages have evidently suffered at the printers' hands) as to the strangely compressed and knotty style which Shakespeare for the nonce here deliberately adopted.

I. i. 91, 'stale.'—Theobald's correction of 'scale' (which Mr. Craig retains).

I. iv. 57, 'Cato's.'—Theobald's correction of '*Calues*.'

Coriolanus (continued)

I. ix. 41-52, 'May these,' &c.—A difficult passage. In l. 46 I accept Tyrwhitt's 'a coverture' for Folio's 'an overture.' Mr. Deighton proposes 'an armature.' Warburton suggested 'let *hymns* be made An overture' in l. 45. See the passage discussed in the 1821 *Variorum Shakespeare*, and cf. notes in the *Cambridge* edition.

II. i. 62, 'bisson.'—Theobald's correction of 'beesome.'

II. ii. 27, 'heave.'—Steevens' correction of 'have,' but I regret that I followed Steevens here.

II. ii. 105, 'weeds.'—The later Folios 'waves,' which Steevens defended.

II. iii. 19, 'Abram.'—I keep the reading of Folios 1, 2, 3, as 'Abram' was a recognised form of 'auburn.'

II. iii. 57-8, 'like the virtues,' &c.—Theobald's paraphrase of this cryptic passage is given without comment in the 1821 *Variorum*: '. . . those virtuous precepts, which the divines preach up to them, and lose by them as it were, by their neglecting the practice.' The emendations hitherto proposed are worthless.

II. iii. 113, 'wolvish toge.'—So Malone (Steevens conj.) for 'Wooluish tongue' of Folio 1; later Folios 'Woolvish gowne.'

II. iii. 240-2, 'And Censorinus . . . ancestor.'—The Folio reads:

> 'And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
> Was his great Ancestor.'

Pope was the first to insert 'Censorinus' from North's Plutarch: 'Censorinus also came of that familie, that was so surnamed, because the people had chosen him Censor twice.' I follow the Cambridge Editors, omitting their square brackets.

III. i. 131, 'bosom multiplied.'—A most strange expression (Folio 'Bosome-multiplied'). If we reject it, Dyce's 'bisson multitude' is the best of the emendations.

III. ii. 21, 'thwartings.'—Theobald's correction of 'things.'

III. ii. 29, 'as little apt.'—Mr. Craig accepts Staunton's 'of mettle apt.'

III. iii. 55, 'accents.'—Theobald's correction of 'Actions.'

IV. i. 7-9, 'fortune's . . . cunning.'—Very obscure; for 'gentle wounded' Pope read 'gently warded.'

IV. iv. 23, 'hate.'—Capell's correction of 'haue.'

IV. v. 131, 'o'er-bear.'—Rowe's correction of 'o're-beate.'

IV. vii. 55, 'falter.'—Dyce's correction of 'fouler'; Johnson proposed 'founder.'

V. i. 20, 'base.'—Mason's correction of 'bare.'

Coriolanus (continued)—

V. i. 69, 'Bound . . . to yield *no fresh conditions*.'—Folio 'yeeld *to his conditions*.' Johnson conjectured 'no new conditions,' and I read 'fresh' as in V. iii. 17, '*fresh* embassies and suits.'

V. iii. 48, 'prate.'—Theobald's correction of 'pray.'

V. iii. 202, 'a former.'—Collier MS. 'a firmer.'

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

The 1594 Quarto of *Titus* was mentioned by Gerard Langbaine the Younger in his *Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, 1691, but after his time disappeared until 1905, when a copy was discovered in Sweden. This copy, which was promptly acquired by an American collector, was collated by Dr. Wolfgang Keller, and its variations from the second Quarto were recorded in *Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, 41, pp. 211-5. The earliest Quarto preserves some lines that were omitted from later editions.

I. i. 35-6, 'In coffins . . . And now, &c.'—The 1594 Quarto, clearly giving here an unrevised text, reads:

> 'In Coffins from the field, and at this day,
> To the Monument of that *Andronicy*
> Done sacrifice of expiation,
> And slaine the Noblest prisoner of the Gothes,
> And now,' &c.

I. i. 368, 'He is not *with* himself.'—Folio omits 'with.'

I. i. 484, '*Stand up*.'—Printed as part of the text in old copies; I follow Pope in regarding the words as a stage-direction.

II. iii. 20, 'yelping.'—So Folios; Quartos 'yellowing.'

II. iii. 64, 'drive.'—Collier MS. 'dine.'

II. iii. 222, 'embrewed here.'—The 1594 Quarto reads 'bereaud in blood,' which has been altered in an old hand to 'heere [?] reau'd of lyfe.'

II. iv. 41, 'cousin, hast thou met.'—Folio omits 'cousin' and reads 'met withall.'

III. i. 12, 'For these, these.'—The second 'these' was added in Folio 2.

III. i. 125, 'Like.'—So 1594 Quarto; the other old copies 'in.'

III. i. 210, 'wouldst.'—So 1594 Quarto; later Quartos 'would'; Folios 'wilt.'

IV. ii. 152, 'Muliteus.'—So the old editions, but Steevens' 'Muley [Muli] lives' is generally adopted.

V. ii. 70, 'fits.'—1594 Quarto 'humors.'

V. ii. 142, 'know . . . suppose.'—1594 Quarto 'knew . . . supposd.'

Titus Andronicus (continued)—

V. ii. 157, 'Rape.'—1594 Quarto 'and Rape.'

V. iii. 93-97, 'And force . . . Demetrius.'—I follow the text of the 1594 Quarto. In the Folio (which agrees with the later Quartos, save that they omit 'hand' in l. 93 and read 'Then' for 'This' in l. 96) the passage runs:

> 'Lending your kind hand Commiseration.
> Heere is a Captaine, let him tell the tale,
> Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him speake.
> *Luc.* This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
> That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*' &c.

This is not an improvement on the 1594 text.

V. iii. 130, 'pleading.'—So 1594 Quarto; altered to 'now' in later copies.

V. iii. 132, 'hurl ourselves.'—So 1594 Quarto; altered in later copies 'cast us downe.'

V. iii. 164, 'story,'—So 1594 Quarto; later copies 'matter.'

V. iii. 165-170, 'Meet . . . grave.'—In 1594 Quarto the passage runs thus:

> 'And bid thee bare his prettie tales in minde,
> And talke of them when he was dead and gone.
> *Marcus.* How many thousand times hath these poore lips,
> When they were liuing warmd them selues on thine,
> Oh now sweete boy giue them their latest kisse,
> Bid him farewell commit him to the graue.'

V. iii. 195, 'ravenous.'—So 1594 Quarto; later copies 'hainous.'

V. iii. 200, 'And . . . pity.'—1594 Quarto 'And being dead let birds on her take pittie.'

ROMEO AND JULIET.

I. i. 125-6, 'Which . . . self.'—Quarto 1 'That most are busied when th 'are most alone.'

I. i. 151, 'sun.'—Theobald's correction of same.

I. i. 214, 'with . . . beauty's store.'—Theobald's correction of 'with beauty dies her store' (which Dowden explains as 'beauty dies and also beauty's store').

I. ii. 14-15, 'The earth . . . lady of my earth.'—If the text be not corrupt, 'lady of my earth' probably means lady sprung from my body. This is a riming passage and the rime that instantly occurs is 'tree'; but then the word lady must be wrong. Presently he speaks of 'female buds' (l. 29). If the text is corrupt it is violently corrupt and the true reading may

Romeo and Juliet (continued)—

be something like 'she is the hopeful blossom (?) of my tree.' (For *lady* the word *lading* suggests itself, but Shakespeare uses it only in a nautical sense.) In *Richard III*, III. vii. 167, we have 'The royal tree hath left us royal fruit.' But, after all, the suspicious text may be right.

I. iv. 56, 'parlous.'—Capell's correction (and I cannot resist it) for 'perilous,' which is quite out of keeping with the Nurse's language.

I. v. 41, 'His son . . . ago.'—After this line Quarto 1 gives to Capulet another, which was afterwards omitted, 'Good youths I faith. Oh youth 's a iolly thing.' Keightly did not hesitate to restore it to the text; and I am half-sorry that I failed to follow his example, though it was doubtless excised deliberately.

I. v. 95, 'fine.'—I have no hesitation in accepting Warburton's correction 'fine' for 'ſin,' though Prof. Dowden adroitly defends the old reading.

II. i. 13, 'young Adam Cupid.'—Upton's conjecture for the old copies' 'Abraham: Cupid' or 'Abraham Cupid' has fairly established itself and cannot be dislodged, being an *emendatio certissima*. Dowden's note in the *Arden Shakespeare* does not display his usual acumen.

II. i. 42, 'I seek . . . found.'—I see no need to mark a new scene after this line.

II. i. 81, 'Thou art thyself though, not.'—Dowden pronounces this punctuation to be 'unhappy' and would put the comma before 'thyself.' Dowden's punctuation give a better rhythm, but the other a better sense.

II. ii. 227-232, 'Goodnight . . . tell.'—See *Note VI* in *Cambridge* edition.

III. ii. 6, 'That runaway's eyes may wink.'—If we retain this reading, 'runaway' can only be (I think) the day, for it is still daylight. (In *Merchant of Venice*, II. vi., it is 'the close night' that 'doth play the runaway.') This reading satisfies me; but endless emendations have been proposed—the most attractive being Heath's 'Rumour's.' If we adopt 'Rumour's, we have the quibbling play on 'Rumour' and 'Romeo' (pronounced 'R*oo*meo') which would be thoroughly Shakespearean. Cf. *King John*, III. i., 'that I have *room* with *Rome* to curse,' and *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii., '*Rome* indeed and *room* enough.' The objection has been made that though the allusions to Rumour's tongues are common enough we hear nothing of Rumour's eyes; but let me refer the reader to the following passage in

Romeo and Juliet (continued)—

Dekker's *Whole Magnificent Entertainment*, 1604:—'Directly under her in a cart by herselfe, *Fame* stood upright: a woman in a watchet roabe, thickly set with *open eyes* and tongues, a payre of large golden winges at her backe, a trumpet in her hand, a mantle of sundry cullours traversing her body; all these ensignes displaying but the propertie of her swiftnesse and aptnesse to disperse *Rumoure*.'

III. iii. 10, '"banisht."'—old editions 'vanisht.' I had made this obvious correction before I noticed that Prof. Dowden suggests it in his note on the passage. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i., Launce blunderingly uses 'vanisht' for 'banisht':—'Sir, there is a proclamation that you are *vanisht*.' Proteus—more discerning than generations of Shakespearean commentators—instantly detects the blunder:—'That thou art *banished*—O, that's the news.'

III. v. 176-8, 'God's . . . been.'—Pope's arrangement. Quarto 1 reads:

> 'Gods blessed mother wife it mads me,
> Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
> Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
> Still my care hath beene' &c.

Quarto 2:

> 'Gods bread, it makes me mad,
> Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
> Alone in companie, still my care hath bene' &c.

The later Quartos and the Folios follow Quarto 2.

V. i. 1, 'eye.'—So Quarto 1; the later Quartos and the Folios 'truth.'

V. i. 70, 'stareth.'—So Rowe for 'starveth' (which should perhaps be retained). In Quarto 1 the line stands 'And starued Famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.'

TIMON OF ATHENS.—VOL. VIII

I. i. 23, 'gum which oozes.'—'Gum' is Pope's correction of Folio's 'Gowne,' and Johnson corrected 'vses' to 'oozes'; so restoring an immortal verse.

I. i. 50, 'in a wide sea of wax.'—I accept the view of the old commentators that we have here an allusion to writing with a style on waxen tablets. Mr. Deighton (*Arden* edition) says that 'this view well merits the scorn that Ingleby pours on it'; but Ingleby's opinion carries little weight.

Timon of Athens (continued)—

I. i. 133, 'Therefore he will be.'—Mr. Deighton proposes 'Therefore let well be.'

I. i. 237, 'no angry wit.'—I leave the Folio's reading, but it is evidently corrupt. Theobald (Warburton) conjectured 'so hungry a wit'; but I should prefer 'so hungry will.' For other emendations see *Cambridge Shakespeare.*

I. ii. 235, 'Serving of becks.'—Theobald read 'Screwing of backs.'

I. ii. 245, 'give away thyself in paper.'—Various emendations have been proposed, but the text will be but too clear to any who have lightly put their hand to paper and at an inconvenient moment must pay the price of their folly.

II. i. 10, 'And.'—Theobald 'Ten' (a most tempting correction).

II. ii. 41, 'date-broke bonds.'—Steevens' emendation of 'debt, broken bonds.'

II. ii. 166, 'a wasteful cock.'—No satisfactory emendation has been proposed; the best is Swynfen Jervis' 'wakeful couch.'

III. i. 55, 'Unto dishonour.'—Staunton's correction of 'vnto his Honor.'

III. iv. 111, 'Sempronius; all.'—Folio 1 'Sempronius Vllorxa: All.' The puzzling 'Vllorxa' disappeared from the later Folios.

III. v. 14, 'fault.'—Pope's correction of 'Fate.'

III. v. 17, 'An.'—Johnson's correction of 'And.'

III. v. 22, 'Behave.'—Rowe's correction of 'Behooue.'

III. v. 105, 'only in bone.'—Clarke's explanation 'That you may live to be mere skeletons and scare men from looking at you' is to me satisfactory; and such emendations as 'in bed,' 'at home,' 'alone,' &c., provoke derision.

III. v. 115, 'lay for hearts.'—Seemingly corrupt; and in the next line 'most lands' is suspicious. In this scene, and others, the hand of an inferior writer can very clearly be traced. Few, indeed, are the critics who now believe that *Timon* in its present form is Shakespeare's throughout.

III. vi. 79, 'foes.'—Warburton's correction of 'Fees.'

IV. iii. 122, 'objects.'—Farmer's 'abjects' gives better sense.

IV. iii. 143-4, 'pains, six months Be quite.'—Mr. Deighton suggests a startling emendation 'paint-siz'd mouths Beguile.' But the obvious objection to this is that the grim injunction about painting ('Paint till a horse,' &c.) is reserved for l. 148.

IV. iii. 191, 'mansion all.'—Sidney Walker proposed 'mansion-hall.'

IV. iii. 193, 'marrows, vines.'—Dyce proposed 'marrowy vines.'

Timon of Athens (continued)—

V. ii. 8-9, '*bad* . . . And made.'—The Folio reads '*made* . . . And made' (an intolerable repetition); '*bad*' is Warburton's correction.

V. iii. 4, 'rear'd.'—Theobald's correction of 'read' (which some editors prefer).

V. iv. 62, 'render'd.'—Lord Chedworth's correction of 'remedied.'

JULIUS CÆSAR.

I. ii. 72, 'laugher.'—Rowe's correction of 'Laughter.'

I. ii. 155, 'walls.'—It is with considerable hesitation that I have accepted Rowe's correction of Folio's 'Walkes.'

I. ii. 243, 'shouted.'—Hanmer's correction of 'howted' (hooted). In l. 230 the Folio gives 'showted.'

I. ii. 253, ' 'Tis very like;—he hath.'—Some editors (following the Folio) read ' 'Tis very like he hath.'

II. i. 83, 'put.'—Folio 'path.' The correction 'put' (long ago made by Southern) is so obvious that one is inclined to be suspicious; but printers' pranks are often unaccountable. The editors who retain the old reading put a comma after 'path,' but common-sense revolts against 'if thou path, thy native semblance on.'

III. i. 39, 'law.'—Johnson's correction of 'lane.'

III. i. 47, 'know Cæsar . . . cause.'—See *Note IV* in *Cambridge Shakespeare.*

III. i. 174, 'no.'—Capell's correction of 'in.'

III. i. 206, 'lethe.'—Seemingly here a word coined by Shakespeare from 'lethum,' but other examples may yet be found. In the Folio it is spelled 'Lethee,' but (to distinguish it from the 'soft and delicate lethe' of *Antony and Cleopatra*, &c.) the *Oxford Shakespeare* reads 'leth.'

IV. i. 44, 'and our best means stretcht out.'—So Folio 2; Folio 'means stretcht.'

IV. ii. 50, 'Lucilius, do you.'—Craik proposed 'Lucius, do you,' and in l. 52 (omitting 'Let') 'Lucilius and Titinius,' &c.

IV. iii. 28, 'bay.'—Theobald's correction of 'baite.' It carries instant conviction ('bay the moon if you like, but bay not me'); yet some editors retain 'bait.'

IV. iii. 54, 'noble.'—Hardly the apt word; 'abler' and 'better' have been proposed.

IV. iii. 102, 'Pluto's.'—See note, *Troilus and Cressida*, III. iii. 197. (When I wrote that note I had not observed that Mr. Michael

Julius Cæsar (continued)—

Macmillan in the *Arden* edition had restored and defended 'Pluto's' in the present passage.)

MACBETH.

The corruptions in *Macbeth*, which was first published in the 1623 Folio, are many and grievous.

I. ii. 14, 'quarrel.'—Hanmer's correction of 'quarry.'

I. ii. 26, 'break.'—Wanting in Folio 1; added by Rowe. Later Folios 'breaking.'

I. iii. 97-8, 'hail Came.'—Rowe's correction of 'tale Can.'

I. iv. 27, 'Safe toward your love.'—This looks like a jumble of two readings. 'To safeguard' may have been altered to 'To ward your,' and the compositor may have misunderstood the correction. The word 'love' is suspicious: Warburton proposed 'life.'

I. v. 18-21, 'thou'ldst have . . . "undone." '—To the explanations given of this difficult passage I add another, which I have received from a correspondent, Mr. R. F. Cholmeley, who—reading '"Thus thou must do"—if thou have it,'—paraphrases 'You want to have the sense of honour with its categorical imperative and also the murder which is to make you king.'—This does not make a logical antithesis, but it is a good enough antithesis for Lady Macbeth's state of mind; and no other way of taking the passage that I have seen makes sense.'—I suspect that the words 'that which' in l. 20, are repeated in error from the previous line: Hudson reads 'An act which.'

I. v. 42, 'keep peace.'—Seemingly corrupt. If with Hudson we regard 'keep' as a misprint for 'break,' I would read 'pact' for 'peace.' In the following line Folios 1, 2 give 'hit' for 'it.'

I. vi. 5, 'mansionry.'—Theobald's correction of 'mansonry'; Pope read 'masonry.'

I. vii. 6, 'shoal.'—Theobald's correction of 'schoole.'

I. vii. 27, 'itself.'—W. S. Landor ingeniously proposed 'it's sell' (which would doubtless have been written 'it sell').

II. i. 14, 'officers.'—Rowe's correction of 'offices.'

II. i. 16, 'shut up.'—The later Folios read 'shut it up'; Hanmer 'and 's shut up,' a plausible correction.

II. i. 55, 'strides.'—Pope's correction of 'sides.'

II. i. 56, 'sure.'—So Capell (Pope conj.) for 'sowre.'

II. iii. 79, 'To . . . horror!'—Folio adds 'Ring the Bell,' and gives as a stage-direction '*Bell rings.*' I follow Theobald in

Macbeth (continued)—

omitting 'Ring the Bell' (an imperative stage-direction that has crept into the text), which breaks the flow of the verse.

III. iv. 105, 'inhibit thee.'—Folio 'inhabit then' (which some editors retain); 'inhibit' is Pope's correction, and 'thee' Steevens's.

III. iv. 124, 'augures,' *i.e.*, auguries.—See *Note VIII* in *Cambridge* edition.

III. iv. 133, 'go.'—I have ventured (at my own peril) to add this word, which makes the line more rhythmical and supplies a rime to 'know' at the beginning of a riming passage.

III. v. 33, 'Come away, come away,' &c.—In the Introduction to my edition of Middleton's *Works* I have discussed Middleton's *Witch* in connection with *Macbeth*.

IV. i. 97, 'Rebellion's head.'—Hanmer (Theobald conj.) for 'Rebellious dead.'

IV. i. 98, '*our* high-placed Macbeth.'—As Macbeth is the speaker, 'our' must surely be wrong; 'your,' 'now' and 'old' have been proposed, but I care for none of them. (*Macbeth* in its riming passages is often an insoluble puzzle. Barren patches of starveling rime obrude themselves again and again. The diction has generally something Shakespearean about it; but we know that we are not reading Shakespeare's very words. I suppose that the 'copy' was in places badly mutilated, and that it was prepared for press by some incompetent hand.)

IV. ii. 22, 'Each way and move.'—Seemingly corrupt; for 'move' Theobald suggested 'wave'; Capell 'And each way move.' The word 'hull' (as in *Henry VIII*, II. iv., 'hulling in the wild sea of my conscience') would be more expressive than 'move'; but the likeliest conjecture is Gray's 'drive.'

IV. ii. 82, 'shag-hair'd.'—Steevens' obvious correction of 'shagge-ear'd.' 'Hair' was spelled and pronounced 'heare.'

IV. iii. 15, 'deserve.'—Warburton's correction of 'discerne.'

IV. iii. 235, 'tune.'—Rowe's correction of 'time.'

V. iii. 21, 'chair . . . disseat.'—With Dyce I have adopted Percy's admirable emendation; Folio reads 'cheere.' The word disseat' is spelled 'dif-eate' in the Folio, and became 'disease' in later Folios. We have 'disseat' in a Shakespearean passage of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, V. 4.

V. iii. 44, 'stuft . . . stuff.'—The repetition is pointless; 'fraught', 'foul,' &c., have been suggested for Folio's 'stufft.'

V. iii. 55, 'senna.'—So Folio 4; Folio 1 'Cyme'; 2, 3 'Caeny.'

V. iv. 11, 'ta'en.'—Sidney Walker's correction of 'giuen.'

HAMLET.

I. i. 63, 'sledded Polacks.'—Many of the emendations and interpretations recorded in Furness' *Variorum* edition of Hamlet are miracles of ineptitude: 'leaded poleaxe' is the absurd reading championed by Moltke.

I. i. 117-20, 'As, stars . . . eclipse.'—Of this very difficult passage, which is not in the Folio, no satisfactory solution has been found. The probability is that some words have been lost. Rowe went light-heartedly to work, reading—

> 'Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell,
> Disasters veil'd the sun';

but of course this method of emendation has no defence. For 'As, stars' Malone doubtfully proposed 'Astres' (fetching this word from the poor poetaster John Southern) and converted 'Disasters in the sun' to 'Disasterous dimm'd the sun.' There is something to be said for 'dimm'd the sun'; but if before l. 117 a verse has dropped out, we must abide the loss and leave the passage as it stands in the Quarto.

I. ii. 129, 'solid.'—So the Folio; the Quarto's 'sallied' (*i.e.*, sullied), which has found defenders, may be safely rejected.

I. ii. 141, 'beteem.'—Misprinted in the Folio 'beteene,' which Theobald changed to 'let e'en,'

I. iii. 21, 'safety.'—A trisyllable. Folio 'sanctity.'

I. iii. 26, 'particular act and place.'—Folio 'peculiar Sect and force.'

I. iii. 74, 'Are . . . that.'—So Rowe, Theobald, &c., following Quarto 4, but omitting of 'of a' after 'Are.' For Various Readings see *Note III* in *Cambridge Shakespeare.*

I. iii. 109, 'Running.'—Collier's correction. Quartos 'Wrong'; Folios 'Roaming.' 'Running' has been accepted by Dyce, the Cambridge Editors, Furness, Dowden, Craig, &c. Pope gave 'Wronging,' Warburton 'Wringing,' and Mr. McKerrow suggests 'Wriinging'; but 'Running' (however far from the *ductus literarum* of the Quartos) is the obvious and only word.

I. iii. 130, 'bawds.'—Theobald's correction of 'bonds.'

I. iv. 36-8, 'the dram of eale . . . scandal.'—I must leave this notorious passage (which is not found in the Folio) as it stands in Quartos 2, 3. That 'eale' is an abbreviation of 'evil' may be safely conceded; and, of the endless emendations proposed, Steevens' 'often dout' for 'of a doubt' is the most probable.

II. ii. 154, '*pointing* . . . *shoulder.*'—A stage-direction added by Theobald. Prof. Dowden queries 'May not "this from

Hamlet (continued)—

this" mean the chamberlain's staff or wand and the hand which bears it?'

II. ii. 180, 'god.'—Warburton's correction of 'good.'

II. ii. 305, 'man.'—So Quarto 6; the other old editions 'a man.'—See Dyce's note.

II. ii. 324, 'tickle o' th' sere.'—Staunton's conjecture 'tickle' for 'tickled' restores the true reading. Brinsley Nicholson first gave the right explanation of this not uncommon expression. See note in Furness' *Variorum* edition.

III. ii. 33-4, 'them . . . them.'—Theobald's correction of 'men . . . men.'

III. ii. 215, 'An anchor's cheer.'—I take 'cheer' to mean 'fare' here, but in Hall's *Satires*, IV. ii, 103, Steevens found 'anchores cheyre' (anchorite's chair). See note on *Macbeth*, V. iii. 21. 'An' is Theobald's correction of 'And.'

III. ii. 233, 'tropically.'—'The "trapically" of Quarto 1 suggests that a pun is intended.' (Dowden.)

III. ii. 248, 'mistake.'—Quarto 1 'must take,' which many editors adopt.

III. iv. 4, 'sconce.'—Hanmer's correction of 'silence.'

III. iv. 162-6, 'That monster . . . put on.'—This passage is not in the Folio. The difficulty lies in the words 'who all sense doth eat': the rest is fairly intelligible. Dowden takes 'who all sense doth eat' to mean 'who destroys all sensibility;' but probably the word 'eat' is corrupt. Query 'cheat'? Custom may be said to 'cheat all sense' from the fact that a man who constantly indulges in vicious courses comes to regard vice as in itself amiable. Dekker, in the *Second Part* of *The Honest Whore*, says truly enough 'Custom in sin gives sin a lovely dye;' and all will remember the famous passage in Pope's *Essay on Man*, ll. 216-220, 'Vice is a monster . . . We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

III. iv. 170, 'either master the.'—Quartos 2, 3 'And either the'; Quarto 4 supplied 'Maister' as the missing word and omitted 'either.' (The passage is not found in the Folio.) Malone conjectured 'curb' from *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i., 'And curb this cruel devil.'

IV. i. 40, 'so, haply slander.'—See *Note XXIII* in the *Cambridge Shakespeare*.

V. i. 60, 'to Yaughan.'—So Folio (giving *Yaughan* in italics); Quartos 2, 3, 4, 6, 'in, and'; Quarto 5 'in and.' No satisfactory

Hamlet (continued)—

explanation of 'Yaughan' has been found. In his first edition Collier suggested that it might be a mis-spelt stage-direction for 'Yawn,' and this idea had occurred to me (before I saw Collier's note)—that the First Clown, resting on his spade from the thirsty labour of grave-digging, yawns while he is directing his mate to fetch a stoup of liquor.

V. i. 273, 'eisel.'—Theobald found a river Yssel 'in the German Flanders'; but he was persuaded that 'eisel' was right,—'*i.e.*, Wilt thou swallow down large draughts of *vinegar*. The proposition, indeed, is not very grand; but the doing of it might be as distasteful and unsavoury as eating the flesh of a *crocodile*.' Most readers will agree with Steevens and Malone that some river must have been intended. For my own part I have a sneaking fondness for Capell's emendation 'Nilus,' though Dowden remarks that it 'has only the crocodile to favour it.'

V. ii. 42, 'comma.'—Needlessly suspected: see Dowden's note.

V. ii. 164-6, 'The king . . . three hits.'—The terms of the wager are far from clear. For the various explanations see Furness.

V. ii. 190, 'fann'd and winnow'd.'—Warburton proposed 'fann'd' for Folio's 'fond.' Quarto 'prophane and trennowed.'

V. ii. 218-20, 'the readiness . . . let be.'—Johnson's text: for other arrangements see *Note XXXII* in *Cambridge Shakespeare*.

V. ii. 283, 'fat and scant of breath.'—In 'fat' we may possibly have a misprint, which will be perpetuated to the end of time (for no editor will dare to oust it from the text). Craig thinks it may mean 'out of training'; and some suspect that there is a sly hit at Burbage's full habit of body. The note in the *Cambridge* edition says that Wyeth conjectured 'faint,' an emendation that must have occurred to hundreds and thousands of readers; and if 'faint' was written (as it well might be) 'faīt' in the MS. the change would be slight. I have never been able to reconcile myself to 'fat.'

KING LEAR.—VOL. IX

I. i. 5, 'equalities.'—So Quarto; Folio 'qualities.' Mr. Wilfrid Perrett in *The Story of King Lear* (Mayer and Müller: Berlin, 1904), discussing at considerable length the first scene of *King Lear*, vehemently urges *inter alia* that 'equalities' is untenable; but his views in regard to this scene fail to convince me. The book contains much curious and recondite information.

King Lear (continued)—

I. i. 280, 'worth the want.'—So Folio; Quarto 'worth the worth.' (If we follow the Folio's reading, the sense seems to be 'well deserve to lose the dowry of which you have been deprived'; but the text may be corrupt.)

I. ii. 21, 'to.'—Edwards' emendation 'top' is hard to resist.

I. ii. 144, 'dissipation of cohorts.'—Evidently corrupt, and no good emendation has been proposed.

I. v. 50-1, 'She . . . shorter.'—In *The Comedy of Errors* this doggerel couplet would excite no surprise, but—encountering it in *Lear*—one is strongly inclined to regard it with Steevens as an actor's interpolation. 'Tis such wretched stuff (but dear to the groundlings) as we find in *Quips Upon Questions*.

II. i. 58, 'arch and patron.'—I lean to Theobald's 'and arch-patron.'

II. ii. 166, 'enormous state.'—'*i.e.*, irregular, lawless state of things. The *only instance* of this word in any sense in Shakespeare.' W. J. Craig (*Arden* edition).—But the word 'enormous' occurs in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, in that magnificent address to Mars (which surely must be Shakespeare's very own)—'Thou great corrector of enormous times.'

III. iv. 118, 'old,' *i.e.*, wold.

III. vi. 25, 'bourn.'—Capell's correction of 'broome.'

III. vii. 17, 'lords dependants.'—Pope, followed by many later editors, needlessly changed 'lords' to 'lord's.'

III. vii. 60, 'stelled fires.'—The meaning probably is 'the fixed stars.' Quartos 2, 3, and some copies of Quarto 1 give 'steeled' (found in *Lucrece*, 1444, and *Sonnets* XXIV. i.).

III. vii. 64, 'All cruels else subscribed.'—The Quarto's reading; Folio 'subscribe.' Furness (reading 'subscribe') and Craig ('subscribed') put the words between inverted commas as part of the speech addressed to the Porter. If we take 'cruels' to mean 'cruelties,' and 'subscribed' to mean 'permitted, condoned,' the sense would be 'all cruelties being permitted save the crowning cruelty of barring the door, on such a night as this, even against suppliant wolves.' But other interpretations of this difficult passage will suggest themselves. Mr. Perrett (*Story of King Lear*, pp. 296-7) puts a full stop at 'door' and takes 'subscribe' as an imperative addressed to Regan.

IV. ii. 62, 'self-cover'd.'—A difficult word, but more intelligible than the emendations proposed—'self-coloured' (Moberly), 'sex-covered' (Crosby), 'self-convict' (Becket), &c.

IV. iii. 19, 'like a *better way*.'—Warburton proposed 'like a wetter

King Lear (continued)—

May'; Lloyd 'like a bitter May'; P. A. Daniel 'like 't a better way.'

IV. iv. 4, 'hor-docks.'—So Quartos; Folio 'Hardokes.' Hanmer's emendation 'burdocks' is usually accepted; but see Craig's note in *Arden* edition. In the matter of old plant-names emendation must be very seldom and very cautiously applied.

IV. iv. 6, 'century.'—According to *New English Dictionary* 'century' is found as a variant of 'sentry': but here I think it must mean a company of a hundred knights to scour the country far and wide.

V. iii. 23, 'good-years.'—See Craig's note in *Arden* edition. It seems that we are to abandon Hanmer's 'goujeres' (the French trulls and the *lues Venerea*); but the *New English Dictionary's* conclusion that the word 'came to be used in imprecatory phrases, as denoting some undefined malefic power or agency' provokes sympathy for Hanmer, and encourages the hope that some philological champion may yet rise in his defence.

V. iii. 263, 'stain the stone.'—I have no passion for Collier's MS., but its correction 'shine' for 'stone' is certainly a preferable reading.

V. iii. 306, 'And my poor fool is hang'd.'—The 'poor fool' is of course Cordelia; but many have not unnaturally surmised that Lear's last wandering thoughts were of the Fool who was with him on the night of storm.

OTHELLO.

I. i. 10, 'off-capt.'—So Folio; Quarto 'oft capt.'

I. i. 21, 'almost damn'd in a fair wife.'—There must be gross corruption here: for emendations and explanations see Furness' *Variorum* edition.

I. ii. 23, 'unbonneted,' *i.e.*, as equal to equal, without making obeisance.

I. iii. 257, 'rites.'—We must not press this word too literally, unless we wish to regard Desdemona as no better than one of Massinger's heroines.

I. iii. 265, 'In me defunct.'—So Capell (Upton conj.) for 'In my defunct.' Certainly 'defunct' is a curious word for Othello to use in the presence of his bride; but he merely means that the heyday in his blood has cooled. Hart (reading 'my defunct') gives a forced and improbable interpretation—'he determines, and announces his determination, not to yield to

Othello (continued)—

natural inclinations in his "discharged" (or "laid aside") marriage "rites"' (*Arden* edition).

II. i. 3, 'heaven.'—Quarto 1 'hauen.'

II. i. 65, 'ingener.'—Steevens' emendation of Folio's 'Ingeniuer.'

II. i. 155, 'To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail.'—Steevens' explanation ('to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare') is satisfactory; but Hart would turn the meaning the other way round.

II. iii. 311, 'denotement.'—So Quarto 2; Quarto 1 and Folio 'deuotement.'

III. iii. 123, 'delations.'—Johnson's conjecture; Folio 'dilations'; Quarto 1 'denotements.'

III. iii. 447, 'the hollow hell.'—So Folio; Quartos 'thy hollow cell.'

IV. ii. 55, 'slow unmoving.'—Changed in the Folio to 'slow, and mouing' (*i.e.*, slowly moving), which many editors prefer. For other readings see Furness or *Note IX* in *Cambridge* edition.

IV. ii. 64, 'Ay, there.'—So Theobald for 'I here.' (The old copies' 'I' can stand for the personal pronoun or for 'Ay.') Hart reads 'I here' and strangely explains ('Patience . . . cherubin)'—'do you change colour at these horrible reflections, young and rose-lipped cherub? have patience, look here at me. I am black and grim as hell.'

V. ii. 7, 'Put out . . . put out the light.—'This has been considered as a very difficult line,' remarks Farmer. 'Fielding makes Betterton and Booth dispute about it with the author himself in the other world.' See Furness or *Note XII* in *Cambridge* edition.

V. ii. 220, 'as liberal as the north.'—The 'north' is of course the north wind; but Hart has a long and astounding note in which he seriously maintains that 'the north' here means north-country bluntness.—Quarto 1 gave 'I'le be in speaking, liberall as the ayre.'

V. ii. 347, 'Indian.'—So Quartos and later Folios: Folio 1 'Iudean.' Much has been written (and will be found in Furness' *Variorum* edition) on this passage; but if we regard Folio 1's 'Iudean' as a printer's error, all the notes may be swept away.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I. ii. 38, 'fertile.'—Warburton's correction of 'foretell.'

I. ii. 60-1 'Alexas,—come.'—Theobald's correction: Folio makes Alexas the speaker:—'*Alexas.* Come.'

Antony and Cleopatra (continued)—

I. ii. 108, 'quick minds.'—Warburton's correction of 'quicke windes,' but probably the true reading has yet to be found.

I. iv. 24, 'soils.'—So Malone for Folio's 'foyles.' (The confusion between 'foil' and 'foil' is very common.)

I. iv. 44, 'dear'd.'—Warburton's correction of 'fear'd.'

I. iv. 46, 'lackeying.'—Theobald's correction of 'lacking.'

I. iv. 56, 'wassails.'—Pope's correction of 'Vassailes.'

I. iv. 75, 'we.'—So later Folios; Folio 1 'me.'

I. v. 48 'arm-gaunt.'—I have no confidence that the Folio's 'Armegaunt' is the true reading. Warburton's interpretation 'his steed worn lean and thin by much service in war' hardly suits the context; for one feels with Malone that 'whatever epithet was used, it was intended as descriptive of a beautiful horse'—such a 'hot and fiery steed' as 'roan Barbary' in *Richard II.* Steevens applauded Mason's conjecture 'termagant,' which finds no admirers to-day. For various explanations and emendations see Mr. R. H. Case's *Appendix I* in *Arden* edition (1906).

I. v. 50, 'dumb'd.'—Theobald's correction of 'dumbe.'

II. ii. 57, 'not.'—Added by Rowe.'

II. ii. 114, 'your considerate stone,' *i.e.*, I will keep my thoughts to myself, and be as silent as a stone.

II. ii. 125, 'reproof.'—Warburton's correction of 'proofe.'

II. ii. 208, 'glow.'—Rowe's correction of 'gloue.'

II. ii. 211-2, 'tended . . . adornings.'—The difficulties in this famous passage have, I think, been exaggerated. Warburton suggested we should read 'adorings,' and there is no doubt that the words 'adoring' and 'adorning' are frequently indistinguishable. Cleopatra posed as Venus Anadyomene; and her gentlewomen—personating Nereids—gave rapt attention to her commands ('tended her i' th' eyes'), making obeisance ('their bends') and adoring her as a divinity—But see the note at the end of Vol. XII of the 1821 *Variorum* and Mr. Case's *Appendix II* in *Arden* edition.

II. v. 102-3, 'O . . . sure of.'—Corrupt.

II. vii. 98, 'grows.'—Folio 1 'grow' (which may be retained if we take 'And' as 'If').

II. vii. 109, 'bear.'—Theobald's correction of 'beate.'

III. ii. 49, 'at full.'—Folio 1 'at the full.'

III. ii. 59, 'wept.'—Theobald's correction of 'weepe.'

III. iv. 27, 'stay.'—I have hesitatingly adopted Warburton's con-

Antony and Cleopatra (continued)—

jecture, which occurred later to Boswell. Folio 'staine'; Theobald 'strain.' ('I do not see but *stain* may be allowed to remain unaltered, meaning no more than *shame* or *disgrace*.' Johnson.—'After Antony has told Octavia that she shall be a mediatrix between him and his adversary, it is surely strange to add that he will do an act that shall disgrace her brother.' Malone.)

III. v. 13, 'Then, world, thou hast.'—Hanmer's correction of Folio's 'Then would thou hadst.'

III. vi. 61, 'obstruct.'—Warburton's correction of 'abstract.'

III. vi. 80, 'wrong led.'—A doubtful reading. Capell proposed 'wrong'd'; Mr. Deighton 'would unhesitatingly read "be-wrong'd"' (but a cautious editor will hesitate, for 'be-wrong' is an un-Shakespearean word).

III. vii. 5, 'If not denounced.'—Rowe 'Is 't not denounc'd'; Tyrwhitt 'Is 't not? Denounce'; Deighton 'If now denounced.'

III. xi. 19, 'that.'—Capell's correction of 'them.'

III. xi. 38, 'mad Brutus.'—Applied to Brutus 'mad' is a strange epithet: Hanmer 'sad.'

III. xii. 13, 'lessens.'—Folio 1 'Lessons,' which is defended by Thiselton.

III. xiii. 74, 'this :—in deputation.'—Warburton's correction ('this; in deputation'); Folio 'this in disputation.'

III. xiii. 197, 'estridge.'—In this passage 'estridge' seems to mean 'goshawk.' See R. H. Case's note.

IV. vi. 13, 'persuade.'—Rowe's correction of 'disswade.'

IV. x. 4-9, 'our foot . . . haven.'—After full consideration I have ventured to make a new arrangement of these lines. Hitherto ll. 6-7 have been printed as ll. 8-9; and I think that my transposition gives clear sense to a passage that had sorely puzzled the commentators.

IV. xii. 4, 'augurers.'—Capell's correction of 'auguries.'

IV. xii. 21, 'spaniel'd.—Hanmer's correction of 'pannelled.'

IV. xii. 38, 'doits.'—Thirlby's conjecture for 'Dolts.'

IV. xv. 38, 'where.'—Pope's correction of 'when.'

IV. xv. 72, 'e'en.'—Johnson's correction of 'in.'

V. i. 15, 'A greater crack: the round world.'—Hanmer added 'in nature' after 'crack.' A suspicious word in this halting verse is 'round,' for which Lewis Campbell proposed 'ruinated' (an un-Shakespearean form). I would accept Hanmer's 'in nature,' and Steevens' 'ruin'd' for 'round.'

Antony and Cleopatra (continued)—

V. ii. 35-6, '*Gal.* You . . . come.'—In Folio 1 Proculeius is the speaker; later Folios give the words to Charmian. Theobald gave l. 35 to Gallus and l. 36 to Proculeius. The arrangement followed is Malone's.

V. ii. 87, 'an autumn 'twas.'—The Folio reads 'an *Anthony* it was.' Theobald and Thirlby independently made the admirable emendation.

V. ii. 96, 'or.'—Folio 1 'nor.'

V. ii. 104, 'smites.'—Capell's correction of 'suites'; Pope had conjectured 'shoots.'

V. ii. 257, 'falliable.'—I keep the Clown's 'falliable' (which was altered to 'fallible' in Folio 2).

CYMBELINE.

I. i. 3, 'king.'—Tyrwhitt's correction of 'Kings.'

I. iii. 9, 'make me with this eye or ear.'—I have adopted Warburton's correction 'this' for Folio's 'his'; but if we try to picture Posthumus shouting from the boat until his voice can no longer reach the shore, the pathos of the situation has a humorous side to it. In fact I am very doubtful about the word 'ear' (which a compositor, regardless of context, would promptly set beside 'eye'). Hanmer saw the difficulty and read 'mark me with his eye or I.'

I. iv. 131, 'afraid.'—Warburton's correction of 'a Friend.'

I. v. 68, 'chancest.'—Rowe's correction of 'changest.'

I. vi. 27, 'takes.'—Pope's correction of 'take.'

I. vi. 35, 'th' unnumber'd.'—Theobald's correction (cf. *King Lear*, IV. vi. 21) of 'the number'd.'

I. vi. 44, 'vomit emptiness.'—Johnson grandiosely explains this to mean 'feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude.'

I. vi. 103, 'Fixing.'—So later Folios; Folio 1 'Fiering.'

I. vi. 107, 'by-peeping.'—The hyphen was added by Knight. Johnson proposed 'lie peeping.'

I. vi. 108, 'illustrous.'—Collier's correction of 'illustrious'; Rowe 'unlustrous.'

I. vi. 168, 'descended.'—So later Folios; Folio 1 'defended.'

I. vi. 206, 'outstood.'—Collier MS. 'out-staid.'

II. i. 14, 'give.'—So later Folios; Folio 1 'gaue.'

II. ii. 49, 'bare.'—Theobald's conjecture for 'beare.'

II. iii. 25, 'is.'—Changed by Warburton to 'bin' (for the rime).

II. iii. 48, 'solicits.'—So later Folios; Folio 1 'solicity.'

Cymbeline (continued)—

II. iii. 102, 'are.'—Theobald (Warburton conj.) 'cure.'

II. iv. 24, 'mingled.'—So later Folios; Folio 1 'wing-led.'

II. iv. 41, 'had.'—Singer's correction of 'haue.'

II. iv. 83, 'lively.'—Hanmer's correction of 'likely.'

II. v. 16, 'a German one.'—Rowe's reading of Folio's 'A Iarmen on.' German boars were noted for their size and strength; but (having regard to the context) the words 'a German one' are so unexpected and so grotesque that we can hardly believe them to be Shakespeare's. Pope read 'a churning on;' Singer 'a briming one'; Collier MS. 'a foaming one'; Thiselton 'alarum'd on." Dowden suggests that 'German,' may be 'german,' *i.e.*, genuine.

II. v. 18, 'But.'—Hanmer 'From.'

II. v. 27, 'may be named.'—So later Folios; Folio 1 'name.'

III. i. 20, 'rocks.'—Hanmer's correction (Seward conj.) of 'Oakes.'

III. i. 52, 'We do say.'—Folios 'we do. Say.' I follow Malone. Dyce (Collier MS.) assigns the words 'We do' to Cloten; the Cambridge editors give them to 'Cloten and Lords.'

III. i. 57, 'Though . . . laws.'—A harsh verse; and the words 'made our laws' are a tasteless repetition (seeing that we have in ll. 53-4 'that Mulmutius which ordain'd our laws'). Steevens boldly discarded the offending words, and I admire his courage.

III. ii. 2, 'What monster 's her accuser?'—Capell's correction of 'What Monsters her accuse?'

III. ii. 65, 'rid.'—I restore the reading of Folio 1, which was changed in later Folios and in modern editions to 'ride.' To 'rid way' (get over the ground) was a common expression.

III. ii. 76, 'nor . . . nor.'—So later Folios; Folio 1 'nor . . . not.'

III. iii. 2, 'Stoop.'—Hanmer's correction of 'Sleepe.'

III. iii. 23, 'bribe.'—Hanmer's correction of 'Babe'; Rowe read 'bauble' (which was commonly written 'bable').

III. iv. 48, 'Whose mother was her painting.'—Johnson explains, 'the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may be not improperly termed her *mother*.' Perhaps; but it is a very difficult expression. Of the emendations the best is that given by Collier MS. 'Who smothers her with painting.'

III. iv. 131, 'With . . . nothing.'—An unsatisfactory line, but the attempts to amend it have not been happy.

III. vi. 69-70, 'I . . . buy.'—There are various ways of punctuating this passage, and in l. 70 many editors read 'I'd' or

Cymbeline (continued)—

'I'ld' for 'I do.' The general sense is clear, but no precise interpretation can be given.

III. vii. 9, 'commends.'—Warburton's correction of 'commands.'

IV. i. 18, 'her.'—Warburton's correction of 'thy.'

IV. ii. 111-2, 'defect of judgement . . . cure of fear.'—I adopt Hanmer's emendation 'cure' for 'cause.' Theobald (reading 'cause') changed 'defect' to 'th' effect.' Dowden and Vaughan independently conjectured 'defect . . . cease' (cf. *Hamlet*, III. iii., 'the cease of majesty').

IV. ii. 132, 'humour.'—Theobald's correction of 'Honor.'

IV. ii. 177, 'invisible instinct.'—In the note on 2 *Henry IV*, III. ii. 311, I have mentioned that 'invisible' and 'invincible' are frequently confused. Possibly in the present passage we should read 'invincible.'

IV. ii. 205, 'crare.'—Sympson's correction of 'care.'

IV. ii. 206, 'Might easiliest.'—So Folio 4; Folio 1 'Might'st easilest'; 2, 3 'Might easilest.'

IV. ii. 218, 'to 't.'—My own correction (at least I cannot find it in the *Cambridge Shakespeare*) of 'to thee.' Pope 'near thee'; Hanmer 'near him'; Capell 'there.'

IV. ii. 229, 'winter-ground.'—Seemingly a word of Shakespeare's coinage. Emendators have been busy, but no emendation is needed.

IV. ii. 285, 'upon their faces.'—The difficulty is that Cloten's head has been sent down-stream. Hanmer read 'Upon the face—'. Malone would have us believe that 'Shakespeare did not recollect . . . that there was but one face on which the flowers could be strewed.' Possibly, as Deighton suggests, 'faces' may be taken to mean the front of the bodies. Staunton proposed 'upon th' earth's face you were,' &c.

IV. iv. 18, 'fires.'—Rann proposed 'files.'

V. i. 1, 'wisht.'—Folio 'am wisht.'

V. i. 15, 'And make . . . thrift.'—This is the Folio's reading. I find no sense in it, and all the proposed emendations are unsatisfactory.

V. iii. 75-6, 'to the Briton, No more a Briton.'—Hanmer solved the difficulty by reading 'to the Roman,' and I am inclined to think that this simple solution is the best.

V. iv. 16, 'If of.'—Warburton's conjecture 'I d'off' was adopted by Theobald, Hanmer and others.

V. iv. 81, 'look out.'—Folio 1, 'looke, looke out,' which Dowden follows. (It is hardly necessary to say that this wretched mask

Cymbeline (continued)—

must be an interpolation. But I agree with Dowden that at l. 114 'He came in thunder,' &c., the language becomes Shakespearean; and possibly Jupiter's speech has been touched by the master's hand.)

V. iv. 164, 'of.'—So Cambridge editors; Folio 'Oh, of' (the 'Oh' being probably caught from the line below).

V. v. 54, 'yes.'—Added in Folio 2.

V. v. 95, 'nor.'—Added by Rowe.

V. v. 126, 'saw.'—Rowe's correction of 'see.'

V. v. 134, 'On, speak.'—So Folio 3; Folios 1, 2 'One speake.'

V. v. 261, 'from.'—So Rowe; Folios 'fro.'

V. v. 262, 'lock.'—Dowden's excellent emendation of 'rock.' He made it doubtfully as a 'suggestion' in a footnote to the *Arden* edition, but in an 'Additional Note' at the end of the play showed conclusively—with ample illustration from seventeenth century writers—that the meaning is 'think that you are engaged in a wrestling embrace and give me another fall.'

V. v. 297, 'sorry.'—Folio 1 'sorrow.'

V. v. 334, 'mere.'—Tyrwhitt's correction of 'neere.'

V. v. 447, 'thy.'—So Capell for 'this.'

V. v. 457, 'My.'—Hanmer conjectured 'By.'

V. v. 467, 'this yet.'—So Folio 3; Folios 1, 2 'yet this.'

PERICLES.—VOL. X

The text of this play is very faulty, and many passages still stand in need of emendation.

Prologue, 2, 'Gower is come.'—Steevens 'Gower sprung,' for the rime (but the poet—whoever he may have been—is, as Malone remarked, 'licentious in the language which he has attributed to Gower').

Prologue, 21, 'fere.'—Malone ('pheere') for 'Peere.'

I. ii. 1, 'charge.'—Steevens' correction of 'chāge' or 'change.'

I. ii. 3, 'Be my.'—Dyce's correction of 'By me.'

I. ii. 25, 'Th' ostent.'—Tyrwhitt's correction of 'The stint.'

I. ii. 30, 'am.'—Farmer's correction of 'once.'

I. ii. 62, 'chid.'—Dyce's correction of 'hid.' Adopting Dyce's text, we must of course take 'let' to mean 'hinder, prevent.'

I. iii. 26-8, 'But . . . the sea.'—Corrupt; a riming couplet was doubtless intended. Percy conjectured

> 'But since he 's gone, the king it sure must please,
> He 'scap'd the land to perish on the seas.'

Dyce read 'the king's ears it must,' &c.

Pericles (continued)—

I. iv. 8, 'and seen with mischief's eyes.'—Malone read 'unseen' for 'and seen'; Steevens (keeping 'and seen') proposed 'mistful' for 'mischief's,' remarking 'I may, however, have only exchanged one sort of nonsense for another.'

I. iv. 39, 'two summers.'—Mason's correction of 'too sauers.' It is supported by Wilkins' novel: see *Note VI* in *Cambridge Shakespeare.*

I. iv. 74, 'him 's.'—Malone's correction of 'himnes.'

I. iv. 94, 'veins.'—Corrupt: Steevens 'views.'

Prologue, 14, 'Build.'—Steevens' 'Gild' may be right: see 1821 *Variorum.*

Prologue, 22, 'sends word.'—Steevens' correction of 'sau'd one.' (It is supported by Wilkins' novel.)

II. i. 33, 'they've.'—Malone's correction of 'they.'

II. i. 48, 'finny.'—So Steevens (and Wilkins' novel) for 'fenny.'

II. i. 121, 'thy.'—Added by Delius (from Wilkins' novel).

II. i. 155, 'rapture.'—Rowe's correction of 'rupture.'

II. i. 165, 'egal,' *i.e.*, equal.—Staunton proposed 'equal' for the old copies' 'a Goale'; but I prefer here the form 'egal' (which was more likely to be corrupted).

II. ii. 14, 'explain.'—Steevens' correction of 'entertaine.'

II. ii. 30, '*pompæ*.'—Steevens' correction (and so Wilkins) of '*Pompey*.'

II. ii. 42, 'present.'—Singer 'impress.'

II. iii. 50, 'stored.'—Steevens' correction of 'stur'd.'

II. iii. 64, 'entertain.'—Sidney Walker's correction of 'entraunce.'

II. iv. 41, 'For.'—Dyce's conjecture for 'Try.'

II. iv. 56, 'it.'—Added by Steevens.

Prologue, 6, 'fore.'—Malone's correction of 'from.'

Prologue, 8, 'Aye.'—Dyce's correction of 'Are.'

Prologue, 35, 'yravished.'—Steevens' correction: the 'Iranyshed' of Quarto 1 was corrupted to 'Irany shed,' and in later Quartos (and Folios 3, 4) to 'Irony shed.'

Prologue, 46, 'mood.'—Steevens' correction of 'mou'd.'

III. i. 7, 'Thou stormest.'—Dyce's correction of 'then storme.'

III. i. 26, 'Vie.'—Mason's conjecture for 'Vſe.'

III. i. 52, 'custom.'—Boswell's correction of 'easterne.'

III. i. 52-4, 'Therefore . . . queen.'—Malone's arrangement: see *Note IX* in *Cambridge Shakespeare.*

III. i. 62, 'aye-remaining.'—Malone's correction of 'ayre remayning.'

Pericles (continued)—

III. ii. 41, 'treasure.'—Steevens' correction of 'pleasure.'

III. iii. 6-7, 'shafts . . . hurt . . . wanderingly.'—Steevens' correction of 'shakes . . . hant . . . wondringly.' (Schmidt proposed 'woundingly' for 'wondringly.')

III. iii. 29, 'unscissar'd . . . hair.'—Steevens' correction of 'unsisterd . . . heyre.'

III. iii. 36, 'meek'st Neptune.'—My own emendation of 'mask'd Neptune.' (The word 'mask'd,' *i.e.*, treacherous, would be a singularly ill-timed word for Cleon to use when Pericles is embarking. My 'meek'st' accords with 'gentlest winds' in the following line. Other editors have conjectured 'vast,' 'moist,' 'mighty,' 'calmest.')

III. iv. 6, 'eaning.'—So Folios 3, 4; Quartos 'learning.'

Prologue, 10, 'her . . . heart.'—Steevens' correction of 'hie . . . art.'

Prologue, 15-6, 'hath our Cleon . . . grown.'—Steevens' correction of 'our Cleon hath . . . a full growne wench.'

Prologue, 26, 'night-bird.'—Malone's correction of 'night bed.'

Prologue, 32, 'With . . . crow.'—Mason's correction of 'The Doue . . . with the crow.'

Prologue, 47, 'carry.'—Steevens' correction of 'carried.'

IV. i. 4-6, 'Let . . . nicely.'—As some reading of this corrupt passage had to be given, I adopted Malone's 'inflame love in thy bosom' for 'in flaming, thy loue bosome,' of Quarto 1; but I suspect that some words have been shuffled out of their places and that others have been grossly misprinted. I am tempted to suggest some such violent change as

> 'Let not conscience,
> Which is but *coward*, *enslave thy blood*, inflame
> Thine *icy bosom*.'

See further the notes in the 1821 *Variorum* and in the *Cambridge Shakespeare*.

IV. i. 64, 'stem to stern.'—So Malone for 'sterne to sterne.'

IV. iii. 27-8, 'prime . . . sources.'—Dyce's correction of 'prince . . . courses.'

IV. v. 38, 'member.'—My own emendation of 'number.' (I am surprised that it escaped Steevens.)

IV. v. 129, 'ways.'—Dyce's correction of 'way.'

IV. v. 134, 'she.'—Rowe's correction of 'he.'

Prologue, 13, 'on the sea . . . lost.'—Malone read 'lost' for 'left.' (The later Quartos and Folios 3, 4 'at sea, tumbled and tost.')

Pericles (continued)—

V. i. 14, 'Sir.'—Added by Malone.

V. i. 35, 'night.'—Malone's correction of 'wight.'

V. i. 68, 'bounty.'—Steevens' correction of 'beautie.'

V. i. 70, 'feat.'—Percy's correction of 'fate.'—(Steevens lightened this heavy verse by discarding 'and.')

V. i. 101-2, 'You are . . . any shores.'—The passage was corrected by Malone's friend Lord Charlemont. In Quarto 1 it stands—'Your like something that, what Countrey women heare of these shewes?—*Mar.* No, nor of any shewes,' etc.

V. i. 125, 'say.'—Malone's correction of 'stay.'

V. i. 126, 'when.'—The anonymous conjecture 'ere' (in the *Cambridge Shakespeare*) is attractive.

V. i. 139, 'them.'—Added by Malone.

V. i. 141, 'My name is.'—Steevens (for the measure) 'My name, sir, is.' Steevens' solicitude for the metre (his eighteenth-century ear never becoming attuned to Shakespearean cadences) is often amusing or vexatious; but I think he is right in the present instance.

V. i. 172, 'who.'—It is a question whether the first Quarto reads 'who' or 'whō.' See Malone's note and Steevens' rejoinder in the 1821 *Variorum*. Mr. Sidney Lee's facsimile of Malone's own copy distinctly gives 'whō,' but the mark above the 'o' looks as though it had been added—or at least strengthened—by pen-and-ink.

V. i. 206, 'Be heir of kingdoms . . . life.'—The reading 'Be' is my own emendation for 'the'; for I take the sense to be—'Convince me by telling me the name of my dead queen, and then be thou acknowledged the heir,' &c. The emendation 'life' for 'like' is Mason's.

V. ii. 89, 'preserved.'—Malone's correction of 'preferd.'

VENUS AND ADONIS.

We may be confident that *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* were printed from Shakespeare's MSS.; but Mr. Sidney Lee, in the valuable essays prefixed to the Facsimile Reproductions issued (1905) by the Oxford University Press, opposes the view (hitherto generally accepted) that Shakespeare himself corrected the proofs. The textual errors are very few. In the 1593 *Venus and Adonis* Mr. Lee (Introduction, pp. 48-9) notes ten misprints: 'so wring,' for 'sowring' (souring), 185; 'Witin' for 'Within,' 235; 'aud' for 'and,' 301; 'bnt' for 'but,' 393; 'Ho' for 'He,' 545; 'nor' for

Venus and Adonis (continued)—

'not,' 615; 'the th' impartiall' for 'th' impartiall,' 748; 'had' for 'was,' 1054; 'crop's' for 'crops,' 1175.

l. 51, 'hairs.'—Here and in ll. 147, 191, &c., 'hair' is spelt 'heare' (cf. note on *Macbeth*, IV. ii. 82), and it might be well to retain the old spelling for the sake of the rime.

l. 156, 'thou should.'—I keep the 'should' of Quarto 1: it is usually changed to 'shouldst.'

l. 334, 'fire.'—Spelt 'fier' in Quartos 1-3 (to show that it is here a dissyllable).

l. 680, 'overshoot.'—Steevens' reading. The form in Quartos 1-3 is 'ouer-shut'; in later Quartos 'ouershut.'

l. 848, 'parasits.'—I keep the spelling of Quartos 1-3.

l. 1002, 'decease.'—Quartos 1-4 'decesse' (to rime with 'confess').

l. 1021, 'as.'—The reading in Lee's facsimile of Quarto 1; *Cambridge Shakespeare* (silently) 'so.'

l. 1031, 'as.'—Quartos 1, 2 'are.'

LUCRECE.

Mr. Lee points out that one of the two Bodleian copies of Quarto 1 has five unique readings—'morning' for 'mornings' (morning's), 24; 'Appologie' for 'apologies,' 31; 'Colatium' for 'Colatia,' 50; 'himselfe betakes' for 'themselves betake,' 125; 'wakes' for 'wake,' 126. As regards 'Colatium' in l. 50 he writes: —'The alteration "Colati*a*" is right. No such town as "Colati*um*" is known, but in spite of its removal from line 50, the erroneous form "Colatium" is still suffered to deface in all copies l. 4—the only other place where the town is mentioned.' Mr. Lee overlooks the fact that 'the town is mentioned' in *The Argument* (l. 20 of his facsimile) prefixed to the poem and that it is there called 'Colatium.' The form 'Collatium' has established itself, and I have not attempted to oust it for 'Colatia.'

l. 56, 'o'er.'—So Gildon; Quartos 1-3 'ore.' Malone read 'or' (gold); but cf. Sonnet XII 'And sable curls *all siluer'd o'er* ['or silver'd ore' ed. 1609] with white.'

l. 113, 'thither.'—The reading in Lee's Facsimile. In *Cambridge Shakespeare* 'hither,' with a note that Quarto 7 gives 'thither.'

l. 1134, 'thou . . . descant'st.—The old editions' 'thou . . . descants' is more euphonious, and good enough grammar for Elizabethan readers.

l. 1157, 'pollution.'—Spelt 'pollusion' (for the rime) in Quarto 1. (I have kept the form 'pollusion' in a comic passage of *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii. 46; but I agree with Mr. Lee that 'in

Lucrece (continued)—

a serious context "pollution" was alone recognised by careful writers or printers.')

l. 1444, 'stell'd.'—Old copies 'steld.' See note on *King Lear*, III. vii. 60.

l. 1544, 'armed; so beguiled.'—For 'so' the old copies give 'to': Gildon gave 'so': the punctuation is Malone's.

l. 1662, 'wretched.—Dyce (ed. 2) adopted Sidney Walker's correction of 'wreathed.'

l. 1680, 'one.'—Quartos 1, 2 'on.' ('On' and 'one' are interchangeable.) Malone's correction 'in' seems unnecessary.

l. 1713, 'in it.'—Malone's (Capell MS.) correction of 'it in.'

SONNETS.

Canon Beeching maintains (see p. 372) that the *editio princeps* of the *Sonnets* was very carelessly printed, whereas Mr. George Wyndham (*The Poems of Shakespeare*, 1898) is so struck by the purity of the text that he thinks Shakespeare himself must have seen the volume through the press. While I wholly dissent from Mr. Wyndham's view that Shakespeare authorised and superintended the publication, I cannot agree with Canon Beeching that the 1609 *Sonnets* is exceptionally ill-printed. Errors there are, but they are generally of trifling import. For instance, 'thy' is again and again misprinted 'their.' In Section X of the Introduction to his edition of the *Sonnets* (1904) Canon Beeching carefully notes the misprints of the early copy, but the list is not very formidable. Mr. Sidney Lee in the essay before his Facsimile Reproduction (1905) enlarges this list; but I am not willing to accept in every instance his views on the subject of misprints. He regards, for example, 'tottered' (xxvi. 11) as a misprint for 'tattered.' But 'tottered' was a recognised form of 'tattered': scores and scores of examples of it may be found, and I have not hesitated to restore it to the text.

The misprints collected by Mr. Beeching are—xii. 4, 'or' for 'all'; xxxix. 12, 'dost' for 'doth'; xl. 7, 'this' for 'thy' [but 'this' is not necessarily a misprint]; xliv. 13, 'naughts' for 'naught'; liv. 14, 'by' for 'my'; lvi. 13, 'As' for 'Or'; lxv. 12, 'or' for 'of'; lxix. 3, 'end' for 'due'; lxxiii. 4, 'rn'wd' for 'ruin'd'; lxxvi. 7, 'fel' for 'tell'; xci. 9, 'bitter' for 'better'; xcix. 9, 'Our' for 'One'; cii. 9, 'his' for 'her'; cvi. 12, 'still' for 'skill'; cviii. 3, 'now' for 'new'; cxiii. 6, 'lack' for 'latch'; cxxvii. 9-10, 'eyes . . eyes,' a meaningless repetition; cxxix. 9, 'Made In' for 'Mad in,' 11, 'and

Sonnets (continued)—

very' for 'a very' ['proud,' *i.e.* 'proved,' must not be counted as a misprint]; cxliv. 6, 'sight' for 'side.'

Mr. Lee adds xxiii. 14, 'wit . . wiht' for 'with . . wit'; xxvi, 11, 'tottered' for 'tattered' [not a misprint]; xxviii. 14, 'length' for 'strength'; xlvii. 11, 'nor' for 'not' or 'no'; li. 10, 'perfects' [possibly Shakespeare's own spelling] for 'perfect'st'; lxiii. 2, 'chrusht' for 'crush'd' [why not 'crusht'?]; lxxvii. 10, 'blacks' for 'blanks'; lxxxviii. 1, 'dispode' for 'disposed'; xc. 11, 'stall' for 'shall'; xciv. 4, 'could' for 'cold' ['could' is a common Elizabethan spelling for 'cold']; xcvi. 11, 'mighst' for 'mightst'; cxii. 14, 'me thinkes y'are dead' for 'methinks are dead'; cxxxii. 2, 'torment' for 'torments,' 9, 'morning' for 'mourning'; cxl. 13, 'be lyde' for 'belied'; cxliv. 2, 'sugiest' for 'suggest'; clii. 13, 'eye' for 'I'; cliii. 14, 'eye' for 'eyes.' Some of these are merely eccentricities of spelling.

A difficult passage is xxxv. 8. The Quarto gives 'Excusing their sins more then [than] their sins are.' Malone, following Capell, changed 'their . . their' to 'thy . . thy'; Mr. Wyndham prints 'thy . . their,' but I have ventured to read

'Excusing "their sins more than thy sins are." '

In lxxxv. 2-3, 'While comments. . . Reserve their character' it is difficult to find any meaning in the ordinary reading (which Mr. Wyndham defends); but if we regard 'their' as a misprint for 'thy' we must change 'Reserve' to some such word as 'Rehearse' or 'Record.'

cxlvi. 2 presents great difficulty. It would seem that the repetition of 'My sinfull earth' is a compositor's blunder; but, as none of the emendations proposed is satisfactory, I have followed Gerald Massey, who retains 'My sinfull earth' in l. 2 and deletes the words 'that thee.'

In xx. 7, 'A man in hew all *Hews*,' I keep the spelling and italics of the Quarto. Tyrwhitt surmised from this passage that the 'Mr. W. H.' of the Dedication may have been a Mr. William Hughes.

Again, in cxxxv-vi and cxliii I spell 'Will' with a capital 'W' wherever that spelling is found in the Quarto,—leaving the reader to decide for himself (the choice is not always easy) whether in particular passages he will adopt 'Will' or 'will.' In ii. 4 and xxvi. 11 I keep 'totter'd,' the old form of 'tatter'd'; and in cxxxviii. 12 I revert to the Quarto's 't' have years told' ('years' having there, as in many passages, the value of a dissyllable).

Sonnets (continued)—

In xxiii. 9 I keep the Quarto's reading 'books,' though I admit that Sewell's 'looks' is a highly probable emendation; in xxiv. 1 I read 'stell'd' (cf. *King Lear*, III. vii. 60) for 'steeld'; in xxv. 9 I adopt Theobald's correction 'fight' for 'worth'; in xxxiv. 12 I follow Malone in reading 'cross' for 'losse'; and in lxix. 14 I read with the Cambridge editors 'soil' (solution) for the Quarto's 'solye' (ed. 1640 'soyle'), which Malone corrected to 'solve.'

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

l. 241, 'paling.'—Malone's correction of 'playing.'

l. 271, 'Love's arms are peace.'—Malone conjectured 'Love's arms are proof.' For other emendations see *Cambridge Shakespeare.*

l. 293, 'O.'—Gildon's correction of 'Or.'

ll. 305-8, 'swounding . . . swound.'—The Quarto reads 'sounding . . . sound,' which Mr. Lee calls 'confusing misprints.' As a matter of fact 'sound' is a very common Elizabethan form (occurring hundreds of times) for 'swound' or 'swoon.' Turning for an instance of 'sound' to the 1623 Folio, I lighted on *Romeo and Juliet*, III. ii. 56, 'All in gore blood, I *sounded* at the sight.' I then referred to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. ii. 154, 'Speake of all loues; I *sound* almost with feare.' But the word is found *passim*. (I do not retain the form 'sound,' as it sometimes confuses unwary readers.)

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

Mr. Sidney Lee's admirable essay before the Facsimile Reproduction (Oxford 1905) of *The Passionate Pilgrime* gives a wealth of information on the subject of this curious miscellany, which William Jaggard impudently fathered on Shakespeare. I have no space to discuss the collection, but refer the reader to Mr. Lee's pages. The authentic Shakespearean pieces are nos. I. 'When my love swears' (Sonnet cxxxviii.); II. 'Two loves I have' (Sonnet cxliv.); III. 'Did not the heavenly rhetoric' (from *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii.); V. 'If love make me forsworn' (from *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii). *Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music*, II. 'On a day, alack the day!' (from *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii). In Sonnets cxxxviii. and cxliv. there are interesting and important differences between Jaggard's text and that of the 1609 *Sonnets*; and the extracts from *Love's Labour's Lost* have variations—but of slight moment—from the printed text of the play.

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE.

This deep and subtle poem was published, with Shakespeare's name appended, in Sir Robert Chester's *Loves Martyr: or, Rosalins Complaint*, 1601. Its authenticity is unquestionable.

In the Notes on *Coriolanus* I should have mentioned that I retain in III. i. 65 the Folio's 'meiny' ('Meynie')—*i.e.*, company, throng—where modern editions read 'many.' A correspondent Mr. Henry Lorimer of Arbroath has kindly drawn my attention to a misprint in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where V. v. 156 ('Old, cold, wither'd,' &c.)—which belongs to '*Page.*'—has been inadvertently given to '*Ford.*' He has also noted some instances of dropped letters; but these blemishes only occur in certain copies. In the note on *Twelfth Night*, II. v. 37, 'the lady of *the* Strachy' (correctly given in the text) appears as 'the lady of Strachy'; and in the note on *Troilus and Cressida*, III. iii. 197, '*Ae.* Pl.' is a misprint for 'Ar. *Pl.*' (Aristophanis *Plutus*).

I have generally adhered more closely to the old spelling than is usual in modern editions, and I have frequently restored interesting old stage-directions.

There are two books to which all Shakespearean students owe everlasting gratitude, the 1821 *Variorum* and the *Cambridge Shakespeare*; and it is needless to say that the new *Variorum* of Furness, so far as it goes, is a monument of industry and whole-hearted devotion.

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